

Liverpool MARY.

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I am a Jolly sailor bold,
Long time I've been a rover,
I've sailed to many foreign parts,
And cruised the world all over;
And I've landed in many an English port,
And I've seen lasses plenty, [girl
But there's none compar'd to the Liverpool
She's my charming blue-eyed Mary.

Her golden hair in ringlets hung,
Her golden hair in diamonds shining,
Her slender waist with carriage chasta,
She's left my heart repining;
My mind her image does retain,
She steps so light and airy,
I long to see my love again,
She's my charming blue-eyed Mary.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The dashing waves shall cease to flow,
When'er I mean to change her;
When I think on the vows of love,
I own they blind and cheer me,
There's none compared to the Liverpool
She's my charming blue-eyed Mary

The hour I remember well,
When constancy reminds me,
I've pain within my breast she said,
'Twas then she own'd she loved me
But now I'm bound to India's shore,
Kind heaven then pray guide me,
And send me back to Liverpool,
To the girl I left behind me.

To tune my sons to sing thy praise
Had I the tongue of Homer,
With complements most elegant,
I'd celebrate my true-love
So let the night be e'er so dark,
Or e'er so wet or windy,
I will return back safe again,
To the girl I left behind me

It's now I am returned again,
And she does not decline me,
I'll reconcile my self and stay,
With the girl I left behind me,
The old church shall ring the sailors' shag,
And give three cheers for Mary,
And bless my lot in a rural cot,
With my charming blue-eyed Mary.



YOUGHAL HARBOUR.

As I roved out on a summer's morning,
Early as the day was approaching dawn.
For Sol appeared in her pomp and glory,
I took my way through a pleasant lawn;
The pinks and roses were sweetly blowing,
The linnets warbling in each shade,
I being alarmed by a killing charmer,
Near Youghal Harbour I met this maid.

Her aspect pleasing, and smiles engaging,
I really thought she would attract my mind,
As I viewed each feature, I thought on the fair one
That in Rathanger I had left behind;
Her glancing eyes being most surprising,
I think young man, I saw you before:
Here in your absence, in grief I languish,
You are welcome to me once more.

A darling baby for you I am rearing,
As in your travels you ever saw,
So if you agree and come home with me,
We will all live happy in Cappoquin.
Oh! no, fair maiden, I tell you plainly,
Here to remain, I will not agree;
It's once your parents they all disdained me,
Which first made me quit this country.

Don't you remember the day we sported,
In yon shady arbour, on a pleasant green,
It's there you told me I should have your portion,
With a handsome farm near Cappoquin:
It's when your parents would not receive me,
It is to Leinster I did repair,
And there I courted another fair one,
Near Rathanger, nigh to Kildare,
It is to her I go and leave off roving,
As her favour I am in hopes to win,
And evermore I will her adore,
So farewell Nancy of Cappoquin.

No. 1.

