



A New Song Called the
Dear and Darling Boy.

When first unto this town I came,
With you I fell in love,
And if I could but gain you,
Pd v. w I'll never rove,
There is not a girl in all this town,
I love as well as thee,
I'll rowl you in my arms,
My cushla gal ma chree.

My love she won't come nigh me,
Nor hear the moan I make,
Neither would she pity me,
Tho my poor heart should break,
If I was born of noble blood,
And she of low degree,
She would hear my lamentation,
And surely pity me.

Our ship is on the ocean,
Now ready for to sail,
If the wind blow from he east,
With a sweet and pleasant gale,
If the wind blew from my love,
With a swee and pleasant sound
It is for your sake, my darling girl,
I'd range the nation round.

Nine months we are on the ocean,
No harbour can we spy
We sailed from the French landers
To harbours were nigh,
We sailed from the French Flanders
To harbours that were nigh,

Oh, fare you well, my darling girl,
Since you and I must part,
As the bright beams of your beauty
That stole away my heart,
But since it is my lot, my love,
To say that I must go,



**Brennan on the
Moor.**

It's of a fearless highway man a story I will tell,
His name was Willy Brennan in Ire' and he did dwell
It was on the Livart mountains h. commenced his
wild career,
Anc many a wealthy gentlemen before him shook
with tear,
A brace or loded pistols he carried both nighs and
day,
He never robbed a poor man upon the King's highway
But what he'd take from the rich like Turpin and
Black Bess.
He always divided it with the widow and orphan in
distress.
One night he robbed a packman, the name of Pedlar
Brown.
They travelled on together til the day began to dawn
The pedlar seeing his money gone, likewise his
watch and chain.
Ae at once encountered Brennan, and robbed him
back again.
One day on the highway, as Willy he sat down,
He met this mayor or Cashel a mile outside the town
The mayor he knew his features, i think young man
said he,
Your name is Willy Brennan, you must come along
with me.
As Brennan's wife hod gone to town, provisions for
to buy,
When she saw her Willy, she began to weep and cry
He says, "give me that tempennoo," as soon as Willy
spoke,
She handed him a blunderbus from underneath he,
— cloak,
Then with his loded blunderbus, the truth I will
unfold,
He made the mayor to tremble and robbed him of
his gold,
One hundred pound was offered for his apprehension
And he with bridle and saddle to the mountain did
rapair.
Then Brennan being an outlaw upon the mountains
high,
When cavalry and infantry to take him they did try,
He laughed at them with scorn, until at length, 'tis
said,
By a false-hearted young man was basely betrayed.
In the county of Tipperary, in a place they called
Clonmore,
Willy and his comrade that day did suffer sore.
He amongst the fern which was thick upon the held
And nine wounds he did receive before that he did
yield,
When Brennan and his comrade found they were
betrayed,
They with the mounted cavalry a noble battle made
He lost his foremost finger which was shot by a ball
So Brennan and his comrade were tase. after all.
So when taken prisoners, in irons they were bound.
And conveyed to Clonmel jail, strong walls surround
Fareweh unto my wife and to my children three,
Likewise my aged father, he may shed tears for me
To my loving mother, who tore her locks and cried
Seeing I wish With Brennan in the cradle you died

