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# ARRIVAL

IN

*IRELAND;*

REMARKS ON CORK, &c.

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NOW from Welch hills and fav'ring sky,  
Hibernia's mountains we descry ;  
Fair blows the gentle summer breeze,  
To lure us to the faithless seas ;  
Yet ere we reach the destin'd port,  
We find provisions running short ;  
For sixty souls, with fam'ly cares,  
We had not more than fifteen shares :  
But when our fears were at their height,  
Cork harbour shews a pleasing sight.  
Now beating up the tranquil tide,  
See beauteous seats on either side ;

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