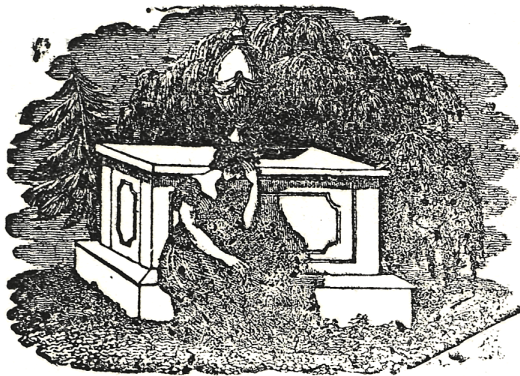


SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF  
**FATHER MATTHEWS**  
 THE GREAT TEE TOTALIST



You sons of Hibernia pray give attention  
 From the States of America to Erin's old shore.  
 The loss we've sustained with grief will mention  
 The apostle of temperance on earth is no more  
 The drunkard he reformed and granted his blessing  
 The wife and the children he caused to smile  
 Wherever he went the good did caress him  
 From New York to Philadelphia and Erin's green  
 Isle,

The apostle of temperance is now gone before ye  
 And thousands have reason his loss to deplore,  
 His name we'll repeat while his soul shines in  
 glory,  
 Tho' good Father Matthew on earth is no more  
 He the widow did comfort the orphan he cherish  
 He smothered each sorrow and he banished  
 each pain,  
 He saved many thousands who without him  
 would have perished.

His equal fear we shall never see again,  
 His fortune in charity he nobly expended  
 He was highly esteemed by the rich and  
 the poor

In America and Europe his good deeds extended,  
 The pride and glory of the shamrock shore,

A native of Cork was the good Father Matthew;  
 His ancestors were great & of noble degree,  
 Wherever he travelled all joyfully hailed him,  
 In Belfast in Limerick Tyron and Tralee  
 In Galway and Dublin in Wexford and Waterford  
 In proud Tipperary he was met with a smile,  
 They all did caress him they'd reason to bless him  
 For the good he had done over Erin's green Isle.

He was true to his church and true to his country  
 He was kind, noble hearted, courageous and  
 brave

He healed the sick and with joy fed the hungry,  
 And he was delighted the drunkard to save.  
 They in England rever'd him and proudly  
 cheered him;

Wherever he went he was met with a smile,  
 When he had in America the drunkard convert  
 He returned for to die on old Erin's green Isle

Erin's intoxication had fled from the country;  
 The apostle great dangers and insults with  
 stood,

He walked in the foot steps of our blessed saviour,  
 He delighted in going about doing good  
 To the sick and the helpless he did comfort  
 administer.

And every kind of action he did with a smile  
 When his all was expended and his labour  
 was ended,

He died like a lamb on old Erin's green Isle,

There shall be a monument so nobly erected  
 For him whom all classes do deeply regret.  
 The foundation he laid shall never be neglected  
 His deeds and his name we will never forget,  
 He is gone he is gone to heaven of glory,  
 He was welcomed from earth with a heaven  
 ly smile,

Recollect he is gone but a short time before ye,  
 The good Father Matthew from Erin's green Isle

**GOOD BYE SWEETHEART  
 GOOD BYE**

THE bright stars fade the morn'g breaking,  
 The dew drops pearl each bud and leaf,  
 And I from thee my leave am taking,  
 With bliss too brief, with bliss too brief,  
 How sinks my heart with fond alarm  
 The tear is bidding in mine eye  
 For time doth thrust me from thine arms,  
 Good bye, sweetheart good bye? good bye,

The sun is up, the lark is soaring,  
 Loud swell the song of chauticeer,  
 The lev'et bounds o'er earth's soft flooring,  
 Yet I am here? yet I am here,  
 For since night's gems from heaven did fade  
 And morn to floral lips doth hie,  
 I could not leave thee, tho' I said,  
 Good bye sweetheart good bye good bye.

E. HODGES Printer wholesale Toy  
 and Marble Warehouse 26 Grafton St  
 Soho London

1845

