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The Sailor's Tragedy ;

To which are added,

The Poor Exile of Erin,
The Wealth of a Cottage,
And Ah Teach thy Breast.



STIRLING:
Printed by W. Macaie.

1826.

THE SAILOR'S TRAGEDY

I am a sailor, and home I write,
And in the the seas took great delight,
The female sex I did beguile
At length two were by me with child

I promised to be true to both,
And bound myself under an oath,
To marry them if I had life.
And one of them I made my wife.

The other being left alone
Saying - you false deluding man,
To me you've done a wicked thing,
Which public shame will on me bring

Then to the silent shade she went,
Her present shame for to prevent
And soon she finished up the strife.
And cut her tender thread of life

She hang herself upon a tree,
Two men a-hunting did her see ;
Her flesh by beasts was basely tore,
Which made the young men weep



Straight they went and cut her down,
And in her breast a note was found;
This note was written out at large,
Bury me not if do you charge.

But on the ground here let me lie,
For every one that passes by,
That they by me a warning take,
And see what follows e'er too late.

As he is false, I do protest
That he on earth shall find no rest,
And it is said she plough'd him so,
That to the seas he's forc'd to go.

As he was on the main-mast high,
A little boat he did espy.
In it there was a Ghost so grim,
That made him tremble every limb.

Down to the deck the young man goes,
To the Captain his mind for to disclose;
Here is a spirit coming hence,
O Captain stand on my defence.

Upon the deck the Captain goes,
Where soon he spy'd the fatal Ghost;
Captain said she you must and can,
With speed help me to such a man.

In St Helen's this young man died
And in St Helen's is his body lie
Captain, said she, do not say so,
For he is in your ship below.

And if you stand in his defence,
A mighty storm I will send here
Will cause you and your men to w
And leave you sleeping in the de

From the deck did the Ca; tain go,
And brought this young man to
On him she fix'd her eyes so grim,
Which made him tremble every

It was well known I was a maid,
When first by you I was betray'd
I am a spirit come for you
You beguil'd me once but I have

For to preserve both ship and men,
Into the boat they forced him;
The boat sunk in a flash of fire,
Which made the sailors all adm

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All you that know what to love belong,
 Now you have heard my mournful song,
 Be true to one whatever you mind,
 And dont delude poor woman-kind.

THE POOR EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin ;
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
 For his country he sighed when at twilight repaireing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill :

But the day-star attracted his eyes sad devotion,
 For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once in the flow of his youthful emotion,
 He sung the bold anthem of Erin Go Bragh.

Oh ! sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
 The wild deer and wolfe to a cover can flee,
 But I have no refuge from famine or danger,
 A home and a country remain not to me !

Ah ! never again in the green sunny bow'rs,
 Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the
 sweet hours,

Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
 And strike to the numbers of Erin Go Bragh

Erin, my country: tho' sad and forsake
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore
 But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken
 And sigh for the friends that can meet
 Ah cruel Fate! Wilt thou never repl
 In a mansion of peace where no peril
 me?

Ah never again shall my brothers em
 They died to defend me or live to

Where is my cabin door fast by the wild
 Sister and sire do you weep for its fall

Where is the mother that looked on my

And where is the bosom friend dearer t

All my sad soul I long abandoned by

Why did it float on a fast falling trea

Tears like the rain-drop may fall witho

Put rapture and beauty they cannot

But yet all its fond recollection surpassi

Ore dying wish my fond bosom will d

Erin, an exile bequeaths thee his blesein

Land of my forefathers, Erin Go Bragh

Buried and cold while my heart stills it

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of th

And thy harp-striking bards sing alou

devotion,

Erin ma Vouraeen Erin Go Bragh,

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THE WEALTH OF A COTTAGE.

A BLESSING unknown to ambition and praise,
Which fortune can never abate;
To wealth and to splendour, though often denied,
Yet on poverty deigns to await;
That blessing ye powers? oh, be it my lot,
The choicest best gift from above,
Deep fix'd in my heart, it shall ne'er be forget—
The wealth of a cottage is love.

Whatever my condition why should I repine?
By poverty never depress'd;
Exulting, I felt what a pleasure was mine,
A treasure enshrin'd in my breast.
That blessing, &c.

AH TEACH THY BREAST.

AH teach thy breast soft pity's throb,
And harmonize thy rugged mind;
Oh teach thy lid soft pity's tear
That gem of sentiment refin'd,

Couldst thou once know the tender
 The sympathising bosom knows,
 When at meek sorrow's sacred touch
 Responsive sadness round it flows

No more thy brow would wear that
 Thy glances no more so sternly dart
 But joys would glitter in thine eye,
 And peace cling gladly to thy heart

FINIS



Couldst thou once know the tender bliss
 The sympathising bosom knows,
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 Responsive sadness round it flows.

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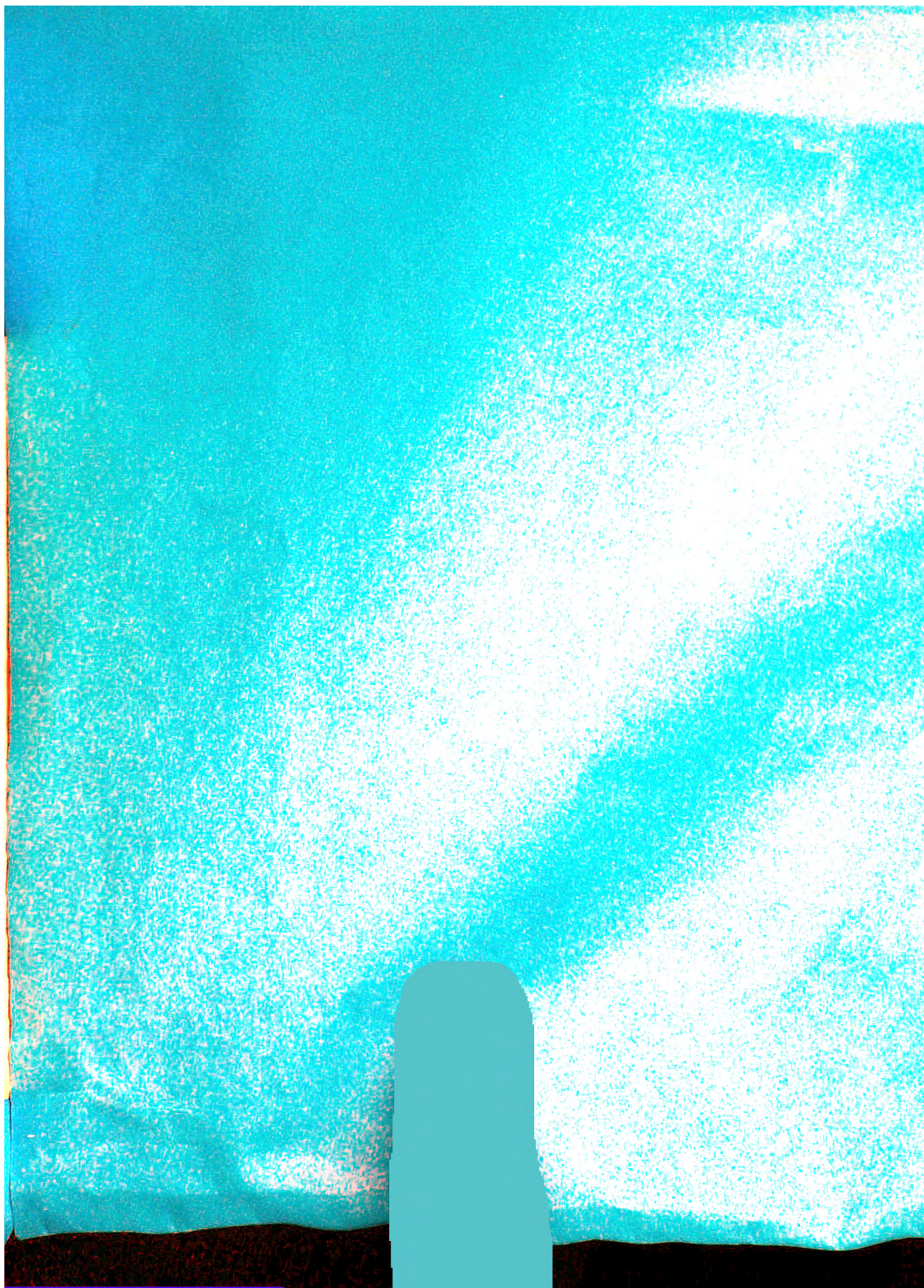
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