

THE  
**MOON**  
 BEHIND THE  
**HILL!**

**I** WATCH'D last night the rising moon,  
 Upon a foreign strand,  
 The memories came like flowers in June,  
 Of home and father land;  
 I dreamt I was a child once more,  
 Beside the rippling rill,  
 When first I saw in days of yore,  
 The moon behind the hill.

When first, &c.

It brought me back the visions grand,  
 That purpled boyhood's dreams,  
 Its youthful loves, its happy land,  
 As bright as the morning beams;  
 It brought me back the spreading lea,  
 The steeple, and the mill,  
 Until my eyes could scarcely see,  
 The moon behind the hill.

Until my eyes, &c.

It brought me back a mother's love,  
 Until in accent wild,  
 I prayed to her, from her home above,  
 To guard her only child;  
 It brought me one, across the wave,  
 To live in memory still,  
 It brought me back to Mary's grave,  
 The moon behind the hill.

It brought me back, &c.

And there beneath the silvery sky,  
 I lived life o'er again,  
 I counted all its hopes gone by,  
 I wept at all its pain;  
 And when I'm gone, oh, may some tongue,  
 The minster's wish fulfull,  
 And still remember him who sang,  
 The moon behind the hill.

And still remember, &c.

**NO. 587.**

THE  
 FAIR GIRLS  
 OF  
**ERIN!**

THE  
 WANDERING  
 REFUGEE.

**F**AREWELL mother, home and friends,  
 We may never meet again,  
 Soon with strangers I shall roam,  
 Though the parting gives me pain;  
 Though I wander far away,  
 Lonely o'er the stormy sea,  
 Who will shed one gentle tear,  
 For this poor wandering refugee  
 Chorus  
 Farewell mother, I must go,  
 I will ever think of thee,  
 Mother, I must leave thee, now  
 A lonely wandering refugee.

Farewell sunny English home,  
 Home, I always love so true,  
 Oft will tear drops dim mine eye,  
 When my memory flies to you;  
 Oh, the happy scenes of home,  
 I never, never more may see,  
 I'll be wandering far away,  
 A lonely wandering refugee.

The Fair Girls of Erin.

Written by JOHN SYNER, Birmingham.

**F**AIR as the morn, in summer time breaking  
 O'er mountains, o'er valleys and dells,  
 But fairer, far fairer, I'm thinking,  
 Are Erin's bewitching fair girls.

Chorus:

Then a song for the girls, of our dear sister  
 Their beauty none can surpass, [isle,  
 There is witchery in the voice, and the smile,  
 Of every true Irish lass.

Their eyes are the brightest, the darkest, and  
 Always with smiles that are sweet, [beaming  
 And their soft rosy lips, with kisses are teeming  
 And sweet music they make when they meet

I love them, I love them, the brightest, the  
 The wicked, the saucy the best, [fairest,  
 Truest on earth, and the rarest.

If chance pat their love to the test

