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cont

My blessing and pride
There nothing left to care for now
Since my poor Mary died
No 5

I'm bidding you a long fare well
My Mary kind and true
But I'll not forget you darling
In the land I'm going to
They say there's bread and work for all
And the sun shines always there
But I not forget old Ireland
For it's ten fifty times as fair.

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Dear Bridget
down to write you this
Dear Bridget Snow