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Irish Immigrant

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IRISH EMIGRANT.

T PEARSON, Printer, 6, Chadderton-st.,
Off Oldham Road, Manchester.

I'm sitting on a style, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride;
The corn was springing fresh and green,
The lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the lovelight in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day as bright as then,
The lark's loud song is heard on high,
And the corn is green again:
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
The blush warm on your cheek,
And still I keep listening for those words,
You never more may speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church is near,
The church were we were wed, Mary,
I see the spire from here;
But the graveyard lies betwixt, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,
Where I laid you gently down to sleep,
With your baby at your breast.

I am very lonely now, Mary,
The poor make no new friends,
And oh, the love the better far,
The few our father sends.
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride,
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

I am bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary kind and true,
But I'll not forget you darling,
In the land I'm going to.
They say there's bread and work for all,
The sun shines always there,
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Where it fifty times as far.