

SERVANT BOY.

White, Printer, Rose-place, Scotland-road, Liverpool.

YOU lovers all both great and small come listen to my theme

There's none on earth can pity me but those who felt the same;

I lived between Dungannon & the town of Aughnacloy,
But I live now in America with my father's servant boy

Where is the man who can or will a farmer's son despise
His bread to earn he does begin before the sun doth rise;
My love and I are Adam's seed I never will deny,
There's none on earth I love so well as my father's servant boy,

My parents wished to have me wed unto a gentleman
And in the church we were to meet and join in wedlock's bands;

The night before I stole from them unto a village nigh
Where I did meet my own true love, my father's servant boy.

I brought my love along with me, I cared for nothing more.

I bade adieu to all my friends and to the shamrock shore;

To Belfast town we both went down and soon found captain Coy,

And in his ship I sailed away with my father's servant boy.

But when we reached America our money we did spend
And were some time supported by a true Irish friend.
Till a gentleman from Ireland did give my love employ
Two pounds a week I do receive from my father's servant boy.

I left my parents lonesome, in sorrow they did weep,
Both day and night bewailing without a wink of sleep
Until I sent a letter to the town of Aughnacloy,
Saying I was in America, with my father's servant boy.

Then they sent me an answer to Philadelphia town.
Saying if I would come back again I should have five hundred pounds,

But I was bound in wedlock's bands, which crowned my heart with joy, [boy.
And while I live I'll ne'er deceive my father's servant

This was the news that I did send from Philadelphia town,

Where they were worth one shilling there, I was worth one pound,

With pleasure and contentment I never will deny,
I'm living in America with my father's servant boy.

THE IRISHMAN'S TOAST.

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IRELAND the land of the Harp and the Shamrock,
Ireland the land of the true and the good,
Ireland the land of true hearted patriots,

Who shed for their country their last drop of blood.
Each Irishman has cause to remember,

Those who defied the Saxon's bold boast.
When they tried to enslave her, in misery degrade her
May their names never die, is an Irishman's toast.

— CHORUS —

Here's to the lake, the vale, and the green mom,
The Harp and the Shamrock, the Green Flag and Green,
Here's to the hero's old Ireland our boast,
May their names never die, is an Irishman's toast

Dear is the name of our immortal Emmet,
Whose great heart to Ireland was loyal and true,
He died for her glory, how sad was his story,
He went in his youth to an untimely grave.
And the great Brian Boru, who the Danes did subdue
With his brave band of warriors the usurpers defied,
He fought like a lion vast armies defying,
Till the sea with the blood of the foemen was dyed.

Our brave Dan O'Connell, was a true Irish hero,
For Ireland he fought hard for Justice and right,
No threats could alarm him, no bribe could threaten him
May his soul shine above, where all is good & bright.
Green be the memories of our Manchester martyrs,
The noble young Allen, poor Larkin and O'Brien,
Tho' the scaffold was their doom it was for Ireland's freedom,
For ever may their names in our history shine.

Long may it grow, our dear little Shamrock,
Green o'er the graves where our darling ones lie,
Grow there to show them, our friends and our foemen,
How Irishmen can live, and how they can die.
Let Erin remember, she has men to defend her,
Our hearts are as true as the brave men of yore,
Whose names we will cherish, till memory perish,
So let us toast round for Ireland evermore.

