

Och! it's here I'm intirely continted,
In the wild woods of swate 'Mericay;
God's blessing on him that invinted
Big ships for our crossing the say!

Here praties grow bigger nor turnips;
And though cruel hard is our work,
In ould Ireland we'd nothing but praties,
But here we have praties and pork.

I live on the banks of a meadow,
Now see that my maning you take;
It bates all the bogs of ould Ireland—
Six months in the year it's a lake.

Bad luck to the beavers that dammed it,
I wish them all kilt for their pains;
For shure though the craters are clever,
'Tis sartin they've drown'd my domains.

I've built a log hut of the timber
That grows on my charmin' estate;
And an illigant root-house erected,
Just facing the front of my gate.

And I've made me an illigant pig-sty,
Well litter'd with straw and wid hay;
And it's there, free from noise of the chilther,
I sleep in the heat of the day.

It's there I'm intirely at aise, Sir,
And enjoy all the comforts of home;
I stretch out my legs as I plase, sir,
And dhrame of the pleasures to come.

Shure, it's pleasant to hear the frogs croakin',
When the sun's going down in the sky,
And my Judy sits quietly smokin'
While the praties are boil'd till they're dhry.

Och! thin, if you love independence,
And have money your passage to pay,
You must quit the ould counthry intirely,
And start in the middle of May.

J. W. D. M.