

LAMENT OF THE Irish Gold Hunter!!

TUNE—"I'm sittin' on the stile, Mary."

I'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Away up in the mines,
A looking out for lumps of gold,
And pockets all I finds;
But the lumps I find is precious small,
And very few at that,
And I feel that I have been, Mary,
A most almighty flat.

There's lots of change up here, Mary,
Though you'll find none in me;
For I spent the whole that I was worth,
In coming o'er the sea;
And though they says you've only got
To take your pan and pick
A pocket full of gold, you'll find
It isn't quite so thick.

I bless you for that nice hung beef
You put into my trunk,
For when I got it 'tween my teeth
I felt that I was hunk;
I bless you for the sausages,
That lasted me so long,
Tho' I'm thankful they're gone, Mary,
For they smelt a little strong.

I'm very dirty now, Mary,
For water's hard to get,
Unless it rains, and then you're sure
Of getting pretty wet;
For there are no umbrellas here,
And the rain comes through the roof,
And then you'll have a cold or cough,
Unless you're water proof.

I bless you for the bottled beer
That you put in my head,
To take, to keep my spirits up,
Though I found it very dead.
I bless you for the friendly cheese
Yon put into my locker,
But 'twas filled chock full of animals,
And one a perfect whopper.

I'm bidden you to keep well,
Untill the time arrive,
That I return again to you,
if I should be a live;
For tho' there's bread and work for all,
I would a great deal rather
Die in old Ireland once a week
Than live here altogether.

And often right into the woods
I'd go, if I could get,
For here it is so awful hot,
I'm always in a sweat;
For—there is neither trees nor shade,
And I find but little gold,
And so upon the whole, I think
I'm regularly sold.

Sold at Wholesale by

HORACE PARTRIDGE,

105 Hanover St., & 54 Friend St., up stairs, Boston.