



## Molly Slevin.

My name is Dick Healy, in Poole Street I'm dwelling,

I doss in a beautiful tip top-back room,  
I hope you won't think it's a lie I am telling  
To say I'm a weaver and sits at my loom,  
I work like a Trojan from morn till evenin,  
My spirits are high as my shuttle I throw,  
And, oh, in my heart I do love Molly Slevin,  
The fish-seller's daughter of sweet Pimlico.  
Whack fol de, &c.

Her personal beauty I own is attraction,  
Her face is neat as a large frying pan,  
And her eyes, like twenty-four pounders in action,  
Her skin is quite fair like a shovel of tan.  
She is tight round the waist like a post-office pillar,  
Her legs, like two churns, support her below  
And I swore by St. Bacchus, with kindness I'd kill her,  
If she would make me her husband in sweet Pimlico.

Her father had houses on the banks of that river,  
Where Pimlico trout and sweet gold-fish do glide  
Besides these, he had a few shillings to give her  
That I got in my claw, when I made her my bride.  
I'd ramble each day to her father so gaily—  
To Larry Magennis's straight we'd both go  
And I knew if I could change her name to Moll Healy  
We would dwell like two turtle-doves in sweet Pimlico.

But our trade getting bad her old father grew sorry,  
He swore she would wed Bill Mullowney the snob;  
And I swore, five shillings I'd steal or borry  
Before I'd go join with the hungry mob.  
That night her back window she left lying open,  
And into my arms herself she did throw;  
But, oh, how my heart beat with joy, as I, groping,  
Did carry Moll Slevin down sweet Pimlico.

Next day in Haymarket we were tightly married,  
And we most respectably looked going there  
For Moll was so drunk on a fish-cieve was carried;  
Sweepers, tinkers and gold finders flocked in the rear.  
When we came home, her father to pursue us was dressing,  
In new corduroy from top to the toe;  
He smiled, shook his head, then gave us his blessing,  
And wished we might live long in sweet Pimlico.



## THE Irishman's Farewell to his Country.

The ship is ready to bear away  
Myself and comrades o'er the stormy sea  
Her snow-white wings they are unfurled,  
And soon she'll swim a watery world.  
Do not grieve, love, do not grieve,  
The heart is true, and can't deceive,  
My heart and hand I give to thee,  
Good night, my love, remember me.

Good bye, my love, soul's brightest pearl,  
My lovely dark-hair'd blue-eyed girl,  
To leave you hear my heart feels sore,  
But if life remains we'll meet once more.  
Farewell sweet Dublin hills and braes,  
To Killiney mount and silvery seas,  
For many a long summer's day,  
We've loitered many an hour away.

I now must bid a long adieu  
To Wicklow and its beauties too;  
Ovoca's vale, where lovers meet,  
For to discourse in accents sweet;  
To Delgany, likewise the Glen,  
The Dargle, Waterfall, and then  
The lovely scenes surrounding Bray  
Shall be my thoughts when far away.

Now, Erin dear, it grieves my heart  
To think from you I have to part,  
Where friends, so ever dear and kind  
In sorrow I must leave behind;  
My own sweet Norah's heart will break,  
When my farewell of her I take,  
But when I'm in a land that's free,  
Old Ireland—I'll remember thee.

