

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim an equality
At comicality, Father, wid you ?

Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
Till this remark set him off wid the rest :

" Is it lave gaiety

All to the laity ?

Cannot the clargy be Irishmen too ? "

CHORUS—Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn, etc.

THE RIVER.

Poor Mick was trotting on to the town,
The side car under him going ;
He looked on the water, swollen and brown,
He looked on the river flowing.

The day was drear and heavy and dank,
A sleety wind was blowing,
And the river, creeping up over the bank,
Was into the roadside going.

Now, all that day till the night drew near,
For the wind was bitterly blowing,
Poor Mick sat gossiping here and there,
While the river was steadily flowing.

" And why would ye lave ? 'Tis a cruel night ;
Oh, why should ye be going ?
Bide ye here till the morning light,
For the blackest wind is blowing ! "

" The wife will be wanting her bread and tay
And oil for to light her sewing—
Myself never minded the roughest day
Or the blackest black wind blowing.

" Gi' alang, ould mare ! get up out of that !
For sure 'tis home we're going " !
He buttoned his coat and settled his hat,
Nor thought of the river flowing.

But cold and drear and dark was the night,
The sleety wind was blowing,
And where the road that morning was right
The river's edge was flowing.

Movrone ! for the childer ; movrone ! for the wife,
They listen the north winds blowing.
Movrone ! for the gasping, struggling life,
Movrone ! for the river flowing.

The morrow's morn saw the trembling mare,
Saw the river muddily flowing,
Saw boys and men seeking here and there,
Though the soft south winds were blowing.

Oh ! the early sun is fair to see,
And the winter 'll soon be going,
But deep and dank and dark lies he,
Though the sweet south winds are blowing.

CHARLOTTE GRACE O'BRIEN.

TOM MOODY.

You all know Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well ;
The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's knell ;
A sportsman more able ne'er followed a hound,
Through a country well known to him fifty miles round,
No hound ever opened with Tom near the wood,
But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if 'twere good ;
And all with attention would eagerly mark,
When he cheered up the pack, " Hark ! to Rookwood,
hark ! hark !

High !—Wind him ! and cross him ;
Now, Rattler, boy ! Hark ! "