



**POOR
DOG TRAY.**

On the green banks of Shannon, when Shelah was nigh
No blithe Irish lad was so happy as I,
No harp like my own could so cheerily play,
And wherever I went was my poor dog Tray.

When at last I was forced from my Shelah to part,
She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart),
Oh! remember your Shelah, when far, far away,
And be kind my dear Pat to your poor dog Tray.

Poor dog, he was faithful and kind to be sure,
And he constantly loved me although I was poor,
When the sour looking folks sent me heartless away,
I had always a friend in my poor dog Tray.

When the road was so dark and the night was so cold,
And Pat and his dog were grown weary and old,
How snugly we slept in my old coat of grey,
And he lick'd me for kindness—my poor dog Tray.

Though my wallet was scant, I remember'd his case,
Nor refus'd my last crust to his pitiful face,
But he died at my feet on a cold winter's day
And I play'd a lament for my poor dog Tray.

Where now shall I go, poor, forsaken and blind,
Can I find one to guide me so faithful and kind,
To my sweet native village so far, far away,
I can never more return with my poor dog Tray.

Walker, Printer, Durham.



**THE
BUFFALO.**

Come all you young fellows that have a mind to range
Into some foreign country your station for to change,
Into some foreign country away from home to go,
We lay down on the banks of the pleasant Ohio.
We wander thro' the wild woods and chase the buffalo.

There are fishes in the river that's fitting for our use,
And fine lofty sugar canes that yields us fine juice,
And all sorts of game my boys besides the buck and doe
We lay down on the banks of the pleasant Ohio.
We wander thro' the wild woods and chase the buffalo.

Come all you young maidens spin us some yarn,
To make us some cloathing to keep ourselves warm,
For you can card and spin my girls, and we can reap
and mow,
We lay down on the banks of the pleasant Ohio.
We wander thro' the wild woods and chase the buffalo.

Supposing these wild Indians should by chance come
near,
We will unite together our hearts free from care,
We will march down into the town my boys and give
the fatal blow,
We lay down on the banks of the pleasant Ohio.
We wander thro' the wild woods and chase the buffalo.

(213)

