



THE BANKS

OF THE

DEE.

It was summer, so softly the breezes were blowing,
And sweetly the nightingale sung from a tree,
At the foot of a rock where the river was flowing,
I sat myself down by the side of the Dee.

Flow on, lovely Dee, flow on thou sweet river,
Thy banks, purest stream, shall be dear to me
ever,

For there I first gained the affections and favour
Of Jemmy, the pride of the banks of the Dee.

But now he's gone from me and left me thus
mourning,

To quell the proud rebels, for valiant was he;
And yet there's no hope of his speedy returning,
To wander again on the banks of the Dee.

He's gone, hapless youth, o'er the loud roaring
billows,

The sweetest and kindest of all the brave fellows
And has left me to mourn among the lov'd willows,
The loneliest maid on the banks of the Dee.

But time and my prayers perhaps may restore
him,

Blest peace may return my dear shepherd to
me;

And when he comes home with such care I'll
watch over him,

He never shall quit the lov'd banks of the Dee.

The Dee still shall flow, all its beauty displaying,
The lambs and the lambkins again we shall see,
Whilst I and my Jemmy are carelessly straying,
And tasting the sweets of the banks of the Dee.



PATRICK'S CORDIAL.

You friends give ear, I pray draw near,
That love to be merry and frisky O,
No cordial sure is half so pure,
As a horn of Irish whiskey O.

It will do good and cherish your blood,
'Twill make you fat and lusty O,
No cordial sure is half so pure,
As a horn of Irish whiskey O.

The other day by chance I stray'd,
And being very thirsty O,
I met with a friend, who did me recommend
With a horn of Irish whiskey O.

My friend and me did soon agree,
I being dry and thirsty O,
But the second sup my heels kicked up,
With the strength of the Irish whiskey O.

At Paddy's game we spent the day,
And drank till we got tipsy O,
No cordial sure is half so pure,
As a horn of Irish whiskey O.

Some say that beer it is good cheer,
When a man is dry and thirsty O,
But I recommend to all my friends
A horn of Irish whiskey O.

All old men who have young wives,
That are fat, plump, and lusty O,
Keep down their pride and tan their hides
Half drunk with Irish whiskey O.

For if you don't you will surely rue,
When they get merry and tipsy O,
Therefore be wise, don't close your eyes,
Half drunk with Irish whiskey O.

G. Walker, Jun., Printer, Durham.

