

# FITZPATRICK'S FAREWELL TO IRELAND.

Adieu unto old Ireland of you I take my last farewell,  
Since cruel fate compels me from you to emigrate,  
As poverty and penury has overspread our country,  
In this land of desolation no longer I will wait.  
If I should stay and hold my land by labour hard you may depend  
My crop would be scarce able the taxes for to pay, [door,  
The rate collectors they are sure each month a calling at your  
And if you should refuse them sure they'll force your stock away

This three years I've labour'd hard as any man in Erin's Isle,  
And still was scarcely able my family to keep,  
My tender wife and children three, under the lash of misery,  
Unknown to friends and neighbours I've often seen to weep, [part  
Sad grief it seized her tender heart, when forced her only cow to  
And canted was before her face the poor rates for to pay [tomb,  
Cut down all in her youthful bloom she's gone unto her silent  
Forlorn I will mourn her loss when in America.

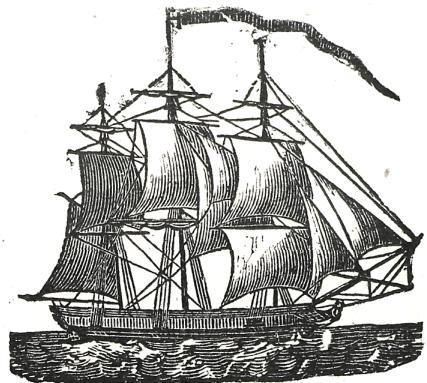
It grieves my heart to see decay the brightest gem in all the sea,  
Whosé sons were noble, blythe and gay, and generous of heart,  
Your manly features they are gone your daughter's look both pale  
and wan,  
And numbers crowding daily from our shore they do depart,  
Their houses levell'd to the ground where hospitality was found  
Your children scatter'd o'er the land in misery to stray, [board,  
The best the house once could afford we spread all on the cheerful  
With a cead meila faultha while a stranger he would stay.

Old Erin once the nation's pride your warlike sons they did abide  
When sanctity and valour were companions on your shore,  
No treachery and villiany were nurtur'd in your country,  
The landlord and the tenant lived in peace upon your shore,  
Your farmers were encouraged then good feeding give their work-  
ing men,  
Your tradesmen lived in splendour and coul'd dress in rich array,  
But since disunion has arose landlord and tenant lives as foes,  
Which causes thousands for to go unto America.

Let Erin's sons and daughters fair, now for the promised land  
America that beauteous soil will soon your toil repay, [prepare,  
Employment is in plenty there on beef and mutton you can fare,  
From five unto six dollars is your wages every day—  
Now see what money has come o'er these 3 years from Columbia's  
shore,  
But for it numbers now was laid all in their silent clay—  
California's golden mines are open for to crown our joys, 195  
No all our hardships we'll despise when in America.

Farewell my friends I now must go and leave this land of grief  
and woe,  
I fear the soil that gave me birth I ne'er will see again ;  
Hurra my boys our sails are spread—our pendent floats at the  
mast head,  
Kind Neptune he will waft us o'er the Atlantic main—  
I Providence to me proves kind I wont forget my friends behind,  
I bring them to this happy land and free their hearts from care  
My the God of mercy soон restore the crops again to Erin's  
shore.

Shall be Fitzpatrick's fervent prayer when in America.



## CONVICT'S CHILD.

W. McCall, Printer, Cartwright Place, By-  
rom Street, Liverpool.

The convict ship lay near the beach,  
The night was drear and dark,  
And many a wretched felon stood,  
Awaiting to embark.  
One felon stood among the rest,  
Whose eyes look'd fierce and wild,  
He held an infant in his arms ;  
Twas, alas ! his only child.

His auburn hair fell careless o'er  
A brow of spotless white ;  
His little eyes beam'd playfully,  
With innocent delight.  
He little knew his father's heart  
Was breaking while he smiled,  
Or that he took a last farewell  
Or him his only child.

They tore the infant from his arms,  
And dragged him from the shore,  
He wildly gazed around the beach,  
But saw his child no more.  
The vessel sail'd—the convict fell—  
In dying anguish wild,  
'Tis done : the fatal struggle's o'er—  
Alas ! my only child.

The widow-mother sobbed alone ;  
Her tears might flow in vain ;  
That bitter morn, her husband fell,  
She ne'er would see again.  
She pressed her infant to her heart,  
Again she saw him smile,  
I'll live for that dear boy, she said,  
Alas ! my only child.

