

# MARY

## LEMORE,

A

### Lamentable Irish Song.

To which is Added,

### George is the Mildest King:

OR

### A New Touch on the Times.



Stirling Printed by C. Randall, 1808]



MARY LE MORE.

TUNE,—Poor Exile of Erin.



PART I.

O H ! Soldiers of England, your merciless doings  
Long, long may the children of Ireland deplore ;  
Sad sinks my soul when I view the black ruins,  
Where once stood the cabin of Mary le More.  
Her father God rest him lov'd Ireland most dearly!  
All its wrongs, all its sufferings, he felt most severely,  
And with Freedom's firm sons he united sincerely,  
But gone is the father of Mary le More !

One cold winter's eve, as poor Dermot was musing,  
Hoarse curses alarm'd him, and crash went his door!  
The fierce soldiers enter'd & straight 'gan abusing  
The brave, but mild father of Mary le More !  
To their scoffs he repli'd not — with blows they  
assail'd him—  
Indignant he rose, and his caution now fail'd him  
He return'd their vile blows—now all Munster  
bewails him—  
For stab'd was the father of Mary le More.

The childrens' wild screams, and the mother's di-  
traction,  
While the husband—the father—lay stretch'd  
his gore !

Ah! who can describe, & not curse the vile factio  
That blasted that rose bud sweet Mary le More  
My father! my father! she cried, wildly throwin  
Her arms round his neck, while his life stream  
were flowing!

She kiss'd his pale cheeks, but poor Dermot wa  
going;

He groan'd, and left fatherless Mary le Mor

From her father's pale cheeks, which her lap h  
supported,

To an out hou se the ruffians the lovely maid bo  
With her pray'rs her intreaties, her sorrows th  
sported,

And by force they deflow' red sweet Mary le Me  
And now a poor maniac she roams the wild comar  
Gainst the soldiers of England she warns e  
woman;

And sings of her father in strains more than hum  
Till tears often flow from poor Mary le Mor

PART II.

AS I stray'd o'er the common on Cork's ru  
border, new school build  
While the dew drops of morn the pale prin  
array'd.  
I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder  
Her quick-glancing eye and wild aspect betra

On the sward she reclin'd, by the green fern sur-  
rounded;  
At her side speckled daisies and crow-flower  
abounded;  
'o its inmost recess her heart had been wounded;  
Her sighs were unceasing—'twas Mary le More.

er charms by the keen blast of sorrow were faded;  
Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her  
cheek;  
er tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,  
and strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck.  
While with pity I gaz'd, she exclaim'd, "O my  
mother!

See the blood on that lash, 'tis the blood of my  
brother!

They have torn his poor flesh, and they now  
strip another;

'Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary le More.

ho' his locks were as white as the foam of the  
ocean,

Those wretches shall find that my father is  
brave;

My father! ' she cried, with the wildest emotion!

! no, my poor father now sleeps in the grave:

they have toll'd his death bell, they have laid

the turf over him;

white locks were bloody, no aid could restore

him;

is gone! he is gone! and the good will deplo-

re him,

on the blue wave of Erin hides Mary le More.

A lark from the gold-blossom'd furze that grew  
near her,

Now rose, and with energy caroll'd his lay :

"Hush ! hush !" she continu'd, " the trumpet  
sounds clearer ;

" The horsemen approach ! Erin's daughters away !

" Ah ! soldiers, 'twas foul, while the cabin was bur-  
ning.

" And o'er a pale father a wretch had been mourning

" Go hide with the fra-mew, ye maids, and take  
warning,

" Those ruffians have ruin'd poor Mary le More.

" Away ! bring the ointment ! O G—secthose gasses !

" Alas ! my poor brother, come dry the big tear ;

" Anon, we'll have vengeance for those dreadful  
lashes ;

" Already the screech-owl and ravens appear :

" By day the green grave that lies under the willow,  
With wild flowers I'll strew, and by night make  
my pillow,

" Till the coze, and dark sca-weed, beneath the  
curl'd billow,

" Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary le More."

thus rav'd the poor maniac in tones more-heart-  
rending,

Than fairy's voice ever pour'd on my ear,

Then lo ! on the waste, and their march tow'rd  
her bending,

A troop of fierce cavalry chang'd to appear ;

"O the fiends!" she exclaim'd, and with wild horror started

Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming, she darted,

With an overchang'd bosom I slowly departed,  
And sigh'd for the wrongs of poor Mary le More.

## GEORGE IS THE MILDEST KING

### A New Touch on the Times.

**G**EORGE he is the mildest King  
that ever sat on Britain's throne;  
Behold how wisely he has acted,  
to his subjects ev'ry one!

But we're of a rebellious nature,  
and our minds are ne'er content;  
Likewise, the most of our reflections  
are on the King and Parliament.

There's Quakers, New-Lights Independents,  
Methodists, and Swindlers too,  
Those minions and fanatics,  
are they not a filthy crew?

Those hypocrites that live amongst us,  
our religion they despise,  
Empty fools, without foundation,  
neither loyal, just, nor wise.

Our Church-men they are little better,  
 if the truth it were well known,  
 They take the King for Britain's head,  
 but part of his laws they will not own.

Brotherly love is out of fashion,  
 neighbours they cannot agree;  
 They spend their money at the law,  
 and bring themselves to poverty.

By racking, sharpening, and deceiving,  
 'tis hard to find a man that's just  
 Because they seldom find the way  
 to pay the thing they take in trust.

There's dice-men, show-men, mounting-failors  
 people pretending to be dumb,  
 Fortune-tellers, and quack doctors,  
 by such vagrants we're undone.

Foreigners we do encourage,  
 ay, dear neighbour, this is truth;  
 Good Scots ale and highland whisky  
 hath no relish in our mouth.

Brandy and rum we choose to drink,  
 and many costly things beside,  
 There's nothing that appears amongst us  
 but perfect poverty and pride.

Now observe the pride of woman,  
 who they walk with such an air,

With ribbons, ruffles, rings and fans,  
capuchins, and foreheads bare.

Our servant-maids they are so proud,  
they do resemble their Ladies near,  
They have so many madlike dresses,  
they scarce can tell now what to wear.

Paints and patches for their faces,  
in the fashion they must be,  
The poorest wife in all the town  
each morning she must drink her tea.

Our men are grown so void of reason,  
they often leave their wedded wives,  
husing rather to keep a Miss,  
they're wearied of the married life.

Women for to leave their husbands,  
is not that a double sin?  
enough to bring us on a judgement,  
and consume the land we're in.

grant us peace and unity,  
for now the world seems at an end;  
when each one hates and cheat another,  
ye a, tho' he were his near friend.

**F I N I S.**