

Charming Mary Neal.

London :—
TAYLOR, Printer and Publisher, 92 and 93, Brick
Lane, Spitalfields

I am a bold undaunted youth, my name is John Mac Cann,
I am a native of Donegal, convenient to Stranban,
For the stealing of a heiress I lie in Lifford jail,
Her father swears he'll hang me for his daughter Mary Neal.

Whilst I lay in cold irons, my love she came to me,
Don't fear my father's anger, for I will set you free.
Her father gave consent to let me out on bail,
And I was to stand for trial for his daughter Mary Neal.

Her father kept her close confined, for fear I should her see,
And at my trial day was my prosecutor to be:
But, like a royal lover, to appear she did not fail,
She freed me from all dangers, she's my charming Luch Neal

With wrath and indignation her father loud did call,
And when my trial was over, I approached the garden wall,
My well known voice soon reached her ear, which echoed
hill and dale.
Saying, you're welcome here, my Johnny dear, says charming
Mary Neal.

We both sat on a sunny bank, and there we talked awhile,
He says, my dear, if you'll comply, I'll free you from exile,
The Shamrock is ready from Derry to set sail,
So off to Quebec come with me my charming Mary Neal.

She gave consent, and back she went, and stole the best of
clothes,
And to no one in the house she her secret let known;
Five hundred pounds in ready gold from her father she did
steal,
And that was twice I did elope with charming Mary Neal.

Our coach it was got read to Derry for to go,
And there we bribed the coachman for to let no one know,
He said he would keep secret, and never would reveal,
So off to Derry there I went with charming Mary Neal

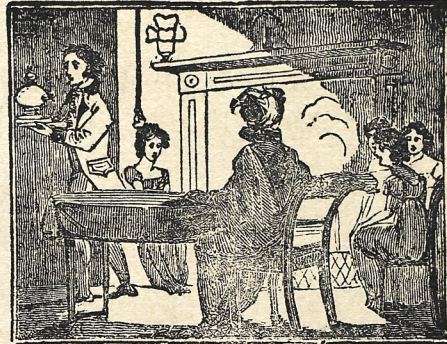
It was to Captain Nelson we our passage money paid,
And in the town of Derry it was under cover laid:
We joined our hands in wedlock bands before we set sail,
And her father's wrath I value not, I love my Mary Neal.

'Twas over the proud and swelling sea our ship did gaily glide
And on our passage to Quebec—six weeks a matchless tide,
Until we came to Whitehead beach we had no cause to wail,
In Crossford bay, I thought that day, I'd lost my Mary Neal.

On the ninth of June, in the afternoon, a heavy fog came on
The captain cries, look out, my boys, I fear we all are gone;
Our vessel on a sandy bank was driven by the gale,
And forty more washed over-board along with Mary Neal.

With the help of boats, and the ship's crew, five hundred
they were saved,
And forty more of them also has met a watery grave;
I soon spied her yellow locks come floating down the wave,
I jumped into the boiling deep and saved my Mary Neal.

Her frther wrote me a letter, as you may understand,
That if I would go back again he would give me all his land
I wrote him back an answer, and that without fail,
That I'm the heir of your whole estate by your daughters
Mary Neal.



The Christmas Log.

Hail to tne night when we gather once more
All the forms we love to meet,
When we've many a guest,
That's dear to our breast,
And the household dog at our feet
Who would not be
in the circle of glee,
When heart to heart is yearning?
When joy bursts out
In a laughing shout,
While the Christmas log is burning.

'Tis one of the fairy hours of life,
When the world seems all of light,
For the thought of woe,
Or the name of a foe,
Ne'er darkens the festive night;
When the bursting mirth,
Rings round the earth,
Oh, where is the spirit that's mourning?
While merry bells chime,
With the carol-rhyme,
And the Christmas log is burning.

Then is the time when the grey old man,
Leaps back to the days of youth,
When brows and eyes
Bear no disguise,
But flash and gleam with truth;
Oh, then is the time
When the soul exults,
And seems right heavenward turning,
While we love and bless,
The hands we press,
While the Christmas log is burning.

