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# The Last Rose of Summer

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# THE PIRATE SHIP, OR CAPTAIN COULSTON'S VOYAGE TO AMERICA

You inhabitants of Ireland, ye hero's stout & brave,  
That do intend to cross the seas, your country for to  
leave,  
Come join with Captain Coulston that hero stout & bold  
Who fought his way upon the sea and never was con-  
trolled.

From the 11th to the 20th we sail'd upon the sea,  
Ten long days in pleasure bound for America,  
The captain & his lady both came on deck each day  
All for to crown our merriment while sailing on the sea  
The weather was as charming as e'er you saw before,  
For six days of pleasure we ne'er thought on shore.  
We sail'd away from Liverpool the weather it was fine  
All bound for Philadelphia, it was our whole design.

The number of our passengers were 332,  
They were all teetotalers excepting one or two,  
We pushed along the lemon juice, to nourish us on  
the sea,

And Father Mathew's medals we brought to America  
When our merriment was over going to bed that night  
The captain went round the ship to see if all was right  
He says, 'brave boys, do not go down, you need not  
think of sleep.

For in a few hours more we'll be slumbering in the  
deep!

Then out spoke Captain Coulston to his jovial crew  
We must fight until we die we've nothing else to do,  
Our enemy is approaching down from the western sea  
To rob us of our property, going to America.

When the pirate ship came up they order'd us to stand  
Your gold, and precious loading, this moment we de-  
mand,

Your gold, and precious loading resign to us this day  
There's not a soul you'll ever take unto America,

Then out spoke captain Colston that hero stout & bold  
It's in the deep we all would lie, before we'd be con-  
trolled,

When the battle it commenced, the blood in streams  
did flow, (everthrow

But undaunted were our passengers who did the pirate  
There was one young man upon the deck, with his  
sweetheart by his side (bulwark side,

And with courage brave, they fought their way along  
She cried my gallant hero's I soon will end this strife-  
And with a pistol ball she took the pirate captain's life

The cries of women & children as in the hold they lay  
Whilst the captain and his gallant crew shew'd them  
Irish play.

With courage bold they boarded the pirate that day,  
And our boys gave three cheers all for America.

Now to conclude & make an end the truth I tell to you  
Not one soul we ever lost excepting one or two,  
The pirate ship surrender'd just at the break of day,  
And we brought her a prisoner unto America.



## THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER



E. Hodges, Printer, Wholesale Toys and  
Marble Warehouse, 26, Grafton Street, Scho  
Where may be obtained all the old and new  
Songs of the day, Children's Books, &c.

'Tis the last rose of summer,  
Left blooming alone,  
All her lovely companions  
Are faded and gone;  
No flower of her kindred,  
No rose bud is nigh,  
To reflect back the blossoms:  
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee thou lone one,  
To pine on thy stem,  
Since the lovely are sleeping,  
Go, sleep thou with them,  
Thus kindly I scatter  
Thy leaves o'er the bed,  
Where the mates of thy garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
When friendship's decay  
And from love's shining circle,  
The gems drop away;  
When true hearts lie wither'd  
And fond ones have flown  
Oh! who could inhabit  
This bleak world alone?