

Buck Cat

J. White, Printer, 8, Rose-place, Liverpool.

My name it is Bill, and I once kept a mill.
Near the town of Clonmell I will never deny,
I had a Buck Cat that was hairy and fat,
And would worry a rat in the wink of an eye,
He was heavy and strong, his whiskers were long,
This Nation I'd travel without any hat,
To get satisfaction out of the vile rascal, [Cat.
That strangled my grandmother's hairy Buck

It is from Dollybray, my cat went astray,
On that memorable day, the 12th of July,
Where he went to ensnare—the truth I declare,
Some harmless rats that were living close by;
When he came to the ground, his match there he
found, [chat,

They did him surround, and paid him for his
I left him in his gore and I saw him no more,
But the loss I deplore of my beautiful Cat.

Indeed Billy Dillon, you are a great villain,
For to accuse me sure of killing your Buck,
By all the she goats from Kerry to Moat,
I will have satisfaction before I am shook;
You sorely illused me, and likewise abused me,
Indeed such an action I would scorn as that,
Believe me dear neighbours he's done his endevours
To take my character for killing his Cat.

By the eternal wars, and by all the Jack Tars,
In England, Ireland, and Scotland also,
By Toby the Pig, and Lord Norberry's wig,
I ne'er done the deed which you very well know;
By Napoleon the brave, who lies in his grave,
And by Sarafield who gave all his foes tit for tat
By Lepocorn Russell, and Queen Ann's dirty bus-
tle,

I ne'er had a hand in the death of your Cat.

By King Harry the brute who polluted the truth,
And Cranmer to boot the inventor of lies,
By Calvin and Knox, and the infamous Fox,
That made Protestant Saints before ever they
By Neddy the get, the Apostolic pet, [died.
And his own sister Bet, who had many a brat,
By the vile Reformation that caused desolation,
I ne'er had a hand in the death of your Cat.

By Jimmy O'Brien, who hung scores in his time,
To swear by the same now indeed I'm not loath,
By old Billy Pitt, to swear I'm not fit,
By Lord Castlereagh who cut his own throat;
By Martin and Luther, and old Nick his tutor,
Or Cromwell the villain who thousands laid flat,
By Harry and Bess, and the whole of the rest,
I ne'er had a hand in the death of your Cat.

By the Four Courts of Dublin, and Nelson's great
pillow,

By all the Jack-sces, that is a big oath,
By all the John Bull's that smashed many skulls,
On Waterloo plains where the battle was fought,
By Brian the brave that beat all the Danes,
Shoved them into the sea just like a dead rat,
By "Buckshot" the knave, who would us enslave,
I ne'er had a hand in the death of your Cat.

I gave satisfaction about the transaction,
I vow and declare the truth I did speak,
Bill won't believe me which sorely does grieve me,
My curse on his Cat both early and late.
By the bellows of h—ll, and Peg Trentham's bell,
Or Usker's big flail shat leveled them flat, [es,
By King Bill's dirty breeches that stinks and itch-
I never had a hand in the death of your Cat.

NORAH

O'NEILL.

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I am lonely to-night, love without you,
I sigh for a glance of your eye,
For sure there's a charm, love, about you,
Whenever I know you are nigh.
Like a beam of the stars that are shining,
The glance of your eye can reveal,
Your voice is so sweet and beguiling,
I love you, dear Norah O'Neill.

Then never you think that I'll doubt you,
My love I can never conceal,
But I'm lonely to-night, love, without you,
My darling sweet Norah O'Neill.

The nightingale sung in the wild wood,
As if every note that it knew,
Was taught by the sweet voice of childhood
Then I thought my dear Norah of you;
My love I've been dreaming about you,
And you know not how happy I feel,
But I'm sad love, when parted long from you
My darling sweet Norah O'Neill.

Then why should I shed tears of sorrow,
Or why should my hope lose its place,
I'll meet you, my darling, to-morrow,
And smile on thy beautiful face,
Meet me, oh! say will you meet me,
With a kiss at the end of the lane,
And I promise whenever I greet thee,
I will never be lonely again.

