



GRAND DISSOLVING VIEWS.

While thinking of some past events at home the other night,
And sitting by the fireside, which then was burning bright.

But soon the fire began to fade, and shadows o'er me flew,

I fancied I was witnessing a Grand Dissolving View;

Some sights I saw they gave me joy, while other gave me pain,

Oh! may I never see them in reality again,
But give me your attention and I'll quickly tell to you.

Some sights I saw while witnessing, the Grand Dissolving View.

The first view was a sad one, a truly wretched case,

It was the family of a working man, want stared them in the face,

The mother and her children sat round an humble fire,

The embers every moment they were threatening to expire

But soon the husband enters & hangs his honest head,

While sorrowfully he hears his children calling out for bread,

Thro' poverty he's near forced to steal, yet doomed to a gaol he knew,

A very sorrowful picture, in a Grand Dissolving View.

The next view was a police court, two prisoners in was led,

One a well dressed swindler, and a boy that was ill fed,

He stole some food, 'confessed his guilt, for pardon did entreat,

He said he was a orphan and had nothing for to eat,

Two months hard labour he received I thought it a hard case,

While he who swindled hundreds gets off with a good grace,

He pays for councillors with the spoil, it was money pulled him thro'

And justice blind on that case smiled in this Grand Dissolving View.

Then scarcely I could witness the next heart-rending scene,

'Twas blest Father Murphy, burning to death on Tullow Green,

And then the execution of John and Henry Shears,

Two patriotic brothers which caused a nations tears;

And likewise Robert Emmett, that Irish chieftain brave,

Who suffered death before he would his countrymen deceive;

A nobler heart ne'er beat in man, than that which in him grew,
Which makes us look with sorrow, on this Grand Dissolving View.

Then I seen Lord Edward taken, by Major Sirr, and Swan,

And in his bedroom struggling, with their parties ten to one,

Until Major Sirr the coward, who stood outside the door,

He fired at Lord Edward, that lay bleeding on the floor.

Then they pounced upon their victim, just like wolves upon their prey,

And dyed their daggers with his blood, for no mercy in them lay,

Then they dragged him off to Newgate, where he died of their abuse;

So I stamped this as a murder, in my Grand Dissolving View.

Then the next scene that I witnessed, to you I will reveal,

It was Manchester City, with its dark and dismal gaol,

And on its scaffold high there stood, three Irish men so bold,

Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien, that the Lord may rest their soul,

They died for love of country, it was an honourable crime,

And history will record them until the end of time,

God save Ireland, they did cry for her our lives we lose

So they ranked among the martyrs in my Grand Dissolving Views,

The next face that did appear was one that honour seen,

From high and low, both rich, and poor, Henry Gratton I do mean;

And if he was alive to day, for us he would obtain

Our native Irish Parliament, once more in College Green.

Another face did then appear, with joy I gave a bound,

I thought I saw in health again, O'Connell safe and sound;

Besides I saw brave General Meagher, a soldier tried and true,

Alas, they were but pictures, in my Grand Dissolving View.



J. White, Printer, Rose Place, Liverpool.

