



KISS ME MOTHER

'Ere I die.

Kiss me, mother, ere I die
 Let me feel thy soft caressing,
 Ere I in the cold grave lie,
 Give me once again thy blessing,
 As you blest me when a boy—
 When of life's bliss I was dreaming,
 Years have wreck'd those ships of joy,
 And no star of hope is beaming.

Oh! kiss me mother, ere I die—
 Let me feel thy soft caressing,
 Ere I in the cold grave lie,
 Kiss me, mother, ere I die.

Kiss me, mother, ere I sleep,
 Never more on earth awaking;
 Nay, I would not have thee weep,
 As my soul its flight is taking;
 Do not weep for one who goes
 From a world of care and sorrow,
 To a sweet and soft repose,
 Where there comes no fading moroow.
 Oh! kiss me mother, &c.

Kiss me mother, ere I die,
 Sweeter far will be our meeting,
 Past the pearly clouds that lie,
 Where the sun the morn is greeting;
 Then upon my pallid brow,
 Press thy loving lips with gladness,
 Death is painless to me now,
 Thy sweet kiss has banish'd sadness,
 Oh! kiss me, mother, &c.,



Barney O'Hea.

Now let me alone, though I know you won't—
 I know you won't, I know you won't—
 Now let me alone, though I know you won't,
 Impudent Barney O'Hea.

It makes me outrageous when you are so contagious
 You'd better look out for me stout Corney Creak!
 For he is the boy that believes I'm his joy;—
 So you'd better behave yourself, Barney O'Hea.
 Impudent Barney, none of your blarney,
 Impudent Barney O'Hea.

I hope you're not going to Brandon Fair,
 To Brandon fair, to Brandon fair;
 For I'm sure I'm not wanting to meet you there,
 Impudent Barney O'Hea.

For Corney's at Cork, and my brother's at work,
 And my mother sits spinning at home all the day.
 So no one will be there of me to take care,
 And I hope you won't follow me, Barney O'Hea,
 Impudent Barney, none of your blarney,
 Impudent Barney O'Hea.

When I got to the fair, sure the first I met there,
 The first I met there, the first I met there,
 When I got to the fair, the first I met there,
 Was Impudent Barney O'Hea.

He bothered and teased me, tho' somehow he
 pleased me,
 Till at last—oh, the saints—what will poor Corney
 say,
 But I think the boy's honest, so on Sunday I've
 promised,
 For better or worse, to take Barney O'Hea.
 Impudent Barney, so sweet was his blarney,
 Impudent Barney O'Hea.

