The Irish Stranger

Andy M. Stewart

Pity the fate of a poor Irish stranger,
That wanders so far from his home,
That sighs for protection from want, woe, and danger,
That knows not from which way for to roam.
Yet I'll never return to Hibernia's green bowers,
For tyranny tramples the sweetest of flowers,
That once gave me comfort in loneliest hours
Now they are gone I shall ne'er see them more.With wonder I gazed on yon lofty building,
As in grandeur I rose from its lord,
But soon I beheld my fair garden yielding
The choicest of fruit for his foe.
But, where is my father's lone cottage of clay,
Wherein I' ve spent many a long day,
Alas ! has his lordship conniv'd it away ?
Yes, it is gone, I shall never see it more.When nature was seen in the sloe bush and bramble,
All smiling in beautiful bloom,
Over the fields without danger, I often
Did ramble amidst their perfume ;
I have wranged through the woods where the gay feather'd
throng
Joyfully sung their loud echoing song
These days then of summer passed sweetly along,
Now they're goneI shall ne'er see them more !When the sloe and the berries hung ripe on the bushes
I have gathered them off without harm
I have gone to the field and shorn the green rushes,
Preparing for winter's cold storm !
Along with my friends telling tales of delight,
Beguiling the hours of the long winter's night,
Those days gave me pleasureI could them invite ;
Now they're gone, I shall ne'er see them more.

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