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# My Bonny Irish Boy

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# HOMeward BOUND.



NOW to Blackwall Docks we bid adieu,  
To Suke, and Sal and Kitty too ;  
Our anchor's weighed, our sails unfurl'd,  
We are bound to plough the watery world.  
Huzza, we are outward bound.

And should we touch at Malabar,  
Or any other port as far,  
The purser he will tip the chink,  
And just like fishes we will drink.

Huzza, &c.

Now the wind blows hard from the east-nor-  
east,  
Our ship will sail ten knots at least,  
The purser will our wants supply,  
And while we've grog we will ne'er say die.  
Huzza, &c.

And now our three years it is out,  
It's very nigh time we back'd about,  
And when we're home, and do get free,  
Oh! wont we have a jolly spree.  
Huzza, &c.

And now we haul into the docks,  
When all those pretty girls come in flocks,  
One to the other they will say,  
Oh! here comes Jack with his three years pay.  
Huzza, &c.

And now we haul to the Dog and Bell,  
Where there's good liquor for to sell,  
In comes old Archer with a smile,  
Saying " Drink my lads its worth your while,  
For I see you are homeward bound."

And but when our money's all gone and spent,  
And none to be borrowed nor none to be lent,  
In comes old Archer with a frown,  
Saying " Get up Jack let John sit down,  
For I see you are outward bound,"



# MY BONNY IRISH BOY!



London :—Printed at Such's Song Mar  
123, Union Street, Borough.  
Hawkers Supplied.

WHEN first I was courted by a bonny Irish boy,  
He called me his jewel, his delight and his joy  
'Twas in Dublin city, that place of great fame,  
When first my bonny Irish boy a courting to me came

He told me pleasant stories and promised me to wed,  
But in a short time after he broke the vows he made ;  
So maidens do not blame me for I could not forbear,  
For loving of my Irish boy I do declare.

His cheeks are like roses, and his hair a light brown,  
The locks upon his shoulders so carelessly hung down,  
His teeth as white as ivory, his eyes as black as sloes,  
He is so mild in his behaviour wherever my love goes.

The fields they are so green and the meadows so fresh  
and gay,  
Where me and my bonny Irish boy used to sport and play  
The birds did sweetly sing, and the lambs did skip around  
But the voice of my bonny Irish boy was not to be found.

My love has long time courted me, but now has took his  
flight,  
Then I pack'd up my clothes, and followed him by night,  
And when that I arrived in fair London town,  
I was told my love was married to a Lady of renown.

The rattling of my chains, and on a bed of straw I lie,  
Loudly I cry out for my bonny Irish boy;  
But here in close confinement, no hopes of liberty,  
'Till my bonny Irish boy, returns back home to me.