



THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

Stay, Lady! stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah, sure my looks must pity wake—
'Tis want that makes my cheeks so pale;
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy;
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And now I am an Orphan Boy.

Poor foolish child, how pleased was I,
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame.
To force me home my mother sought,
She could not bear to see my joy,
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor Orphan Boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother shuddering closed her ears;
Rejoice, rejoice, still cried the crowd—
My mother answered with her tears.
Why are you crying thus, said I,
While others laugh and shout for joy?
She kissed me, and with such a sigh,
She called me her poor Orphan Boy.

What is an Orphan Boy? I cried,
As in her face I looked and smiled,
My mother through her tears replied,
You'll know too soon, ill-fated boy!
And now they've toll'd my mother's knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy—
Oh, Lady, I have known too well,
What 'tis to be an Orphan Boy

Oh, were I by your bounty fed—
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread,
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep, ah! this to me?
You'll give me clothing, food, employ—
Look down, dear parents, look and see,
Your happy, happy, Orphan Boy.

A NEW THE GREEN FLAG FLYING.

My name is freedom, stout and bold, and private I
came to this nation,
I have ranged about from shore to shore, to find a
true relation;
My friends are free and kind enough to entertain a
stranger,
But dare not openly know me, I am so exposed to
danger.

Then march with me you heroes bold, with courage
bold undaunted,
The time is come when Granua's sons their strength
and aid is wanted.

With fifes and drums and heavy guns, we'll march to
to battle glorious,
Like hearts of steel we'll keep the field, and the green
flag flying before us.
You villains of Hell, you know right well, that we
have conquered Egypt,
Switzerland, and Poland too, through Russia and
New Zealand.

The Prussians all, we made them fall, by our St.
Patrick heroes,
With freedom's land we marched along, with the green
flag flying before us.
You gentry of Kerry, we will make you sorry, for al
your base transactions,
For the crimes of blood that you have shed, we must
have satisfaction.

The sacrilege and robbery, and the people that you
have slaughtered,
We'll make you rue your bribery, and the day that
you took it.
The time will come when we'll show you fun, the d—l
shall be your leader,
With powder and ball, we'll make you fall, and send
you to h—I's bl—s.

For three hundred years and something more, poor
Erin suffered sorely,
Under H— and B—, I do protest, they thought to
murder Romans,
The candle is out which Lnther told should for three
centuries keep blazing,
The Cranmer corps, laments full sore, the downfall of
the reformation.

You Roman sons don't be controlled, but hold your
banners of redemption,
Our church is on a rock that never can be shook, and
defies all cursed contention,
The Church of Rome is in its bloom, in spite of vile
intruders,
Liberty is our cry, we'll fight and die, with the green
flag flying before us.

