

THE GREEN LINNET

From Hyland's Mammoth Hibernian Songster published circa 1901. The song is about the goddess Erin's lament for Napoleon Bonaparte, named "The Green Linnet."

Curiosity bore a young native of Erin,
To view the gay banks of the Rhine,
When an empress he saw, and the robe she was wearing
All over with diamonds did shine;
A goddess in splendour was never yet seen,
To equal this fair one so mild and serene,
In soft murmur she says, "My sweet linnet so green,
Are you gone – will I never see you more?"

The cold, lofty Alps, you freely went over,
Which nature had placed in your way,
That Marengo, Saloney, around you did hover,
And Paris did rejoice the next day.

It grieves me the hardships you did undergo,
Over mountains you travelled all covered with snow,
The balance of power your courage laid low,
Are you gone – will I never see you more?"

The crowned heads of Europe when you were in splendour,
Fate would they have you submit,
But the goddess of Freedom soon bid them surrender,
And towered the standard to your wit;
Old Frederick's colours in France you did bring,
Yet his offspring found shelter under your wing,
That year in Virginia you sweetly did sing,
Are you gone – will I never see you more?"

That numbers of men are eager to slaw you,
Their malice you viewed with a smile,
Their gold through all Europe they sowed to betray you,
And they joined the Mamelukes on the Nile,
Like ravens for blood their vile passions did burn,

The orphans they slew, and caused the widows to mourn,
They say my linnet's gone and ne'er will return,
Is he gone – will I never see him more?

When the trumpet of war the grand blast was sounding,
You marched to the north with good will,
To relieve the poor slaves in their vile sack clothing,
You used your exertion and skill.

You spread out the wings of your envied train,
While tyrants great Caesar's old nest set in flames,
Their own subjects they caused to eat herbs on the plains,
Are you gone – will I never see you more?

In great Waterloo, where numbers laid sprawling,
In every field, high or low,
Fame on her trumpets through Frenchmen was calling,
Fresh laurels to place on her brow.

Usurpers did tremble to hear the loud call,
The third old Babe's new buildings did fall
The Spaniards their fleet in the harbour did call,
Are you gone – will I never see you more?

I'll roam through the deserts of Wild Abyssinia,
And yet find no cure for my pain,
Will I go and inquire in the isle of St. Helena?
No, we will whisper in vain.

Tell me, you critics, now tell me in time
The nation I will range my sweet linnet to find,
Was he slain at Waterloo, or Elba or the Rhine?
If he was, I will never see him more.