

The rattle on the pavemint-blocks is fit to make you
cry!

A hundhert snortin' carriages like fire an' brimstone
fly!

Tin thousant people tearin' wild, black sthrangers pass
me by!

An' to think I left me frinds in ould Kilkinny!

'Tis well me lovin' parents all are in their coffin-
shrouds,

'Twould break their hearts to see their boy half-
smothered in these crowds,

Wid buildin's all around that high they're berrid in
the clouds!

When the little cot would suit him in Kilkinny!

Bad luck to Owen Morahan, if I'd the passage back.

'Tis shortly I'd be home agin across the ocean thrack!
I'd not delay in Queenstown, an' I'd fly through Bally-
hack,

For to greet the neighbors kind in ould Kilkinny.

AT DEAD O' THE NIGHT, ALANNA.

At dead o' the night, alanna, I wake and see you there,
Your little head on the pillow, with tossed and tangled
hair;

I am your mother, acushla, and you are my heart's
own boy,

And wealth o' the world I'd barter to shield you from
annoy.