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# The Happy Stranger

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## The Happy Stranger

Pitts printer Wholesale Toy & Marble  
Warehouse, 6, Great St. Andrew street

AS I was a walking one mornning in spring  
To hear the birds whistle and nightingale sing  
I heard a young damsel was making her moan,  
Saying I am a stranger and far from my home,

I stepped up to her and bended my knee  
And asked her pardon for making so free,  
I take pity on you by hearing you moan,  
Saying I am a stranger and far from my home,

Her cheeks blushed like roses & she shed a tear,  
She said kind sir, I wonder at meeting you here,  
I hope you'll not ill use me in this desert alone,  
For I am a stranger and far from my home.

My dear to ill use you indeed I ne'er will,  
My heart's blood to save you I freely would spill  
'd strive for to ease you and relieve all your moan  
For I wish to convey you safe back to your home

I sa'd my dear jewel if we can agree,  
If ever you marry then marry with me,  
I will be your guardian thro' this desert alone  
For I am stranger and far from my home

O where is your country I long for to know,  
Or what's the misfortune that you undergo,  
Which causes you to wander so far from your  
home, alone.  
And made us to meet strangers in this desert

I said my dear jewel the truth I now tell  
Was I in my own country in Newry I dwell  
But thro' misfortunes to love I was prone,  
Which causes many a hero to go from his home

The lads of sweet Newry are all roving blades.  
And take great delight in courting fair maids  
They'll kiss and caress you and call them their own  
And perhaps their own darlings are mourning at  
home.

Believe me my jewel the truth is not so,  
I never was married the truth you shall know  
So these strangers agreed the case is well known  
I wish them both happy and safe at their home,