



A new Irish Song:

COME all you brave Sailors
 That Follows the Raking Trade,
 I'd have you be sure
 of your bonny black Irish Maid,
When Tuna Runa, a lile shore.

My Love she is handsome,
 there is Few to compare,
 With Red Rosy Cheeks,
 and her Bonny black Irish Hair
When Tuna, Runa, &c.

We travel to Dublin
 to Cork or Kinsale,
 Before to tell the Ladies
 that my Hautboy will never Fail;
Tuna Runa, &c.

Her Lips are like Rubies,
 her Breath like the Damask Rose,
 Her Teeth is like Ivory.
 and her Eyes black as Slows
Tuna, runa, &c.

In spite of all Ireland
 she has wounded my heart,
 Whilst Thousands lie bleeding,
 For my sweet Bonny Rose Black
Tuna, runa, &c

Ve will travel to Dublin
 to Cork or Kinsale,
 Before tell the Ladies,
 my Hautboy will never fail
When Tuna, runa, &c.

