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## Child of Good-Nature

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THE  
**GREEN MOSSY  
 BANKS OF THE LEA.**

When first in this country a stranger,  
 Curiosity caused me to roam,  
 Over Europe I resolved to be a ranger,  
 When I left dear Ireland my home ;  
 We quickly sail'd over to England,  
 Were forms of great beauty do shine,  
 Till at length I beheld a far damsel  
 And I wish'd in my heart she was mine.

One morning I careless did ramble,  
 Where the pure wind soft breezes blow ;  
 It was down by a clear crystal fountain,  
 Where the clear purling waters do flow ;  
 'Twas there I espied a fair creature,  
 Some goddess appearing to be ;  
 As she rose from the reeds by the water,  
 On the green mossy banks of the Lea.

I stept up and wish'd her good morning,  
 When her cheeks they did blush like a rose ;  
 Said I, the green meadows are charming,  
 Your guardian I'll be if you choose,  
 She said, sir, I ne'er need a guardian,  
 Young man you are a stranger to me,  
 And yonder my father is coming,  
 Over the green mossy banks of the Lea.

I waited till up came her father,  
 And up plucked my spirits once more ;  
 I said if this is your daughter,  
 The beautiful girl I adore.  
 Ten thousand a year is my fortune,  
 And a lady your daughter shall be,  
 She shall ride in her chariot and horses  
 Over the green mossy banks of the Lea.

Then they welcomed me home to their cottage,  
 Soon after in wedlock to join ;  
 And there I erected a castle,  
 In grandeur and splendour to shine.  
 So now this gay Irish Stranger,  
 All pleasure and pastime can see,  
 With adorable, gentle Matilda,  
 On the green mossy banks of the Lea.

So all pretty maidens attention,  
 No matter how poor you may be ;  
 There's many a poor girl as handsome,  
 As those with a large property ;  
 By flattery let no one deceive you,  
 Who knows what your fortune may be ;  
 Like that young gentle Matilda,  
 On the green mossy banks of the Lea.



**CHILD OF GOOD-NATURE.**

WHEN day was scarcely dawning,  
 Against my window flew  
 A lark one winter's morning,  
 All chilled with icy dew ;  
 " O take me in, O take me in,"  
 It seemed to say to me ;  
 " Dear child of good-nature,  
 I shall live happy with thee."

My window gently raising  
 I quickly then withdrew ;  
 Soft notes the action praising,  
 Within the warbler flew ;  
 When perched upon my glass it sang,  
 As if to say to me,  
 " Dear child of good-nature,  
 I shall live happy with thee."

Many were the hours  
 My little bird would sing,  
 Ere it sought its native bowers,  
 When blooming came the spring ;  
 When sitting by my door it sang,  
 As if to say to me.  
 " Dear child of good-nature,  
 " I have lived happy with thee."