



# DOG TRAY. BONNY GREY.

On the green banks of Shannon when Sheelah  
was nigh,

No Mythe 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 forc'd from my Sheelah to  
part,

She said (while the sorrow was big at her heart,)  
Oh ! remember your Sheelah 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 lov'd me, although I was poor,  
When the sour looking folks drove me heartless  
away,

I still found a friend in my poor dog Tray.

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

Though my wallet was scant I remembered his  
case,

Nor refus'd my last crumb to his pitiful face,  
But he died at my feet on a cold winter's day,  
And I sadly 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 ne'er more return with my poor dog Tray.

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Come you Cock Merchants far and near,  
Did you hear of a Cock Battle happened near,  
These Liverpool lads I've heard them say,  
The Charcoal Black and the Bonny Grey.

We went to Jem Ward's and called for a pot,  
Where this Cock Battle was fought ;  
Twenty guineas a-side those two Cocks did play.  
The Charcoal Black and the Bonny Grey.

Then Lord Derby came swaggering down,  
Bet ten guineas to a crown,  
If this Charcoal Black it gets fair play,  
He will rip the wings of the Bonny Grey.

O, these two Cocks came to the sod,  
Cries the Liverpool lads, how now? what odds?  
The odds the Prescot lads did say,  
The Charcoal Black and the Bonny Grey.

This Cock Battle it was fought,  
Whilst the Charcoal he lay dead at last,  
The Liverpool lads gave a loud huzza,  
And carried away the Bonny Grey.