

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

I'm thinking of poor Uncle Tom,
So generous kind and brave,
The white man came when he was young;
And claim'd him has his slave,
Accursed by those sordid knaves,
Across the atlantic sea,
Who traffic thus in human flesh,
In a land they boast as free.

CHORUS.

O! poor Tom, poor Uncle Tom,
For thee kind pity's tears we crave;
O! poor Tom, poor Uncle Tom,
The good old negro slave.

Awhile amid his lot so drear,
Some joy 'twas his to find,
His wife and little ones were dear,
His master, too was kind;
His cabin it was clean and neat,
He'd all he wish'd to crave,
And thus with a contented mind,
Forgot he was a slave.

But fortune on his master frown'd,
When years thus on had rolled,
And Uncle Tom, his faithful slave,
Was to another sold;
In vain for mercy he did pray,
O! what a scene was there,
Torn from his wife and little ones,
The bondsman's chains to bear.

Alas! how changed was poor Tom's fate,
How heavy were his cares.
Doom'd to endure the galling lash,
In vain were all his tears,
How scant his meal, his dwelling too,
A wretched filthy shed;
And after many hours of toil,
A heap of straw his bed.

and thus for many a weary year,
Did Uncle Tom remain,
When Heaven, in mercy to his home,
Restor'd him once again;

The poor old negro's toil was o'er
At length repose was nigh,
He saw his wife and little ones,
He saw them—but to die.

and shall the sordid brutal wretch,
Of human souls the ban—
Shall he who but man himself,
Enslave his fellow man?
O! are we not one kith and kin,
Then all united be,
To give to each a brother's hand
And set the black man free.

O! poor Tom, &c.

CRUISKEEN LAWN.

Let the farmer praise his ground as the
huntsmen does his hounds,
And the shepherd his sweets shady grove,
But I more bless than they make each happy
night and day,
With my smiling, little Cruiskeen Lawn,
Lawn, Lawn—
With my smiling little Cruiskeen lawn.

Gramachree ma Cruiskeen, slantha gal
ma verneen [Lawn,
Gramachree, ma cruiskeen Lawn, Lawn,
Gramachree, &c,

Then fill your glasses high, let's not part
with lips a dry,
Tho' the lark now proclaims it is dawn,
and since we can't remain may we shortly
meet again,
To fill another cruiskeen Lawn, &c.

and when grim death appears after few
but happy years,
and tells me my glass is run,
I'll say begone you slave, for great Bacchus
gives us leave,
To drink another cruiskeen Lawn.

