

# THE SHAMROCK OF MY ERIN, O!



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H. Disley, Printer, 57, High-street, St. Giles.

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THE sultry climes of foreign shores,  
May bid Lusana's flow'rs to blow;  
But there is one in Erin's isle,  
That I love far beyond them, O.  
Its leaves unfold the patriot's heart;  
In honours course keeps steering. O:  
It's still the same midst heat and cold:  
'T is the shamrock of my Erin, O.

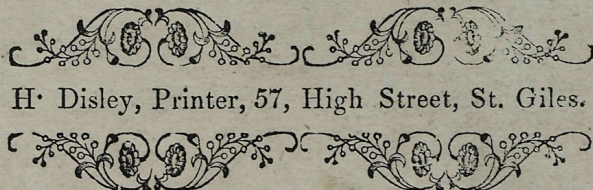
The rose may bloom, it's crimson hue,  
And every son of Albion charm;  
The thistle Caledonia's pride,  
May twine around each bosom warm;  
But hail to thee, thou plant so dear,  
In my lov'd land appearing O!  
'T is still the same midst heat and cold:  
'T is the shamrock of my Erin, O.

A plant thou art so true and dear,  
Ever blooming fresh and fair,  
No matter what it does appear,  
None can outshine the shamrock, O.  
The flow'rs in spring may bloom, 't is true,  
But after all, they fade, you know:  
Then here's to the sweet shamrock green!  
Thou art an emblem of my Erin, O.

O was I now in Erin's isle,  
No sadness would befall me, O;  
The time so sweet it would beguile,  
'Midst scenes of joy and pleasure, O;  
But alas! I'm on a foreign land,  
With nought but wildness round me, O;  
Exil'd from my native land;  
But still thou art my Erin, O.

# THE DARK GIPSEY GIRL.

Tune—"The Stolen Child."



H. Disley, Printer, 57, High Street, St. Giles.

ONE May morning bright I pass'd thro' the valley  
The beauties of nature was fair to be seen,  
A dark gipsey girl with her ringlets flowing,  
The moment one saw her they'd call her a queen  
I fell on my knees, I was struck with amazement,  
I soon forgot all my family pride,  
With pray do not frown, but take pity on me,  
I swear by great Heaven you shall be my bride.

Shall I tell you your fortune, kind sir? I am willing  
With a small piece of silver just cross my hand.  
My fortune I know, you shall be my lady,  
Both carriage and footmen shall be at thy command.

In a large stately mansion we can live happy,  
As man and wife we together can dwell,  
I am not of age, that's the reason I tarry,  
But I am sure for to marry the dark gipsey girl

O man, is this justice? said this pretty gipsey,  
For the sake of your soul those words don't repeat  
My honour once sullied, why then I'm deserted,  
Like many young creatures I am cast on the street;

Away your promises, your carriage and horses,  
The gipsey has virtue as it may be seen,  
I can sleep in my tent, with the star shining on me  
I can take my poor Neddy and ride round the green.

She turned, and left this young squire to grumble,  
To think he was foiled, when he ought to command;

But there was more honest virtue in that little gipsey  
Than half the proud ladies that walk o'er the land!

I soon found her out, and her I did marry,  
The young ones did bless us, the old ones did chide,

The woods they did echo, and so did each valley,  
With hail to Zelena, the fair gipsey bride.

