The Green Linnet - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

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 splendor 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;
If grieves me the hardships you did undergo,
Over mountains you traveled 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 splendor.
Pain would they have you submit.
But the Goddess of Freedom soon bid them surrender,
And lowered the standard to your wit;
Old Frederick's colors in France you did bring,
Yet his offspring found shelter "under your wing,
That year in Virginia too sweetly did sing,
Are you gone-will I never see you more?

That numbers of men are eager to slay 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 passion did burn,
The orphans they slew and caused the widow 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 plain
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 thro' 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 harbor did call,
Are you gone-I will never see you more.

I'll roam thro' 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, on Elba, on the Rhine?
If he was-I will never see him more.