



MY ERIN O.

Harkness, Printer, 121, Church St., Preston.

The sultry climes of foreign shores,
May bid Lusatia's flowers to blow,
But there is one in Erin's Isle
That I love far beyond them, O.
Its leaves unfold the patriot's heart,
When honour's course keeps steering, O,
It's still the same 'midst heat and cold,
'Tis the Shamrock of my Erin, O.

CHORUS.

My Erin O, my Erin O,
My bonny blooming Erin O,
It's still the same in heat or cold,
My bonny blooming Erin O!

The rose may bloom its crimson hue.
And every son of Albion charm;
The thistle Caledonia's pride,
May 'twine around each bosom warm.
But hail to thee, thou plant so dear,
In my loved land appearing, O,
'Tis still the same 'midst heat or cold,
'Tis the Shamrock of my Erin, O.

O Erin's sons are bold and brave,
Her daughters fairest of the fair,
Her fame resounds o'er land and wave,
Her soil is rich as jewels rare.
Her exiles bless thair native land,
Her name to them is cheering, O.
Their daily theme and nightly dream
Is the shamrock of my Erin, O.

ADDITIONAL VERSES.

A plant thou art so true and dear,
Ever blooming fresh and fair!
No matter where it does appear,
None can outshine the Shamrock, O!
The flowers may bloom in spring, it's true,
But after all, they'll fade, you know,
Then here's to thee, sweet Shamrock green,
Thou art an emblem of my Erin, O.

Oh! was I now in Erin's Isle,
No sadness there would befall me, O!
The time so sweet it would beguile,
'Midst scenes of joy and pleasure, O;
But, alas! I'm on a foreign land,
With nought but wildness round me, O!
Exiled from my own native land,
But still thou art my Erin, O.



THE

Witches' Glee,

OR WHEN

SHALL WE THREE

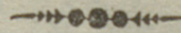
MEET AGAIN.

Harkness, Printer, Church Street, Preston.

When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing Hope expire,
Oft shall wearied Love retire;
Oft shall Death and Sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parch'd beneath a hostile sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls:
Still, in Fancy's rich domain,
Oft shall we three meet again.

When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamps are dead:
When, in cold oblivion's shade,
Beauty, pow'r, and fame are laid:
Where immortal spirits reign,
I here shall we three meet again.



Fair Jessie.

Fair Jessie, when the moon was new,
Stole out to meet her Highland lover;
The glistening leaf was bathed in dew,
And soundly slept her watchful mother.
The moon grew round still Jessie hied,
Each night, to hear young Donald's story,
And oft the gentle maiden sighed
O'er tales of love and fields of glory.

Behind her clouds the wan moon sleeps,
But Jessie loves no more the gloaming;
Alone she sighs—alone she weeps,
For far from her false Donald's roaming.
Sweet smiles the moon upon the lea,
While on her snow-wreathed throne she's sleep-
But, ah! that fickle smile will flee, [ing,
And like false love may end in weeping.