

Thus this the poor maniac in terms more heart rent
Than Sam's voice even pour'd on my ear When so on the
Heath and their might wards her sending a troop of fine
Villains changed to appear to the friends She exclaim'd and
With wild horror started then through the tall fern low
By screaming she darted with an ever changing boom
I slowly departed and sigh'd for the wrong of poor
Mary Lee more and Irish maid

It says Ellen Omore an Irish Ditty
To soldiers of Britton your merciless Dings
Long long meet the children of Crime deplore
Oh God in my soul when I view the Black Ruins
Where once stood the Cottage of Ellen Omore
Her father; God rest him; loved Ireland most
Dearly all its wrongs all its suffering he felt
Most sincerely and with freedom's God sons true
Led sincerely But gone is the father of Ellen Omore
One cold winters night as Dermot lay musing
Hoarse lusses alarm'd him and crash went the
Door the fierce soldiers enter'd and straight for
Thusing the brave but mild father of Ellen Omore
To their soft side rellide not with blood they drain
Him he felt all indignation his caution now fail'd
Him he return'd their sad blows and all muster'd
Hid him for stab'd was the father of Ellen Omore
The childrens wild screams and their mothers Dist
tortion while the father the husband lay stretch'd in
His grave Ah, how can relate and not love the fair
Faction that blasted the rose bud sweet Ellen Omore.

Oh my father Oh father she cries
Didst thou throw her arm round his neck
Be his eyes blood was flowing she kiss his cold lips
But poor Dermot was going the ground and left
Fatherless Ellen Omore

With Distinction Unclod this infernal banditry
Though the rain fell in sheets and the tempest blew
Those friends to the castle but for to all pity set fire to
The dwelling of Ellen Omore

The children the mother half naked and shrieking
Escap'd from the flames where Dermot lay seeking
And while these poor victims for shelter were seeking
It, it ask what Befel poor Ellen Omore

From her fathers pale corpse which her lap
That supported to an out hour these sufferings this
Lately lit bore with her tears her Entreats her
They spurned and by force they disflower'd poor
And now wild maniac she roams the wild common
Against the soldiers of Britton she warns every woman
And sings of her father in strains more than human
If the tears ever power poor Ellen Omore

Oh ye Daughters of Crime your countrys Salvation
While the waves of Old Ocean shall beat round your
Shore remember the wrongs of thy long shackled nation
Remember the woes of poor Ellen Omore

While your hearts swell with spirits of fire your
Brothers your lovers your children inspire