

**THE  
CRUEL FATHER,  
AND  
AFFECTIONATE LOVERS.**

I sing of a damsel both fair and handsome,  
Those lines are true, as I have been told,  
Near the banks of Shannon, in a lofty mansion,  
Her parents liv'd and had stores of Gold,  
Her hair was black as a raven's feather,  
Her form and features describe who can;  
But still 'tis folly belongs to nature,  
She fell in love with a servant-man.

Sweet Mary Ann with her love was walking,  
Her father heard them, and nearer drew,  
And as those true lovers were fondly talking,  
In anger home then her father flew.  
To build a dungeon was his intention,  
To part true love he contriv'd a plan,  
He swore an oath that's too vile to mention,  
He'd part that fair one from her servant-man.

He built a dungeon of bricks and mortar,  
With a flight of steps, for 'twas under ground,  
The food he gave her was bread and water,  
The only cheer that for her was found.  
Three times a day he did cruelly beat her,  
Unto her father she thus began,  
If I've transgress'd now, my own dear father,  
I'll live and die for my servant-man.

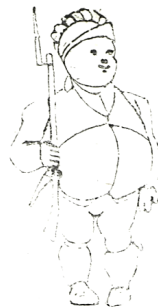
Young Edwin found out her habitation,  
'Twas well secured by an iron door,  
He vow'd, in spite of all this nation,  
To gain her freedom, or rest no more.  
'Twas at his leisure, he toil'd with pleasure,  
To gain releasement for Mary Ann,  
He gain'd his object, and found his treasure,  
She cried, my faithful young servant-man.

A suit of clothing he brought his lover,  
'Twas man's apparel her to disguise,  
Saying for your sake I'll face your father,  
To see me here it will him surprise,  
When her cruel father brought bread and water,  
To call his daughter he then began,  
Said Edward enter, I've clear'd your daughter,  
And I will suffer,—your servant-man.

Her father found 'twas his daughter vanish'd  
Then like a lion he did roar,  
He said from Ireland you shall be banish'd,  
Or with my broad-sword I'll spill your gore,  
Agreed said Edwin, so at your leisure,  
Since her I've freed, now do all you can,  
Forgive your daughter, I'll die with pleasure,  
The one in fault is your servant-man.

When her father found him so tender-hearted,  
Then down he fell on the dungeon floor,  
He said true lovers should not be parted,  
Since love can enter an iron door.  
Then soon they join'd to be parted never,  
To roll in riches this young couple can,  
This fair young lady, midst rural splendour,  
Lives blest with her servant-man.

*G. Walker, Jun., Printer Durham.*



**LARRY O'GAFF.**

Near a bog in sweet Ireland I'm told sure born I was,  
Well I remember a fine Monday morning 'twas,  
My father, poor man, would cry what a green horn I was,  
Three months they got married O dear how they laugh'd.  
Says he to my mother, Judy, I'll leave you joy,  
Says Judy to him, och, the devil may care my boy,  
By St. Patrick says he but I'll leave you both there to cry,  
What will we do for our Master O'Gaff.  
With my didrum whack—off I am-- none of your blarney  
mam,

Keep your brat, to him chat, all the day, so you may,  
By the powers I won't tarry so I left little Larry,  
And he never saw more of his daddy O'Gaff.

O then I grew up and a sweet little chick I was,  
Always the devil for birling the stick I was,  
But somehow or other my numskul so thick it was,  
Go where I would every creature would laugh.  
I rambled to England and met with a squad of boys,  
They got me promoted to carry the hod my boys,  
I crept up the ladder like a cat newly shod by boys,  
Step by step to promotion went Larry O'Gaff.  
With my didrum whack, in and out, head turning round  
about  
Ladder crack, break your neck, tumble down break your  
crown,

By the powers, Master Larry, the hod that you carry,  
Disgaces the shoulders of Larry O'Gaff.

Then they got me a master and dress'd like a fop I was,  
Bran new and span new from bottom to top I was,  
But the old fellow popt in as taking a drop I was,  
Says he Master Larry you're a bog trotting calf;  
Get out of my house or I'll lay this about your back,  
The twig in his fist like the mast of a herring-smack,  
And over my shoulders he soon made the switch to crack,  
So he bother'd the brains of poor Larry O'Gaff.  
With my didrum whack hub a bub drums beating row de dow  
Odds may life play the fife, Patrick's day fire away,  
In the army so frisky I'll tipple the whisky  
With a whack for old Ireland and Larry O'Gaff.

Then they made me a soldier but O how genteel I was,  
Scarlet and tape from head to the heel I was,  
But Larry says I when brought into the field I was,  
Says Larry I don't like this fighting by half;  
We fought like the devil as Irishman ought to do,  
Neatly we beat Master Bonny at Waterloo,  
Now the wars are over and peace we have brought to you,  
Welcome to Ireland says Larry O'Gaff.  
With didrum whack saved my neck, round and sound free  
from wounds,

With a wife spend my life, sport and play night and day,  
None of your blarney for the breed of the Carneys,  
Would die for old Ireland and Larry O'Gaff.

