

SPALPEEN FAUNACH.



RISE up you lazy Munster boys, no longer stand
spectators,
And exert you as on Vinegar hill, on the martial
deeds of arms. [hand we'll guard,
The glorious pan, the rights of man with sword in
To yoke and quell each infidel down to the lakes of
Caram.

The glorious year of 'ninety eight', for ever shall be
recorded, to run disarmed,
When Duff & Dundey & General Lake were fore'd
Antrim the knave, and Kingston to, the numerous
were their armies [Spalpeen Faunach.
To Dublin gates, they did retreat, pursued by our

I dare say that Spain & France early got an order.
Their ships prepared to sail well mann'd, no hatred
scam can back them,
They surely will invade this land, let Neptune be
their guardian, (open Faunach.
That's the day your frail will thrash you airy Spal-

With courage brave, Bonaparte, that valient chief
Commander, (good order,
with force of men, he'll fight & march, selected in
with bullets, bombs, and cannonballs, he'll batter
town and fortress, Spalpeen Faunach.
A place round wigs upon our heads, no more, a

Now to conclude the truth I'll tell but let us yet be
wary, [race they call him,
The French has bound that voulding whelp the noble
The seed of Jesus who have transgress'd, & did not
yet reform. (use your Spalpeen Faunach.
To pelmell, we will rout them down to hell, come

NEW IRISH EMIGRANT

E. Hodges. (from Pitt's,) wholesale Toy and
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FAREWELL dear Erin I'm going to leave
you,
And cross the seas to a foreign land,
Farewell to friends and kind relations,
And my aged parents I leave behind:
My heart is breaking all for to leave you,
Where I have spent many happy days,
with lads and lasses and flowing glasses,
But now I'm bound for America.

Farewell to the green hills and lovely vallies,
where with my true love I've often roved,
And fondly told her I ne'er would leave her,
whilst waiking through each silent grove,
I'm going to leave you my charming Mary,
was kind fortune love sure at home I'd stay,
But do not mourn for I will return,
And bring you off to America.

Lovely william do not leave me?
I love you dearly right well you know,
And for to stray to a foreign nation,
And leave me here love in grief and woe.
The crops have failed & the times are chan-
ging, which causes thousands to go away,
But if you'll wait love 'till next season,
we'll both sail off to America.

My love I'm bound for foreign nations,
If the Lord be pleased to send me o'er.
To seek for promotion and look for labour,
Since all things failed on the Shamrock shore
But if you have patience 'till fortune favours,
To crown my labour believe what I say,
I'll come home love with golden store,
And bring you off to America,

Change your mind and you will find,
That we'll have good times upon Erin's shore,
I'll endeavour to work and labour,
For to maintain you Mavee Lastore.
I love you dearly, true and sincerely
And if you leave me and go away,
My heart will break all for your sake,
while you are placed in America,



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