



I stood on the shore.

I stood on the shore mid the weeping and wailing
Of friends that were parting it might be for ever
They gave a loud cheer when the good ship was sailing,
And wept while the echoes were dying away

One bright face was laughing while tears chas'd each
other:

It was but an infant whose smiles I saw there
The babe had its home on the breast of its mother
And nothing it knew of it's mother despair,

That morn to the wars went the husband & father,
The tears of the mother fell fast on the child,
I wept for the drops on my own eyes would gather
I speak, and the infant look'd upward & smil'd.

I talked of old times, and deeds of proud story,
The wife thought of battles that still were to come
I said in my pride, they who fight for glory,
Shall never have fears for the lov'd ones at home

And spoke I not the truth, where's the Briton who
falters,
To bear out a promise a nation has made?
And our hearts are our homes and our altar
Then those that defend them shall lose not our aid

Humanity needs it her pleading are holy,
And justice demands that each man pays his part,
We may not all fight, but the high and the lowly
Lik' E tons can aid the cause we've at hear.

Johnny Golicher.

As I was walking through Newry one day
I met Serjant Kelly by chance on my way
He says Johnny Golicher, will you, come along with
me.

To the sweet town of Newry, strang faces for to
see.

As we was sitting and taking a dram

He says Johnny Golicher you're a handsome young
man

Will you list and take the bounty and come along
me.

To the sweet town of Newry happy hours for to
see

He put his hand into his pocket one shilling he drew,
Saying take this Johnny Golicher hopes you'll ne'er
rue;

I took the shilling, and the bargain was made,
And the ribbon was bought and pin'd to my
cockade

My mother is dead and she'll never return.

My father's twice married and a wife he brouht
home

My father's twice married and a wife he brought
home

And to me proves cruel and does me disown
Bad luck to my uncle wheresoever he may be
For he was the ruin and downfall of me,
If my father had been an honest man and learnt me a
trade

I would never have cause to wear a cockade

God help all poor parents who ha as bad son,
They dont know the hardships they have to run
Stuck in a cold guard-room all night and next day,
And on the field of battle their enemies to slay.

HENSON, Printer, Bridge St. Northampton.

