

BONNY
England O!

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

Down by a crystal fountain,
 As I alone one morn did stray,
 the thistle, shamrock and the rose,
 Unto each other they did say,
 Alterations must take place,
 For Britons seem in grief and woe,
 Such times were never known before,
 In the land of bonny England O.

In former days our fathers say,
 the times were different far from now,
 the taxes were not half so high,
 the poor man kept his pig and cow,
 His family were neat and clean,
 And cheerfully along did go,
 Distress by few was seldom felt,
 In the land of bonny England O.

When Queen Elizabeth rul'd this land,
 She pass'd a law to feed the poor,
 And people no occasion had
 to beg their bread from door to door,
 Employment every one could find,
 And cheerful to his labour go,
 But now they've pass'd a poor law bill,
 to starve the poor of England O.

that time they no policemen had,
 By day and night the streets to roam,
 the station houses were not built,
 And men in liquor they went home
 But now the laws are altered much,
 If peaceable you do not go,
 A broken head you may expect,
 So much for bonny England O.

the farmer's wife to market rode,
 Upon a horse and paniards neat,
 She wore a linsey woolsey gown,
 Her clothing wholesome clean and neat,
 Silk gowns with parasols and veils,
 Scented with musk is now the go,
 A fine blood horse to ride upon,
 What a change in bonny England O.

Come Britons cheer your spirits up,
 And let us hope times will mend.
 We're well aware 'tis almost time,
 Oppression should be at an end,
 When men were for their labour paid,
 And rates and taxes both were low,
 that was the time to live and see
 the land of bonny England O.



NORAH
 THE PRIDE
Of Kildare.

As beautiful as Flora, is lovely young Norah,
 The pride of my heart and the rose of Kildare,
 I ne'er can deceive her for sadly 'twould grieve her
 To know that I sigh'd for another less fair.

Her eyes with love beaming her lips with truth teeming,
 What mortal can injure a blossom so rare,
 Oh, Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare,
 Oh, Norah, dear Noah, the pride of Kildare!

Where'er I may be love, I'll ne'er forget thee, love,
 Tho' beauty may smile love, and try to ensnare,
 Oh, nothing shall ever, my heart from thee sever,
 Dear Norah, sweet Norah, the pride of Kildare.

Thine eyes with love beaming and lips with truth teeming
 What mortal can injure a blossom so rare,
 Oh, Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare,
 Oh, Norah, dear Norah, the pride of Kildare.

MY OWN
Blue Bell.

My own blue bell, my pretty blue bell,
 I'll roam no more where roses dwell.
 My wings you view of your own bright one,
 And ho! never doubt that my heart's true blue,
 Though oft, I own, I've foolishly flown,
 To peep at each bud that was newly blown,
 I now have done with folly and fun,
 For there's nothing like constancy under the sun.
 My own blue bell, &c.

Some belles are blue, invoking the muse,
 And talking of vast intellectual news,
 The crow-quill's tip, in the ink they dip,
 And the prate with the lore of a learned lip,
 Blue belles like these may be wise as the please,
 But I love my blue bell that bends in the breeze,
 Pride passes her by but she charms my eye
 With a tint that resembles the cloudless sky,
 My own blue bell, &c.