



### RORY OF THE HILL.

"That rake up near the rafters,  
Why leave it there so long?  
The handle, of the best ash,  
Is smooth, and straight, and strong;  
And mother, will you tell me,  
Why did my father frown,  
When to make the hay in summer time,  
I climbed to take it down?"  
She looked into her husband's eyes,  
While her own with light did fill,  
"You will shortly know the reason, boy!"  
Said Rory of the Hill.

The midnight moon is fighting up.  
The slopes of Sliev-na-mon,—  
"Whose foots afrights the startled hares  
So long before the dawn?"  
He stopped, just where the Anner's stream  
Winds up the woods anear.  
Then whistled low and looked around,  
To see the coast was clear,  
A sheeling door was open—  
In he stepped with right good will—  
God save all here and bless your work,  
Said Rory of the Hill.

Right hearty was the welcome,  
That greeted him I ween,  
For years gone by they fully proved,  
How well they loved the Green;  
And there was one amongst them  
Who grasped him by the hand  
One who through all that weary time,  
Roamed on a foreign strand.  
He brought them news from gallant friends  
That made their heart-strings thrill—  
"M'cow! I never doubted them!"  
Said Rory of the Hill.

Next day the ashen handle,  
He took down from where it hung,  
The toothed rake, full scornfully,  
Into the fire he flung;  
And in its stead a shining blade,  
Is gleaming once again—  
(Oh! for a hundred thousand of  
Such weapons and such men!)  
Right soldierly he wielded it,  
And—going through his drill—  
"Attention"—"charge"—"front, point"  
Cried Rory of the Hill.

She looked at him with woman's pride  
With pride and woman's fears:  
Oh! knowledge is a wondrous power  
And stronger than the wind;  
And thrones shall fall, and despots bow  
Before the might of mind;  
The poet, and the orator  
The heart of man can sway  
And would to the kind heaven,  
That Wolfe's one were here to-day  
Yet trust me friends dear Ireland's strength  
Her truest strength, is still,  
The rough-and-ready roving boys,  
Like Rory of the Hill.

She flew to him, she clung to him  
And dried away her tears;  
He felt her pulse beat truly,  
While her arms around him twine—  
Now God be praised for your stout heart,  
Brave little wife of mine.  
He swung his first-born in the air,  
While joy his heart did fill—  
You'll be a freeman yet, my boy,  
Said Rory of the Hill.



### SILVER MOONLIGHT WINDS ARE BLOWING.

SILVER moonlight winds are blowing  
Softly o'er the summer sea,  
Lovely stars in beauty glowing,  
Gently watching o'er my love and me  
Now we will wander since the sunlight  
Has to sleep his mantle thrown,  
Love's bewitching in the moonlight,  
Care and trouble now begone,  
Silver moonlight winds are blowing,  
Softly o'er the summer sea,  
Lovely stars in beauty glowing,  
Gently watching o'er my love and me.  
Gently breezes, love, are calling,  
Golden light of happy hours,  
Smiling ray of starlight gleaming,  
Welcome, welcome darling one, to placid bowers,  
Flowers are sleeping, till the daylight,  
Kisses dewdrops from their bed,  
List to music, winds of moonlight,  
Sweetest sounds to love are giv'd.

### MARY BLANE.

I once did lub a pretty gal—  
I lub'd her as my life—  
She came from Louisiana  
And I made her my dear wife.  
At home we lub'd so happy,  
Oh, free from grief and pain  
But in de winter time of year  
I lost my Mary Blane.

### CHORUS.

Oh, fare de well poor Mary Blane  
One feeling heart bids you adieu  
Oh, fare de well, poor Mary Blane!  
We'll never meet again.

I went into de woods one day  
To hunt among de cane,  
De white men come into my house,  
And took poor Mary Blane.  
grief me berry much to tink.  
No hope I entertain  
Of ober seeing my dear gal.

### FAREWELL TO THE MOUNTAIN

Farewell to the mountain  
and sun lighted vale  
The-moss bordered streamlet  
And balm breathing gale,  
All so bright all so fair  
Here a seraph might dwell,  
Is too lovely for me  
Farewell! oh, farewell  
farewell &c.

