



PAT MOLLOY.

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I WAS just eighteen years of age, my mother's white haired boy,

She kept a little huckster's shop, and her name it was Molloy :

" I have thirteen children, Pat, " says she, " which heaven to me has sent,

But children are not pigs you know, for they can't pay the rent."

She gave me every shilling that there was in the till, And kissed me fifty times, as if she never got her fill ; " God bless you, Pat, " says she, " you are my darling boy,

For old Ireland is your country, and your name is Pat Molloy."

Oh England is a pretty place, of gold there is no lack, I tramped from York to London with the soil upon my back !

Oh, the English girls are beautiful, their love I don't decline,

But the eating and the drinking is beautiful and fine : But in the corner of the heart where nobody can see, Lie two eyes of Irish blue always looking out on me ; But never mind, Molly darling, I am still your faithful boy,

For old Ireland is my country, and your name shall be Molloy.

From England to America across the seas I roamed, And every shilling that I made, sure I sent it home : My mother could not write, but this came from Father Boyce,

" Heaven bless you Pat, " was as though I heard my mother's voice :

And now I'm going home again as poor as I began, To make a happy girl of Molly, sure, and I think I can, My pockets they are empty, but my heart is full of joy, For old Ireland is my country, and my name is Pat Molloy.



THE LARK IN THE MORNING

AS I was a walking one morning in May,
I heard a pretty damsel these words for to say,

Of all the callings whatever it may be,
No life like a ploughboy all in the month of May.

The lark in the morning rises from her nest,
And mounts in the air with the dew round her breast,

And like the pretty ploughboy she'll whistle and sing,

And at night she'll return to her nest back again.

When his days work is done that he's got to do,
Perhaps to some country wake he will go, (sing,
There with his sweetheart he'll dance and he'll
And then he'll return with his lass back again.

And as they return from the wake in the town,
The meadows being mown and the grass cut down,

We chanced to tumble all on the new hay,
It's kiss me now or never the maiden did say.

When twenty weeks were over and past,
Her mamma asked her the reason why she thickened in the waist ;

It was the pretty ploughboy the damsel did say,
That caused me to tumble on the new mown hay.

Come all you pretty maidens wherever you be,
You may trust a ploughboy to any degree,
They're used so much to ploughing their seed for to sow, (grow.

That all what employ them are sure to find it
So good luck to the ploughboys wherever they may be,

That will take a pretty lass to sit on their knee,
And with a jug of beer they will whistle and sing
And a ploughboy is as happy as a Prince or a King.