

GLADSTONE AND THE IRISH LAND LEAGUE

You noble sons of Erin's Isle,
Wherever you may be,
One moment pay attention
And listen unto me;
Unite I say without delay,
And do not be despairing,
But in spite of Buckshot F——r,
Struggle for the rights of Erin.
Arouse you then like Irishmen,
And shout for liberty.

Our Irish boys for freedom
Are uniting heart and hand.
And are determined for to free
Their dear old native land.
Tho' Billy G——e he may frown,
Upon the Irish Nation,
He never can or will put down
The Land League combination.
For in spite of Billy G——e,
Our rights we will defend.

Old "Buckshot" F——r is trembling
and so is G——e, too,
They see our cause progressing,
And they want to frighten you
But let them see that liberty
In spite of wind or weather,
To gain our rights and freedom,
Has united us together.
And our motto shall be Parnell,
and old Erin's liberty.

Old Ireland has been trampled on
For many years you know.
And now they're trying to augment
Our sufferings and woe.
With gagging bills, and leaden pills,
They're threatening to feed us,
But do not be downhearted,
But stick true to your leaders.
Who'll not give in, until they win,
The rights of Irishmen.

They've arrested Mr. Parnell,
and other leaders too,
But do not be disheartened,
But like brothers bold and true
Stand your ground and rally round
The cause so good and glorious,
and never you surrender, boys,
Until you are victorious.
and all oppressive landlords
are driven from the soil.

In Dublin, and Kilkenny,
In Limerick, and Kildare,
In Roscrea, and Garryowen,
In Carlow, Cork, and Clare;
In Wicklow, Westmeath, and Fyrone
In Donegall, and Kerry,
In Tipperary, Newry, Wexford,
Meath, and Londonderry,
They're united and determined
For to stand against our foes.

Then here's to Mr. Parnell,
We hope he'll live to see
The sons of poor old Ireland,
Enjoy their liberty.
Tho' in prison they have cast him,
He is not the least downhearted
For thousands they are following
In the good cause he has started
So bad luck to "Buckshot" F——r,
And Billy G——e, too.

Tell Me MARY HOW TO WOO THEE.

Tell me Mary how to woo thee,
Teach my bosom to reveal,
All its sorrows sweet unto thee,
All the love my heart can feel.
Tell me Mary, &c.

No! when joy first brighten'd o'er us
'Twas not joy illum'd her ray,
And when sorrow lies before us,
'Twill not chase her smiles away.
'Twill not chase &c.

Like the tree no winds can sever,
From the ivy round it cast,
Thus the heart that loved thee ever
Loves thee Mary, to the last.
Loves thee Mary, &c.

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and terms sent Free, to any address.

L O N E L Y IS THE HOUSE, MOTHER'S GONE.

Little sister darling, why that look of
care? [dead,
I know it is because poor mother's
How we miss that mother, to us she
was so dear, [death bed.
I remember when we prayed at her
With her pale white cheeks, and her
peer sunken eyes, [ran shoes,
That once so brightly on her child.
But now we gaze with sadness, and
often sit and cry, [gone.
Lonely is the house now mother's

CHORUS

Mother's left her dwelling, we'll nev-
er see her more.
We are left dear sister all alone
No love is like a mother's be she rich
or poor,
Lonely is the house, mother's gone

In the village churchyard a tomb-
stone can be found, [sleeps,
Underneath our darling mother
It is there me and dear sister often
can be found, [weep.
Kneeling by her grave to pray and
There they laid our mother dear her
spirit's now at rest, [morn,
Me and sister miss her night and
She's gone to join dear father a
watch o'er us she'll keep,
Lonely is the house, mother's gone.

Dear mother she was gentle from us
she's called away. [died,
She kissed us sister dear before she
When the doctor told us dear mo-
ther was no more, [cried.
I remember for her loss then how we
When you loose a mother, you miss
her every way, [gone
To dwell there with the angels she is
A good mother is a treasure. On us
she'll smile no more,
Lonely is the house, mother's gone.

