

AT THA BURIAL OF EDWARD LAVERY,
AN AGED IRISH ZAILOR

Las Mondy aternoon I jined
 Tha zolemn vunerel train
Of a brave an noble-minded tar,
 Who's zoul's gone wom ta reign.

As I stood zide tha open grave,
 Gazen on tha zilent dead,
Zich mwournvul thoughts vill'd up me heart,
 Girt tears a grief I shed.

Tho long he'd pass'd tha lotted span,
 His age ripe haughty-two;
Bit lore, it did zeem ard ta loose
 Tha woold man, good an true.

Vrim a bwoy he went a zailor bwould,
 An jined tha Navy Royal;
A Irishman, upright an true,
 Ta Queen an country loyal.

Var vorty years apou tha deep,
 Wie tha British vlag unfurl'd,
A zail'd about vrim port to port,
 An twice ael roun tha wordle.

An many a yarn I've yeard un spin,
 Bout tha daingers of tha sea,
Of battles, an of shipwrecks, too,
 Var Queen an countery.

Ah! much I'll miss his stalwart form

An weather-beaten brow,
His thrillin tales, hair breath escapes,
Vor tis ael auver now.

Tha loonely grave encloses now
Thease zailer, aged an hoary;
Who liv'd an died as a zailer should,
An var his countery's glory.

Eece, he is gone, thase wordle's deck
He nevir mwore ull tread;
Bit up aloft ta realms a bliss
Away his zoul is vled.

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In Burcombe church yard, on tha hill,
There is tha leetle grave
Of thase true-hearted Irishman
An British zailer brave.