



FATHER PAT.

Old Father Pat was blithe and free,
 He kissed the lasses daily, O;
 His fame so ran through Donaghadee,
 There was none like him so gaily, O!
 For day or night was his delight,
 Devoid of care or sorrow, O!
 With pae, sweet pae, to wet his clay,
 O, the devil may take to-morrow, O!
 Lalar lul lalar lu ral ludi, O.

Old Father Pat was Judy's brat,
 The wife of Darby's brother, O;
 And whiskey nail'd his queen for that,
 Why he learnt it of his mother, O,
 For day or night was his delight,
 Devoid of care or sorrow, O,
 So come, says he, I'll cosey be,
 O, the devil may take to-morrow, O.

Old Father Pat he kept a school,
 But it was for more than thinking, O
 For least his scholars' wit should cool,
 He kept them always drinking, O:
 For day or night was his delight,
 Devoid of care or sorrow, O,
 So booze away, old Pat would say,
 O, the devil may take to-morrow, O.

Old Father Pat went to the fair,
 It was at Tipperary, O;
 For to see who should it be,
 But his sweetheart, Geary, O,
 For day or night was his delight,
 Devoid of care or sorrow, O,
 To court and sing, and whiskey bring,
 O, the devil may take to-morrow, O.

Old Father Pat he lost his wig,
 'Twas 'twixt the smoke and smother, O,
 And it was you know a footing a jig
 'Twas along with Teddy's brother, O,
 For day or night was my delight,
 Devoid of care or sorrow, O,
 So foot it away, Old Pat would say,
 O, the devil may take to-morrow, O.

Old Father Pat could sing all night,
 But he's afraid it would bother your memory, O:
 So if you please, I'll leave off to-night,
 And begin it again to-morrow, O:
 For day or night was my delight,
 Devoid of care or sorrow, O,
 To gain your smiles, will pay his toils,
 O, the devil may take to-morrow, O.



ILL OMENS.

WHEN DAYLIGHT WAS YET SLEEPING UNDER THE
 BILLOW.

AIR.—Kitty of Coleraine.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the billow
 And stars in the Heaven sull lingering shone,
 Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
 The last time she e'er was to press it alone;
 For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her soul in,
 Had promised to link the last tie before noon;
 And, when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen
 The maiden herself will steal after it soon;
 As she look'd in the glass, which a woman ne'er misses
 Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two
 A butterfly, fresh from the night-flower's kisses,
 Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view;
 Enraged with the insect for hiding her graces,
 She brush'd him— he fell, alas: never to rise;
 "Ah; such," said the girl, "is the pride of our faces,
 For which the soul's innocence too often dies;
 While she stole through the garden, where heart's-ease was
 growing
 She cull'd some, and kiss'd off its night-fallen dew;
 And a rose further on, look'd so tempting and glowing.
 That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too:
 But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
 Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost:—
 "Ah, this means," said the girl, and she sigh'd at its meaning
 "That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost,"

Through grief and through danger.

AIR.—I once had a True Love.

THROUGH grief and through danger thy smile hath cheer'd my
 way
 Till hope seem'd to bud from each thorn that round me lay;
 The darker our fortune, the brighter our pure love burn'd,
 Till shame into glory, till fear into zeal was turn'd:
 Oh, stave as I was, in thy arms my spirit felt free,
 And bless'd e'en the sorrows that made me more dear to thee,
 Thy rival was honour while thou wert wrong'd and scorn'd;
 Thy crown was of briars while gold her brows adorn'd:
 She woo'd me to temples, while thou lay'st hid in caves;
 Her friends where all masters, while thine, alas, wore slaves;
 Yet cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be
 Than wed what I loved not, or turn one thought from thee.
 They slander thee sorely, who say thy vows are frail—
 Hadst thou been a false one, thy cheek had look'd less pale;
 They say, too, so long thou hast worn these ling'ring chains;
 That deep in thy heart they have printed their servile stains;
 Oh, do not believe them—no chain could that soul subdue,
 Where shineth thy spirit, there liberty shineth too.

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