

# DUFFY'S FAREWELL.

The order is arrived boys and we are bound for Dublin  
The order which we cannot help but obey,  
And when we are leaving the jail in the morning,  
Our friends will be waiting to see us away,  
Our sentence is past and no hope of escaping,  
So our cruel foes we must only abide,  
Adieu to old Ireland, and each kind relation,  
We must cross the deep ocean stormy and wide.

My name is Patrick Duffy, I came from sweet Monagha  
That place I'll never set my eyes on again  
I'm transported for life in the prime of my vigour;  
Which makes my old parents to blush for shame;  
If they had foreseen the ill was before me,  
I'm sure they'd have wish'd I'd never been born,  
To the grave I have brought their grey hairs with sorrow  
To think their son from their arms he is torn.

But what was the crime to me they imputed,  
Was it murder or perjury at the bar,  
Was it shedding the blood of a poor fellow creature  
That the hard-hearted judge gave me this sentence?  
Oh no, it was the father of her I loved dearly,  
Who robbery swore against his daughter and me,  
For fear a poor servant should gain such a treasure,  
I being low and poor, and below her degree.

Many's the stratagem he tried to entrap me,  
By leaving his money without lock or key,  
And to work out my ruin he did to my chamber,  
His gold and bank notes in secret convey;  
But finding me honest through every temptation,  
And knowing his daughter would die for my sake,  
He hired a spy to watch our correspondence,  
And laid out his plans on us vengeance to take.

A bad design woman she brought us together,  
While poor Mary's father was listening hard by,  
She made us consent to get married in private,  
And cross o'er Scotland our fortune to try  
The keys of his drawers he put under my pillow  
A note well marked to my purse he conveyed,  
And that very night we had set for eloping,  
The house was surrounded and I sent Goal

Then what was the use of all my protestations,  
When no one was ne'er me my innocence to prove,  
Against me the sentence of death was recorded,  
Tho' the only crime I committed was by love,  
Adieu to you Mary, you have been my ruin,  
Tho' you would have consented to become my wife,  
Your father has put the wide ocean between us,  
And made your poor Duffy a convict for life.

Far better for me that my doom had consigned me,  
To yield up my unhappy life on a tree,  
Than that I should wear fetters like a beast of burthen,  
Till death kindly comes to set poor Duffy free,  
But hard as my lot is I'll be far more happy,  
To drag the chains after me in heat and in cold.  
Than live with that hard load of guilt on my conscience,  
As my base persecutor who my liberty sold,



## BLUE-EYED STRANGER.

Bebbington, Printer, 22, Goulден Street,  
Oldham Road, Manchester.

One night the north wind loud did blow  
The rain was fast descending,  
The bitter cry of heartfelt woe,  
The darken'd sky was rending;  
When call'd by pity to the door,  
Assail'd by some sad ranger,  
A shriek was heard oh! aid the poor.  
The wretched blue-eyed stranger-  
My father stood with frantic air,  
And gazed upon the maiden,  
Whose heart was broke with sad despair  
And mind with sorrow laden,  
His bosom 'hrob'd to see such woe,  
Oppress the hapless ranger,  
Then loud he cried, thy pangs foreg  
Thou art welcome, blue-eyed strange r  
Her eyes now op'd, her bosom leap'd  
To pant with wild emotion;  
Yet while her thankful love increased  
Tears flow'd from sorrows ocean;  
Twas gratitude that source so good,  
That mark'd that hapless ranger,  
For whom returns a genuine flood  
To bless the blue-eyed stranger 131