

The Irish Emigrant

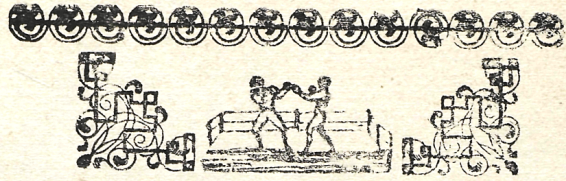
I'm sitting on a stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride ;
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sung loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love light in your eye

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day as bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And thy warm breath on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words,
You never more will speak.

Oh, 'tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the old church stands near,
The church were we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here ;
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
For I've laid you darling down to sleep
With your babe upon your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the poor make no new friends,
But, oh ! they love the better far,
The few our father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride ;
But there's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread by working for,
While the sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Was it fifty times as fair



Donnelly and Cooper.

LONDON :

TAYLOR, Printer, 92 & 93, Brick Lane, Spitalfields.

Come all ye true-bred Irishmen, wherever you may be,
Likewise pay attention, and listen unto me ;
It is a true story, as ever you did hear,
Of Donnelly and Cooper, that fought upon Kildare.

'Twas on the third of June, my boys, the challenge was sent
o'er,
From Britannia to old Grania, to raise her son once more,
To renew their satisfaction, and credit to recall,
They are in deep detraction, since Donnelly conquer'd Hall

Old Grania read the challenge and received it with a smile,
You had better hasten unto Kildare, my well-beloved child,
It's there you'll reign victorious, as you've often done before,
And your deeds will shine victorious, as you've often done
before.

The challenge was accepted, these heroes did prepare,
To meet brave Capt. Kelly on the Curragh of Kildare,
The Englishmen bet ten to one that day against poor Dan,
Such odd as this could ne'er dismay the blood of an Irishman

When these two champions stripp'd, into the ring they went,
For they were fully determined each other's blood to spill.
From six to nine they parried the time, till Donnelly knock'd
him down,
Well done, my child, sweet Grania smil'd, that is £10,000.

The second round that Cooper faught, he knocked down
Donnelly,
And Dan also, being of true game, he rose most furiously,
Right active then was Cooper, he knocked Donnelly down
again,
The Englishmen they gave three cheers, crying, the battle is
all in vain.

Long life to brave Miss Kelly, she is recorded on the plain,
She boldly stepped into the ring, saying, my boy, what do
you mean ?
Crying, Dan, my boy, what do you mean, my Irish son, said
she,
My whole estate this day I've bet, on you, brave Donnelly.

Then Donnelly rose up again, and met him with great might
For to stagnate those nobles all, continued the fight ;
Cooper stood in his own defence, exertion proved so frail,
He soon received a temple blow, which hurled him o'er the
rail.

Ye sons of proud Britannia, your boasting now recall,
Since Cooper now by Donnelly has met his sad downfall,
For out of 11 rounds, he got nine knock downs, besides he
broke his jaw-bone,
Shake hands, says he, brave Donnelly, the fight is quite your
own.

