

YOUNG HENRY OF THE RAGING MAIN.

One summer's morning, the day was dawning,
Down by the pleasant river's side,
I saw a brisk and lovely maiden,
And a youth called "England's pride!"
He was a tight and smart young sailor,
Tears from his eyes did fall like rain,
Saying adieu, my lovely Emma,
I'm going to plough the raging main.

Cried Emma,—Henry, will you leave me
Behind, my sorrows to complain,
For your sweet features, lovely Henry,
I may ne'er behold again!
See Emma dear, our ship's weighed anchor,
'Tis a folly, love, to complain;
Though you I leave, I'll ne'er deceive,
I'm bound to plough the raging main.

Said Emma,—stay a little longer,
Stay at home with your true love;
But if you enter, I will venture,
I swear by all the powers above!
I'll venture with my lovely Henry,
Perhaps great honour I may attain;
She cried, I'll enter, and boldly venture,
With Henry on the raging main.

Gried Henry,—love, don't be distracted,
Perhaps you may be cast away;
'Tis for that reason, cried young Emma,
That behind I will not stay.
I'll dress myself in man's apparel,
So, dearest Henry, don't complain;
In jacket blue and tarry trousers,
I will plough the raging main.

Then, on board the brig Eliza,
Henry and his Emma went;
She did her duty like a sailor,
And with her lover was content.
Her pretty hands, once soft as velvet,
With pitch and tar appeared in pain;
Tho' her hands were soft, she went aloft,
And boldly ploughed the raging main.

The Eliza brig was bound for India,
And ere she had three weeks set sail,
From land or light, one stormy night,
It blew a bitter and heavy gale.
Undaunted, up aloft went Emma,
'Midst thunder, lightning, wind and rain,
With courage true, in a jacket blue,
Did Emma plough the raging main.

Twelve hours long the tempest lasted,
At length quite calm it did appear,
And they proceeded on their voyage,
Emma and her true lover dear.
When just two years they had been sailing,
To England they returned again;
And no one did suspect young Emma
Ploughing on the watery main.

In three weeks after gay young Henry,
Emma made his lawful bride;
Like turtle-doves they live and love,
Each other by the river side.
In a neat cottage, and quite content,
They happy dwell and ne'er complain;
See how young Emma boldly ventured
With Henry o'er the raging main.



ERIN IS MY HOME.

Oh, I have roam'd o'er many lands,
And many friends I've met,
Not one fair scene or kindly smile,
Can this fond heart forget;
But I'll confess that I'm content,
No more I'd wish to roam;
Oh, steer my barque to Erin's isle,
For Erin is my home.

In Erin's isle there's manly hearts,
And bosoms pure as snow,
In Erin's isle there's right good cheer,
And hearts that ever flow.
In Erin's isle I'll pass my time,
No more I'd wish to roam;
Oh, steer my barque to Erin's isle,
For Erin is my home.

If England was my place of rest,
I'd love her tranquil shore;
If bonnie Scotland was my home,
Her mountains I'd adore.
But pleasant days in both I've spent;
I'll dream of days to come:
Then steer my barque to Erin's isle,
For Erin is my home.

