



THE POOR

Irish Stranger.

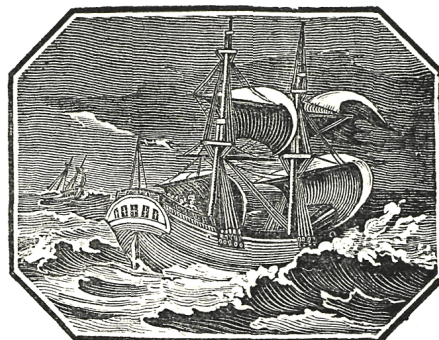
Pity the fate of a poor Irish stranger,
That wanders so far from his home,
That sighs for protection from want, woe, and danger,
That knows not which way for to roam ;
Yet I will return to Hibernia's green bowers,
For tyranny tramples the sweetest of flowers,
That once gave me comfort in loneliest of hours,
Now they're gone, I shall ne'er see them more.

With wonder I gaz'd on yon proud lofty building,
As in grandeur it rose from its lord,
But soon I behold my fair garden yielding,
The choicest of fruit for his food ;
But where is my father's low cottage of clay,
Wherein I have spent many a long happy day,
Alas ! has his lordship conniv'd it away,
Yes, it's gone, I shall never see it more.

When nature was seen in the sloe-bush and bramble,
All smiling in beautiful bloom,
Over the fields, without danger, I often
Did ramble amidst their perfume ;
I have rang'd through the woods where the gay feathered
throng,
Joyfully sung their loud echoing song,
These days, then, of summer pass'd sweetly along,
Now they're gone—I shall ne'er see them more.

When the sloes and the berries hung ripe on the bushes
I have gather'd them off without harm—
I have gone to the fields, and shorn the green rushes,
Preparing for winter's cold storm,
Along with my friends, telling tales of delight,
Those days gave me pleasure—I could them invite,
Now they're gone—I shall ne'er see them more.

Oh, Erin, Oh, Erin ! it grieves me to ponder
The wrongs of thy injured isle—
Of thy sons many a thousand from home now doth wander
On shores far away in exile ;
But give me the power to cross over the main,
Columbia might yield me some shelter from pain,
I am only lamenting whilst here I remain,
For the joys I shall never see more.



THE LOVERS'

SEPARATION.

As I walked out one morning in the spring time of the year
I overheard a sailor bold likewise a lady air,
They sung a song together which made the vallies ring,
While birds on sprays and meadows gay proclaim'd a loving
spring.

Then Henry said to Nancy I soon must sail away,
It is lovely on water to hear the music play,
The king he does want seamen so I'll not stay on shore
But I'll brave the wars for my country's cause, where can-
nons loudly roar.

O then said pretty Nancy, pray stay at home with me,
Or let me go along with you to bear you company,
I'll put on a pair of trowsers and leave my native shore,
Then let me go along with you where cannons loudly roar.

It will not do said Henry its in vain for you to try,
They will not ship a female young Henry did reply,
Besides your hands are delicate the ropes would make them
sore,
And it would be worse if you should fall where the loud
cannons roar.

Four pounds is the bounty and that will do for thee,
To help your aged parents whilst I am far at sea,
Come change your ring with me my love, for we may meet
once more,
For one above may guard your love where cannons loudly
roar.

Poor Nancy fell and fainted but soon they brought her too,
Then they shook hands together and took a fond adieu,
The Tower-hill was crowded with mother's weeping sore,
For sons that's gone to meet the foe where cannons loudly
roar.

There's many a mother's darling has entered for the main,
And in the dreadful battles where numbers will be slain,
For many a weeping mother and widow will deplore,
For those who fall by cannon balls where cannons loudly
roar.

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(282)

