



Patrick Brady.

My name is Patrick Brady I was born
of high degree,
But with the sons of Luther I never could
agree;
I always prove^d myself a man, never
will disown^{ed},
Against the foe that dare oppose the holy
Church of Rome.

The reason of my banishment I mean to
let you know,
'Twas to the Fair of Carmanrock those
tyrants they did go,
The holy temple of our Lord they swore
they'd pull it down,
Where is the priest or papist on us will
dare to frown?

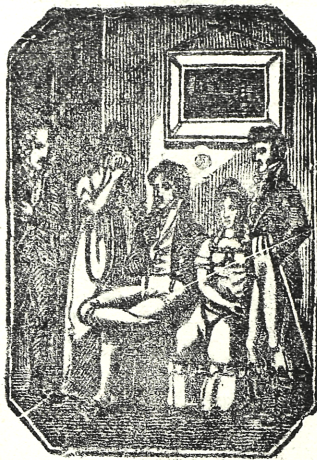
The word went round to be prepared—no
coward there would do,
Like sons of blessed St. Patrick our foe
we did subdue,
We cut them down before us like corn in
a field,
We gave three cheers, "long live the
Pope, and poor old Granule.

The battle stood three hours—we
slaughtered right,
With heavy sticks and loaded butts we
worked with all our might,
We left those perpetrators their bleeding
heads to moan,
And curse the day they did offend the
holy Church of Rome.

It's true was arrested by the constab-
ulary,
My comrades fought like heroes brave
until they set me free,
That very night took my leave of them
left at home,
Long may they live for to protect the
holy Church of Rome.

Farewell, my aged mother, I'm bidding
you adieu,
And likewise to my comrade boys that
always did stand true,
If e'er your foe dare to oppose as they
had done before,
In triumph say, "now clear the way for
Paddy's evermore."

Now, since those lines must conclude,
no more I have to say,
I hope the Lord will bring me safe unto
America,
For Patrick Brady is my name, a patriot
so bold,
No heretic of Calvin's breed will ever me
control.



HOME ONCE MORE.

I am thinking of my home and the cottage on the hill,
The cottage where my poor old mother died;
The orchard and the school where I learn'd the
golden rule,
And old Dobbin on whose back I used to ride.
When I recall the scene, it seems to be a dream,
A dream that is long past and o'er.
A tear comes in my eye, and I cannot help but sigh,
To see my dear and good old home once more.

Home once more, home once more, shall I ever see my
home once more,
Oh, those pleasant hours I play'd, in those happy
childhood days.
Shall I ever see my home once more, shall I ever see
the church where I often used to go;
Shall I ever see that dear old church again,
Shall I ever see my playmates, who in childhood's day
I played,
Or must I in a foreign land remain.
Shall I ever see my father, that poor gray-haired old
man,
As he sat in his arm chair by the door.
If I had power, if I had wealth, I'd give them all for
health.
So that I might see my good old home once more.

I still recall to mind, now my sister good and kind,
At parting gave to me a lock of hair,
Seven years are now past o'er since I left my native
shore.
And still my heart is longing to be there
To a maiden kind and true, I also bid adieu,
And tho' far away, that girl I do adore,
And I hope and trust I may live to see the happy day,
When I'll see them in my good old home once more.

