

SICH A GETTIN UP STAIRS.

WITH MUSIC.



AS SUNG BY
M^r. T. D. RICE,
The Original Jim Crow.

Published by R. W. Hume, Leith. Price One Penny.

Dear Sir, Now you have a batch of Jim Crow's affusions; & any other song I sing you are perfectly welcome to copy also. Yours very truly,
T. D. Rice

153, N. B. St. H. Hume, Leith.

SICH A GETTIN UP STAIRS.

O sich a gettin up stairs, And playin' on de fiddle, Sich a gettin up stairs,
 I neber did see. In Amerie' when de work is done, We'seuble all to hab de fun,
 To dance and sing de libe long night, And carry on de glory till it's light. O sich a gettin
 up stairs. And playin' on de fiddle, Sich a gettin up stairs, I neber did see!

Jibaboo, Jababoo, Juken Junn, sent cards of 'vitation all to come,
 For a Jiggery fancy ball, To be held in him noble Hall.

And sich &c.

Dis Hall was six feet round and round, and 60 feet above de ground;
 Altho' de rafters, to be sure, Were only 4 feet from de floor.

And sich &c.

De walls were hung wid trophies rare, de hoe for de cotton row was dere;
 De pipe and de 'baccor pouch did grace, an ol' gun stock o'er de chimney brace.

And sich &c.

For light, three Candle, wid dem toe, stuck each in half a potatoe;
 De Music was Jerry Scratchem's feettle, wid two strings- de bass and treble.

Sich &c.

Debil Dick wid him Pand'monium pipe, play'd, you neber heard de like!
 And Iron Samson, de man ob mettle, Beat de drum on de bottom ob de kettle.

Sich &c.

Dere came Miss Diana from de South, like a suga' Hogshead was her mouth;
 Her nose and her toes about so fly, she snuff de east wind and black my eye.

Sich &c.

Appollo Rollo from "down east", Wid a Squatter-loo medal on him breast;
 Him Spanish Pumps, wid de toes behind, wheel'd like ol' Nick on de whirlwind.

Sich &c.

Dere was ol' Jim Brown wid him Mackintosh, and hair as stiff as a blacken brush;
 In him Soldier's Coat he look so gran', he'd a natch us big as a fryiu' pan.

Sich &c.

Jinkun Junn to show his 'breedin', waltzed a hornpipe wid uan'-sell Freedom.
 So match'd de pair, as if hatch'd dey were, from de eggs ob de Ostrich and Yellow-hammer.

Sich &c.

O'twas tridy a glorious sight to see, such a fair and a famous Gombury,
 And when de supper on de table stood, de sight would hab doue a deart man good.

Sich &c.

Dere yan was roast, and Rice was boild, And dere was a snout ob de ol' sow's child,
 Cat-hash at one corner, at othor frog-fry, wid 2 gooseberry tarts, and 1 Crow-pye.

Sich &c.

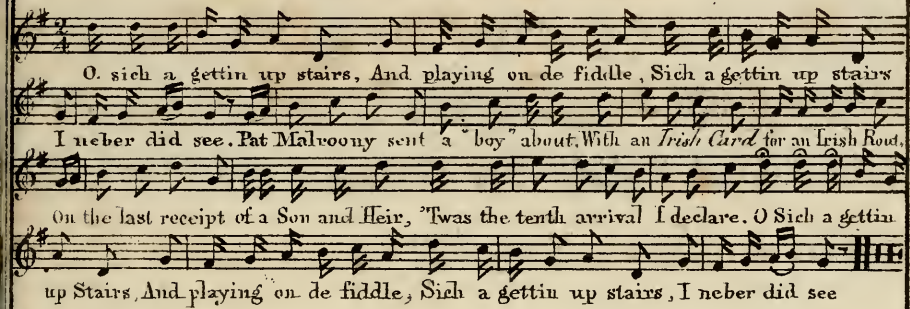
Den de Ritu flew round about de room, & down deir sable troats like de great monstroom.
 Till it put de metal in deir heels, and like whirlpools round de Hall dey reels.

Sich &c.

But I need not tell of de grand seq'-quel, or what on dat mornin' dere befel;
 Had you call'd at de Police cells to be sure, you'd see 30 debils asleep on de floor!!

O Sich &c.

MALROONY'S ROUT.



Pat's dedication had been scant, What learning could Malroony want?
 He could twirl the twig in an "Agitation," 'Twas the Priest's affair—the dedication!
 A flash of the Shillelah is the thing, About you—Foes or friends to bring;
 Pat sent round his—his friends to invite, & would be glad to see them at '2 past 8.

O sich a gettin' &c.

He lived in Dublin the first floor down The chimney—and five flats from the ground;
 The main entrance to his dojon keep, Was the ladder he used in his "Sweep, ho! sweep!"
 Pat saw this "Retreat" while pursuing his profession, And purchased the right by taking possession,
 The inmates, the rats, he murder'd all, Both young and old, and great and small.

And sich a gettin' &c.

The gas that lights the regions below, Was never needed as I shall show;
 Thro' the holes in the roof the Sun-light came, And at night the Moon she did the same.

And sich a gettin' &c.

The company came in twos and threes, Till the place was like a hive of bees;
 Of the guests I am sorry I've lost the list, But the Moler they bless'd & the child they kist;
 And the "DROP" went round! and round!! and round!!! and back again till it ran aground.
 While droned the Pipe, and screech'd the fiddle, To "Down the back," and "Up the middle."

And sich a gettin' &c.

But the longest day will pass away, And the deepest well run dry they say:
 The Poteen was out & all were dry, even the music refused its melody.
 So lots they agreed to cast to see, Who should "raise the wind," and the Mercury."
 Well I can't tell why, and I can't how, But the lot it fell on the old brood sow,

And there was sich a gettin' &c.

Now "time and tide will no man bide," And Gruaty's time was come they said;
 But the stair was steep, and history shows, That a sow wunt never follow its nose.
 So they tied the ropes 'er round about, With an old grey shawl around her snout.
 And out of the window they slung her high, On her road to her "Tneles" Barnaby.

O sich a gettin' &c.

There's much between the Snout and trough, And this was the case here sure enough;
 For 5 or 6 Paddies being out on the fly, Boned the Pig as came from the sky:
 Who ere "saw a well brim full of ale," Or a Peacock with a fiery tail?
 Or Irish Rout without a row? Here was a riglar one any how!

O sich a gettin' up stairs &c.

And the new Police with much ado, Nabbed Pat, and the Pig, and 12 of the crew;
 And lock'd them up—broken heads & noses, As they had got from Shillelah blows—es.
 Next day at 10 the Magistrate, With his yellow face and powdered pate,
 Sent Pat, and Peter, and Barney, and Bill, For 3 months time to the new Tread Mill.

*And there (on the way) was sich a gettin' &c.
 And playing on the Treadles &c.*



