

FOUR EXCELLENT SONGS.

THE YORKSHIRE IRISHMAN.
THE IRISH SMUGGLER.
THE KING OF THE FAIRIES.
GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.



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71.

FOUR

EXCELLENT SONGS.

THE YORKSHIRE IRISHMAN.

My father was once a great merchant,
As any in Ireland is found;
But faith! he could ne'er save a shilling,
Though tatoes he sold by the pound.
So says he to my mother one night,
To England suppose you and I go;
And the very next day by moonlight
They took leave of the county Sligo.
Sing, fal de ral lal de ral la fal la de, &c.

That the land is all covered with water,
'Twixt England and Ireland you'll own,
And single misfortunes, they say,
To an Irishman ne'er came alone:
So my father, poor man, was first drowned,
Then shipwreck'd in sailing from Cork;
But my mother she got safe to land,
And a whisky shop opened in York.
Sing, fal de ral, &c.

Just a year after father was dead,
One night about five in the morn,
An odd accident happen'd to me,
For 'twas then that myself was first born:

All this I've been told by my mammy,
 And surely she'll not tell a wrong;
 But I don't remember nought of it,
 Caze it happen'd when I were quite young.
 Sing, fal de ral, &c.

On the very same day the next year,
 For so ran the story of mother,
 The same accident happened again,
 But not to me, then, that were brother.
 So 'twas settled by old Father Luke,
 Who dissolv'd all our family sins,
 As we both were born on the same day,
 That we sartainly must have been twins.
 ——— Sing, fal de ral, &c.

'Twas agreed I should not go to school,
 As learning I never should want;
 Nor would they e'en teach me to read,
 For my genius, they said, it would cramp.
 Now this genius of mine where it lay,
 Do but listen a while and you'll hear:—
 'Twas in drawing—not landscapes and pictures,
 No! mine were for drawing of beer.
 Sing, fal de ral, &c.

Some with only one genius are blest,
 But I it appears had got two;
 For when I had drawn off some beer,
 I'd a genius for drinking it too.
 At last I was drawn up to town,
 Without in my pocket a farden;

But since I've earned many a crown,
 By the shop here in sweet Common garden.
 Sing, fal de ral, &c.

Now the end of my song's drawing near,
 I'll tell ye, but that's nothing new ;
 Now all my ambition's to try,
 And do what I can to draw you ;
 In which, if I do but succeed,
 And my efforts beguile you of pain ;
 I entreat you'll not wait to be asked,
 To come often and see me again.

THE IRISH SMUGGLER.

From Brighton two Paddies walked under the cliff,
 For pebbles and shells to explore,
 When too a small barrel was dropt from a skiff,
 Which floated at length to the shore ;
 Says Dermont to Pat, we the owner will bilk,
 To-night we'll be merry and frisky,
 I know it as well as my own mother's milk,
 Dear joy, 'tis a barrel of whisky.

Says Pat, I'll soon broach it, a fortunate lot,
 Now Pat, you must know was no joker ;
 I'll go to Tom Murphy, who lives in the cot,
 And borrow his kitchen hot poker.
 'Twas said and 'twas done, the barrel was bor'd,
 No bachanals ever felt prouder,

When Paddy found out a small error on board,
 The whisky, alas! was gunpowder.
 With sudden explosion he flew o'er the ocean,
 And high in air sported a leg;
 Yet instinct prevails, when philosophy fails,
 So he kept a tight hold of the keg.
 But Dermont bawled out with a terrible shout,
 I'm not to be choused, Mr Wiseman;
 If you do not come down, I'll run into the town,
 And by St Patrick I'll tell the Exciseman.

THE KING OF THE FAIRIES.

A wee, wee man came to our town en,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee;
 An' he sang sae sweet, that the hale o' our men
 Lap aff their looms the carle to see.

His cap was red, an' his breeks were green,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee;
 An' his jacket the shortest that ever was seen,
 An' the queerest colour you ever did see.

His nose was as flat as the back o' my han',
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee;
 An' his feet wad hae covered an acre o' lan',
 Yet his Boots cam' up o'er the lid o' his knee.

His e'en were grey without ony white,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee;
 An' his teeth were as black as the middle o' night,
 When the moon has forsaken this coutrie.

His legs were as bow'd as the half o' a hoop,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee;
 An' his arms were sae lang, he ne'er needit to stoop,
 For he pick'd up preens without bending his knee.

He laugh'd, and the hale o' the men o' our town,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee;
 Lap out o' their wits and fell down in a swoon,
 The fient o' them had the power to flee.

He sang, and they sprang to their feet in a crack,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee;
 Now what I relato is a notable fact,
 For I was sleeping when I did it see.

He play'd them a jig, and the dancing began,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee;
 And he led them to wheré a big water down ran,
 Where he douked them till they were like to die.

This queer wee man lap up on a hill,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee;
 An' he open'd his mouth like the door o' a mill,
 I hope sic a mouth I will ne'er again see.

But thunder ne'er gied sic a terrible roar,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee;
 As when he announced that the dancing was o'er,
 An' bade them fareweel, an' awa' did flee.

Weary and wet our men cam' hame,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee;
 An' swore the wee man was surely to blame,
 For using sic freedoms in ony countrie!

We'll wonder what came o' this wee, wee man,
 Fiddledum, faddledum, fee, fee, fee;
 He bought a green coat—an' to fairy lan' ran,
 An' now he is king o' that countrie.

GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR.

There dwalt a man on Crawford moor,
 And John Blunt was his name;
 He made gude maut, and brew'd gude ale,
 And bore a wond'rous fame.
 Now it fell upon a Martinmas time,
 And a gay time it was than,
 That Johnie's wife had puddings to make,
 And she boil'd them in the pan.

The wind swept cauld frae north to south,
 And blew into the floor;
 Quoth our gudeman to our gudewife,
 Get up and bar the door.
 My hand is in my husewife-cap,
 Gudeman as ye may see;
 If its no barr'd this hunder year,
 It's no be barr'd by me.

They made a paction 'tween them twa,
 A paction firm and sure,
 Whoever spoke the foremost word,
 Should rise and bar the door.
 Twa travellers had tint their gate,
 As o'er the hills they foor,

And airted by the line o' light;
 Made straight to Johnnie's door.

Now whether is this a rich man's house,
 Or whether is it a poor?

But ne'er a word wad ano-o' them speak,
 For the barring of the door.

And first they ate the white puddings,
 And syne they ate the black:

O muckle thought our gudewife to hersel,
 But ne'er a word she spake.

The young ane to the auld ane said,
 Here, man, take ye my knife,
 And gang and shave the gudeman's beard,
 While I kiss the gudewife.

But there's nae water in the house,
 And what shall I do than?—

What ails ye at the pudding broo,
 That's simmering in the pan?

O, up then started our gudeman,
 An angry man was he—

Will ye kiss my wife afore my face,
 And scaud me wi' pudding bree,

An' up an' started our gudewife,
 Gae three skips o'er the floor,

Gudeman, ye've spoke the foremost word,
 Get up and bar the door.