

# Johnny Hart.

There was a rich farmer's daughter lived near  
the town of Ross,  
She courted a Highland soldier, his name was  
Johnny Hart,  
For six long months they courted, her parents  
they did not know,  
He was her darling, dressed up in his high-  
land plaid.  
Says the mother to her daughter, I'll go dis-  
tracted mad,  
If you marry that highland soldier dressed in  
his highland plaid,  
To marry a private soldier for ever you are  
undone,  
You know your fortune is so great as wed a  
farmer's son.  
Dear mother don't despise my love, and do not  
run him down,  
Many a private soldier has raised to high  
renown  
Many a farmer's daughter has followed the  
fife and drum  
I would not part my soldier for any squire's son  
Early next morning her mother went out.  
And to the colonel's quarters she was going  
across  
And there she met the colonel, and to him a  
courtsey dropt  
I want your honor in private I have a broken  
heart,  
The colonel being a nobleman he then began  
to smile,  
So kindly he consented with her to step aside  
Be quick my decent woman, to hear you I'm  
inclined  
If I consider your claim is fair, I'll see you  
justified  
I have one only daughter, she's a foolish lass  
She is courted by one of your soldiers, his  
name is Johnny Hart,  
To wed a private soldier is below my child's  
degree  
If your honor will send him out of Ross, my  
blessing I will give thee,  
The bugle sounded for parade, young Hart he  
did appear,  
The colonel he stepped up to him all in the  
barrack square,  
If you court this woman's daughter and that I  
find it out,  
I'll send you on detachment till the regiment  
gets the rout,  
It's hard enough young Hart replied for court-  
ing an Irish lass  
To send me on detachment, and leave my dear  
in Ross,  
I love this woman's daughter, and for me he is  
inclined,  
And I'd court your honor's daughter if I could  
but gain her mind,  
Well done my gallant soldier, I like your cour-  
age well  
And you shall be promoted for those words  
you boldly tell,  
I'll put epaulets on your shoulders and then  
you'll be a match—  
For the foremost farmer's daughter coming  
into the town of Ross,  
To have this couple married the colonel gave  
consent,  
Her parents paid her portion down, its now  
they are content,  
Young Hart became an officer, his dear a cap-  
tain's bride,  
He has joined the rich farmer's daughter, by  
Glanny side.



## A New Song Called Granuail.

As through the north as I walked to vie  
the shamrock plain,  
stood awhile where nature smiled to view  
the rocks and streams,  
On a matron I fixed my eyes beneath a fer-  
tile vale  
As she sung her song it was on the wrong  
of poor old Granuail  
Her head was bare & her grey hair over her  
eyes hung down  
Her waist and neck her hands and feet with  
iron chains were bound  
Her pensive strain and plaintive mangled  
with the evening gale  
And the song she sung with mournful air  
I an poor old granuail  
gown she wore was stained with gore  
by a ruffian band  
Her lips so sweet that monarchs kissed are  
now grown pale and wan  
The tears of grief fell from her eyes full  
as large as hail  
None could express the deep distress of poor  
old granuail  
On her harp she leaned and thus exclaimed  
my royal Brien is gone  
Who in his day he drove away the tyrants  
every one  
On clontarf's plains against the Danes his  
faction did prepare  
Brave Brian born cut their lines through  
and freed old granuail  
But now alas I must confess avengers I  
have none  
There no brave Lord to wave his sword in  
my defence—not one  
My enemies just whet like with blows the  
do assault  
The flesh they tore clean off the bones of  
poor old granuail  
These three hundred years the briny tears  
has flowed down from my eyes  
I may curse the day that Henry made me  
proud Albion's prise  
From that day down with chains I'm bound  
no wonder I look pale  
My blood they drained from every vein of  
poor Granuail  
There was a Lord came from the South he  
wore a laurel crown  
Saying Granuail dear be of good cheer no  
longer you'll be bound  
I am the man they call great Dan who  
never yet did fail  
I have got the bill for to fulfil your wishes  
Granuail  
With blood besmeared and bathed  
her harp she sweetly strung  
And an the change her mournful air the  
lusty chord she rung  
Her voice so clear sounded on my ear at  
length my strength failed [you Granuail  
went away and thus did say God help

