



PHILADELPHIA.

Published by G.E. Blake.

OH THE MOMENT WAS SAD,

Andante

Oh the moment was sad when my love & I
 parted, Sa-vourn ná . de-ligh shighan oh, As I kiss'd off her tears I was nigh broken
 hearted, Sa-vourn ná . de-ligh shighan oh. Wan was her cheek which
 hung on my shoulder, Damp was her hand no marble was colder, I felt that I never a-
 gain should behold her, Savourn ná de-ligh shighna oh.

When the word of command put our Men into motion, Savourn na &c.
 I buckled my knapsack to cross the wide Ocean, Savourn na &c.
 Brisk were our Troops all roaring like thunder,
 Pleas'd with the Voyage impatient for plunder,
 My bosom with grief was almost torn assunder. Savourn na &c.

Long I fought for my Country, far far from my true love, Savourn na &c.
 All my pay and my booty I hoarded for you love, Savourn na &c.
 Peace was proclaim'd I escap'd from the slaughter,
 Landed at home my sweet girl I sought her
 But sorrow alas! to the cold grave had brought her: Savourn na &c.

ELLEN O' MOORE

Ah, soldiers of Britain your merciless doings,
 Long, long, will the children of Erin deplore;
 Oh, sad is my soul when I view the black ruins,
 Where once stood the cottage of Ellen O' Moore.
 Her father (God rest him!) loved Ireland most dearly,
 All its wrongs, all its sufferings he felt most severely,
 And with freedom's firm sons united sincerely,
 But gone is the father of Ellen O' Moore.

2d

One cold winter night as poor Dermot lay musing,
 Hoarse curses alarm'd him, & crash went the door,
 The fierce soldiers enter'd & straight gan abusing,
 The brave but mild father of Ellen O' Moore.
 To their scoffs he replied not: with blows they assail'd him
 He felt all indignant, his caution now fail'd him,
 He return'd their vile blows, & all Munster bewail'd him,
 For stabb'd was the father of Ellen O' Moore.

3d

Who the children's wild screams, & the mother's distraction,
 While the father, the husband lay stretch'd in his gore,
 Could behold? or could hear? & not curse the foul faction,
 That blasted this rose-bud sweet Ellen O' Moore,
 O, my father! my father! she cries (wildly throwing
 Her arms round his neck) while his life's blood was flowing;
 She kiss'd his cold lips, but poor Dermot was going,
 He groan'd and left fatherless Ellen O' Moore.

4h

With destruction uncloy'd, this infernal banditti,
 Tho the rain fell in sheets, and the tempest blew sore,
 These friends to the castle, but foes to all pity,
 Set fire to the dwelling of Ellen O' Moore.
 The children, the mother, half naked and shrieking,
 Escap'd from the flames where poor Dermot lay reeking,
 And while those poor victims for shelter were seeking;
 Ah! mark what befel poor Ellen O' Moore.

5h

From her father's pale corpse, which her lap had supported
 To an out-house the ruffians this lovely one bore,
 With her tears, her entreaties, her sorrows they sported,
 And by force they desflower'd sweet Ellen O' Moore.
 And now a wild maniac she roams the wild common:
 'Gainst the soldiers of Britain she warns every woman,
 And sings of her father in strains more than human,
 Till the tears overpower poor Ellen O' Moore.

6h

Now ye daughters of Erin, your country's salvation,
 While the waves of old ocean shall beat round your shore,
 Remember the wrong of your long shackled nation;
 Remember the wrongs of poor Ellen O' Moore!

ERIN GO BRAGH

There came to the beach a poor Exile of Erin,
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill,
 For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
 For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
 Where once in the flower of his youthful emotion
 He sung the bold anthem of "Erin go bragh!"

2d

"Oh, sad is my fate! (said the heart-broken stranger)—
 The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger;
 A house and a country remain not to me!
 Ah! never again in the green sunny bowers
 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!"

3d

Erin, my country, though sad & forsaken,
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore,
 But alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.
 Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
 In a mansion of peace, where no person can chase me,
 Ah, never again shall my brothers embrace me?
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

4h

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood!
 Sisters, and sire, did you weep for its fall?
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
 And where is the bosom friend, dearer than all?
 Ah, my sad soul, long abandon'd by pleasure
 Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
 Tears like the rain-drop may fall without measure—
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall!

5h

But yet, all its fond recollections, suppressing;
 One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw;
 Erin, an Exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
 Land of my forefathers, Erin, go bragh!
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean;
 And thy harp-stringing Bards sing aloud with devotion
 "Erin, ma' vouniein — Erin, go bragh!"

And while your hearts beat, with spirits of fire,
 Your brothers, your lovers, your children inspire;
 Till your union shall make all oppressors retire,
 From the soil where now wanders poor Ellen O' Moore

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