



**BE KIND  
TO MY  
MOTHER  
WHEN I'M GONE.**

White Printer, Rose-place, Liverpool.

**Be Kind to Mother When I'm Gone.**

Let me whisper to you, father, ere my voice is closed in death,  
Stoop low, I would not have the angels hear,  
Weep not, but tell me I beseech thee with my last dying breath,  
Why' tis you act so strangely, father dear.  
You're not the same to mother, as in happy days gone by,  
She seems now so dejected and forlorn,  
O listen then, dear father, to your dying child's request,  
And be kind to my dear mother when I'm gone.

Then father, ere I die, bid your Willie dear good bye,  
And mother, for your son now do not mourn,  
I'm going now to rest, and shall soon be with the blest,  
So be kind to my dear mother when I'm gone.

You used to come home father, when the sun had sunk to rest,  
And the stars so brightly twinkled in the night,  
Now mother waits and watches with sad feelings in her breast,  
And her heart is now a stranger to delight,  
O father, dearest, father you can never, never know,  
The anguish her faithful heart has borne,  
Then promise me, O promise me, dear father, ere I die,  
You'll be kind to my dear mother when I'm gone.

You used to kiss her father, ere you left our cottage door,  
There were no wrinkles then upon your brow,  
And I have heard you tell her, you would love her more and more,  
But I never see you father, kiss her now,  
I've often heard her weeping, when she thought me fast asleep,  
And wondered what it was that made her mourn,  
Then promise me, dear father, ere I close my eyes in death,  
You'll be kind to my dear mother when I'm gone.

I soon shall depart, dear father, for my breath is failing fast,  
O do not weep, and tell me, 'tis not true,  
But say you'll come home early, as in happy days gone past,  
For mother will be lonely without you.  
There is one true heart, dear father, that is fond and faithful still  
A dear face with care and sorrow worn,  
I implore you by the memory of those happy days gone by,  
To be kind to my dear mother when I'm gone.



**BANKS  
OF THE  
NILE.**

Hark I hear the drums beating—no longer can I stay,  
I hear the trumpets sounding my love I must away,  
We are ordered from Portsmouth many a long mile,  
For to join the British soldiers on the banks of the Nile.

Willie, dearest Willie, don't leave me here to mourn,  
You'll make me curse and rue the day, that ever I was born,  
For the parting of my own true love is the parting of my life,  
So stay at home dear Willie and I will be your wife.

I will cut of my yellow locks and go along with you,  
I will dress myself in velveteens and go see Egypt too.  
I will fight or bear your banner while kind fortune seems to smile,  
And we'll comfort one another on the banks of the Nile.

Nancy, dearest Nancy, with me you cannot come,  
Our colonel he gives orders, no woman there shall go;  
We must forget our own sweethearts, besides our native soil,  
And go fight the Blacks and Heathens, on the banks of the Nile.

Your waist it is too slender love, your waist 'tis too small,  
I'd be afraid you would not answer me, when on you I would call,  
Your delicate constitution would not bear the unwholesome clime,  
Nor the cold sandy deserts on the banks of the Nile.

My curse attend the war, and the day it first began:  
It has robbed old Ireland of many a clever man;  
It has took from us our true loves—the protectors of our soil,  
To fight the Blacks and Negroes on the banks of the Nile.

So now the war is over, and homewards we'll return,  
Unto our sweethearts and wives, we left behind to mourn.  
We'll embrace them in our arms, until the end of time;  
And we'll go no more to battle on the banks of the Nile.