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Scottish Chapbooks

Scottish Chapbooks.

Songs

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Contents.

- 1 The Gems of Song.
- 2 The Peoples Songster.
- 3 Miller's New Comic.
- 4 The Comic Vocalists Budget.
- 5 The Popular Kigger Melodist.
- 6 The Cream of British Song.
- 7 The Popular Songster.

x x A detailed list of contents will be found in each book.

تذکرہ

۱۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۲۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۳۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۴۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۵۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۶۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۷۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۸۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۹۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۱۰۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب

۱۱۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۱۲۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۱۳۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۱۴۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۱۵۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۱۶۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۱۷۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۱۸۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۱۹۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب
۲۰۔ جناب صاحبزادہ صاحب

MILLER'S

NEW COMIC



SONGSTER.

THE
COMIC SONGSTER;

CONTAINING

A CHOICE COLLECTION

OF THE

Most Popular and Firth-Inspiring
Melodies of the Day.

EDINBURGH:
PUBLISHED BY J. M. MILLER,
90 SOUTH BRIDGE.



CONTENTS.

Allister M'Allister, - - -	43
Beautiful Bidy of Sligo, - - -	8
Bannoeks o' barley, - - -	21
Barnaby Finegan, - - -	29
Billy Bowling, - - -	59
Clar de kitchen, - - -	37
Come, you darkies, sing, - - -	49
Dandy Jim from Caroline, - - -	40
Dere's some one in de house wid Dinah, - - -	44
Doctor Brown, - - -	45
Friend, by my soul, I'll whiskey drink, - - -	12
Gray goose and gander, - - -	5
Hurrah for an Irish stew, - - -	13
Harry Bluff, - - -	14
Had I a glass, - - -	32
I'm no speaker, so you see, - - -	12
Jolly nose, - - -	
King Arthur had three sons, - - -	
Katty Mooney, - - -	
Long tail blue, - - -	
Lucy Long - - -	

Morrison's vegetable pills, - - -	6
Mr Ferguson ; or you can't lodge here, -	23
Mary Blane, - - - -	42
Number one, - - - -	33
Never go to France, - - - -	38
Oh, Susanna, - - - -	57
Paddy out of hearing, - - - -	50
Smart young bachelors, - - - -	35
The keel row, - - - -	15
The boys of the Irish brigade, - - -	15
The queer folk of the Shaws, - - -	16
The great sea snake, - - - -	18
Teetotal ! teetotal, - - - -	20
The kitchen poker, - - - -	26
Tippitywittchet, - - - -	28
The Irish emigrant, - - - -	31
There was a jolly miller, - - - -	48
The kiss ahint the door, - - - -	51
The Pope, - - - -	53
The Donnybrook jig, - - - -	58
The boatman dance, - - - -	61
The striped pig, - - - -	62
Vicissitudes of life, - - - -	54

THE
COMIC SONGSTER.

GRAY GOOSE AND GANDER.

When I war a single feller,
I lived in peace and pleasure,
But now I am a married man,
I'm troubled out of measure.

Den look'e here, den look'e dare,
And look'e ober yonder,
Don't you see dat old gray goose,
A smiling at de gander ?

Ebery night when I go home
She scolds, or it's a wonder,
And den she takes dat powder mug
And beats my head a-uoder.

My old wife \ \ taken sick,
De pain ob death came on her,
Some did cry, but I did laugh,
To see de breff go from her.

Saturday night my old wife died,
Sunday she war buried,
Monday was my courting day,
On Tuesday I got married.

My old wife has gone abroad,
 Some evil spirit guide her,
 I know she has not gone to church,
 For the debil can't abide her.

MORRISON'S VEGETABLE PILLS.

Of all the wonders you have heard,
 Since first the world began
 The greatest lately has appeared,
 And Morrison's the man.
 No longer we need death to fear,
 Nor labour under ills,
 For every disease is cured —
 By Morrison's new Pills.
 For he says they're sure to do it,
 O! yes, they're sure to do it,
 They're safe and sure to do it—
 Are the Vegetable Pills.

If all your hair should tumble off,
 You needn't care a fig ;
 Just take the Pills, 'twill grow again,
 You'll never need a wig :
 If you're in love—your fair's unkind,
 Despair your bosom fills,
 She'll soon consent, if you'll but take
 The Vegetable Pills.
 For he says, &c.

In battle what a charming thing
 For those who have to go,
 That they may cut and slash away
 Nor loss of limb can know.

For if by chance they lose an arm,
 The cure is at their wills ;
 'Twill grow again if they'll but take
 The Vegetable Pills.
 For he says, &c.

If ever that you lose your head,
 You've nothing more to do,
 Take twenty pills of No. 1,
 And forty of No. 2 ;
 Or if you should be cut in half ;
 By some sharp engine wheels,
 You're whole again if you but take
 The Vegetable Pills.
 For he says, &c.

If appetite be lost, the pills
 Restore it in a day ;
 Or if your appetite's too great,
 'Twill take it quite away.
 They'll make you hot or make you cold,
 Do all but pay your bills ;
 If you'd be rich and wish for gold—
 Take the Vegetable Pills.
 For he says, &c.

Young married folks may now rejoice,
 And discord set at rest :
 And if for little ones they sigh,
 The pills will make them blest !
 An heir or heiress they may have,
 As inclination wills,
 If dear mamma will only take
 The Vegetable Pills.
 For he says, &c.

In fact the blind may have their sight,
 The dumb may have a tongue;
 The lame may quickly run a race,
 The old again be young.
 One doze will make you laugh or cry,
 Your hungry belly fills;
 In short, if you would never die,
 Take Morrison's Vegetable Pills.
 For the College says they'll do it,
 O! yes, they're sure to do it,
 They're safe and sure to do it—
 Are the Vegetable Pills.

BEAUTIFUL BIDDY OF SLIGO.

My father and mother were gentle folks all,
 Although our affairs did awry go,
 Because they couldn't make the whiskey-shop do,
 In the beautiful county of Sligo.
 The trade went on badly—they both fretted sadly,
 My friends looked down, left many to sigh O!
 For beauty, my mother, there wasn't such another
 In all the whole county of Sligo.

(*Spoken.*)—By the bokey there was not; and there was a most beautiful lot of us when we were all assembled together. There was me and Charlie, the dog—the tom cat and thirteen kittens—the pig and her young cubs, all standing at the table at once, waiting for the praties to be spread. Who says grace, says my father? Bow, now, now, says Charlie. Go along out of that you young kitten, who asked you to spake? Look here, altho' you're all my own childer, bread and born, we want none

THE COMIC SONGSTER.

of your acquaintanoe, says the little pig. What's the matter with you, Phelim? says my mother. Och, sure the little pig's away with my big pratie. Never mind, agra, it will hurn his mouth jist now, and I'll engage he'll soon drog it. Squeak, squeak, —sarve you right, you thief of the world; can't you keep your hands from picking and stealing, and be content with the peelings your poor ould anxious mother left you.

So day after day our time passed away,
Although our affairs did awry go,
Because we couldn't make the whiskey-shop pay
In the beautiful county of Sligo.

But when I grew up to manhood's estate,
To learn all my letters did I go
To Father O'Fagan, to be sure, for he kept
The most beautiful College in Sligo.
For all sorts of learning I quickly decerning,
To the rest of the scholars I gave the bye go:
For reading and writing—for kissing and fighting,
I was the best scholar in Sligo.

(*Spoken.*)—And so I was; and there was a fine academy when we were altogether: there was me and Phelim O'Doolan, Pat O'Brien, and beautiful Biddy O'More. Sure, O'Fagan calls me over one morning; here, Phelim, says he, come over and I'll make a head tacher of you. By gob, and so he did, for he tached me, and I tached Phelim O'Doolan; Pat O'Brien, and the beautiful Biddy O'More. Neither Biddy nor I wanted, for I tached Biddy and Biddy tached me; till, bad luck to my beautiful Biddy's sister, Tom Cat's Cousin, if she didn't get the best scholar amongst the lot of us: and all

at once I grew pale in the face. Arrah, what's the matter with you, Phelim? says my mother. Och, sure I don't know. You don't know, says my father. Och father, jewel, I feel from the crown of my foot to the sole of my head. Fire and turf, says my father, the boy's in love ;—hy goh, and so I was, up to the very ancles.

So day after day, etc.

My father he took me directly from school,
 And hid me clean out the pig-sty, O;
 He said much warm work would make my love
 cool,—
 I should bring less disgrace upon Sligo.
 My feelings were hurt, through being distrusted
 To clean out the pig-sty devil a fit would I go,
 So with my parents I got quite at variance,
 And resolved for to bundle from Sligo.

(Spoken.)—So I did ; but before I went my father called me over to him. Here, Phelim, says he, I understand you are leaving, but before you go take my bit of a blessing into yourself ; and he up with his fist and gave me a pothogue between the shoulders. Well, you see, my mother would also give me a lump of a blessing, and she shoves a handful of thirteens into my fist ; here, Phelim, agrah, says she, take this into yourself for a blessing, and you'll never want a father while your mother's alive. By goh, I don't think I will mother, says I. But my feelings would not allow me to stand it any longer, so I thought I would hid all my relations good bye. Good bye, mother, I'm going. Good bye, Charlie—Bow, wow, wow, says he. Good bye, little pig—Squeak, squeak. Good bye, Hay-stacks, Muck-forks, Pratics, Muck-shovels, and all

the rest of my seraglio. Well, you see, I thought it mighty hard if I wouldn't bid good bye to Biddy; so away I calavanced to my own sweet darling. Biddy, says I, I'm going. And where are you going to, Phelem? says she—sure I'll follow you to the end of the world. That's the very identical spot I'm going to, says I. Ah, Puelion, says she, wont you marry me before you go! You needn't be after putting a question like that; to be sure I will, you soft coaxing little devil you.

So day after day, etc.

So we packed up our trifles—off we both went—
 Gave all our relations the bye go,
 And now I live happy, in peace and content,
 With beautiful Biddy of Sligo,

JOLLY NOSE.

Jolly nose! the bright rubies that garnish thy tip
 Are dug from the mines of Canary;
 And to keep up their lustre, I moisten my lip
 With hogsheads of claret and sherry.
 Jolly nose! he who sees thee across a broad glass
 Beholds thee in all thy perfection,
 And to the pale snout of a temperate ass
 Entertains the profoundest objection,
 Jolly nose, &c.

For a big-bellied glass is the palette I use,
 And the choicest of wine is my colour;
 And I find that my nose takes the mellowest hues,
 The fuller I fill it, the fairer! {sight,
 Jolly nose! there are fools who say drink hurts the
 Such dullards know nothing about it;
 'Tis better with wine to extinguish the light,
 Than live always in darkness without it,
 Jolly nose, &c.

MICKEY FREE'S LAMENT.

Then, fare-ye-well, ould Erin dear!
 To part—my heart does ache well,
 From Carrickfergus to Cape Clear,
 I'll never see you're equal.
 And, though to foreign parts we're bound,
 Where cannibals may ate us,
 We'll ne'er forget the holy ground
 Of poteen and potatoes.

Middirederoo aroo, aroo, &c.

When good St. Patrick banished frogs,
 And shook them from his garment,
 He never thought we'd go abroad,
 To live upon such varmint;
 Nor quit the land where whiskey grew,
 To wear King George's button,
 Take vinegar for mountain dew,
 And toads for mountain mutton.

Middirederoo aroo, aroo, &c.

I'M NO SPEAKER, SO YOU SEE.

I'm no speaker, so you'll see,
 From the scores of melody,
 Something apropos I'll borrow—
 Oh, if you keep up this glee.
 I hope that you'll agree with me,
 And tarry here till to-morrow.

I've no money, but you see
 Justerini credits me

For Claret, Champagne, Hock or Sherry,
 No heeltaps then, nor skylights leave,
 Nor for a lack of liquor grieve,
 But drink and sing and be merry.

HURRAH FOR AN IRISH STEW.

Hurrah for an Irish stew!
 Hurrah for an Irish stew!
 It's seasoned so fine, and it's flavour's divine,
 Hurrah! for an Irish stew.
 It's plummy wid pepper and salt,
 It's good wid parates a few,
 And nothing can equal in this grabbing world
 An illigant Irish stew.

Hurrah, &c.

If you ax a young lover to dine,
 And you'd have him behave kind to you, [mouth,
 And you'd make love come out of his beautiful
 You should stuff it wid an Irish stew.
 Here's a health to John Bull and his beef,
 Here's a health to Sandy and brew,
 Here's a health to Paddy, good luck and, in brieft,
 Success to his Irish stew.

Hurrah, &c.

KING ARTHUR HAD THREE SONS.

King Arthur had three sons,
 As big rogues as ever did swing,
 And he kick'd them all three out of doors
 Because they could not sing.

The first he was a miller,
 The second he was a weaver,
 And the third he was a little tallor,
 They thought him wond'rous clever.

The miller he stole corn,
 The weaver he stole yarn,
 And the little tailor he stole broad cloth,
 To keep these three rogues warm.

The miller was drown'd in his dam,
 The weaver was hang'd on his yarn,
 And the devil flew away with the little tailor
 With the broad cloth under his arm.

HARRY BLUFF.

When a boy, Harry Bluff left his friends and his
 home,
 And his dear native land, o'er the ocean to roam;
 Like the sapling he sprung, he was fair to the view,
 And was true British oak, boys, when older he
 grew.

Tho' his body was weak, and his hands were so
 soft,

When the signal was given, he the first went aloft,
 And veterans all cried, He'll one day lead the van,
 For tho' rated a boy, he's the soul of a man,
 And the heart of a true British sailor.

When in manhood promoted, and burning for fame;
 Still in peace and in war Harry Bluff was the same,
 So true to his love, and in battle so brave,
 The myrtle and laurel entwine o'er his grave.
 For his country he fell, when by victory crowned,
 The flag shot away fell in tatters around,
 The foe thought he'd struck, but he sung out, avast,
 And the colours of England he nailed to the mast:
 Then he died like a true British sailor.

THE KEEL ROW.

Oh who's so like my Johnie, so leash, so blythe, so
bonny !

He's foremost 'mongst the many keel lads of coaly
tyne;

He sits and rows so tightly, or in the dance so
sprightly,

He cuts and shuffles lightly, 'tis true, were he not
mine.

Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row
Weel may the keel row that my lad's in.

He wears a blue bonnet, blue bonnet, blue bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet, and a dimple in his chin.

He wears a blue, &c.

Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row, that my lad's in.

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 THE BOYS OF THE IRISH BRIGADE.

What for should I sing you of Roman or Greek,
Or the boys we hear tell of in story,

Come match me for fighting, for frolic or freak,
An Irishman's reign in his glory.

For Ajax and Hector, and hold Agamemnon,
Were up to the tricks of our trade, O,

But the rollicking boys, for war, women and noise,
Are the boys of the Irish Brigade, O!

What for should I sing you of Helen and Troy,
 Or the mischief that came by her flirting;
 There's Biddy M^cClinch, the pride of Fermoy,
 Twice as much of a Helen that's certain.
 Then for Venus, Medica, or queen Cleopatra,
 Bad luck to the word could be said, O,
 By the rollicking boys, for war, women and noise,
 The boys of the Irish Brigade, O!

What for should I sing of classical fun,
 Or of games whether Grecian or Persian;
 Sare the Carragh's the place where the knowing
 one's done,
 And Mallow that flogs for diversion.
 For fighting, for drinking, for women and all,
 No time like our times e'er were made, O,
 By the rollicking boys, for war, women and noise,
 The boys of the Irish Brigade, O!

THE QUEER FOLK O' THE SHAWS.

I thought ae day unto mysel
 I'd like to see a Race,
 An' for the best o' sport I'm tell'd
 The shaws is just the place.
 So I wash't my face, sprec't out mysel
 Wi' a' my Sunday hraws,
 And wi' a stick into my han'
 I started for the shaws.—Tol de rol, &c.
 My mither tell't me to beware,
 And min' what I was about,
 For, says she, there's queer folk there,
 And you'll soon find that out:
 Says she, ye might be trod to death
 Beneath the horse's paws,
 And mind that the auld saying's true
 There's queer folk in the Shaws.
 Tol de

The races pleac'd me unco weel,
 Losh! they were grand to see ;
 The horses ran so very fast,
 I thought they maist did flee.
 Gin they cam near the winning post,
 They cam out wi' loud hurrahs,
 You'd thought the folks were a' gane daft,
 The queer folk o' the Shaws.

Tol de rol, &c

Wi' that a lass cam up to me,
 And asked me for a gill,
 Says I, if that's the fashion here,
 I mauna tak it ill.
 So in we gangs into a tent,
 She half-a-mutchkin ca's,
 Says I, my lass, I think it's true.
 There's queer folk in the Shaws.

Tol de rol, &c

The dram soon set my spirits up,
 I thocht mysel in bliss,
 I put my hand about her neck,
 To steal a wee hit kiss.
 When in a crack she draws her fist,
 And hits me on the jaws,
 Says I, my lass, I think it's true,
 There's queer folk in the Shaws.

To e n, &c

Wi' that a lad cam up to me,
 And stole awa my lass ;
 Misca'd me for a country loon :
 A stupid silly ass.

What for should I sing you of Helen and Troy,
 Or the mischief that came by her flirting;
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 Twice as much of a Helen that's certain.
 Then for Venus, Medica, or queen Cleopatra,
 Bad luck to the word could he said, O,
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 Sure the Curragh's the place where the knowing
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 To steal a wee hit kiss.
 When in a crack she draws her fist,
 And hits me on the jaws,
 Says I, my lass, I think it's true,
 There's queer folk in the Shaws.

To e N, &c

Wi' that a lad cam up to me,
 And stole awa my lass ;
 Misca'd me for a country loon :
 A stupid silly ass.

Says I, if I've done ony ill,
 Just let me know the cause.
 When he made his foot spin aff my hip,
 There's queer folk in the shaws.
 Tol de rol, &c.

Wi' that my bluid began to boil,
 I struck him on the lug,
 But I was nearly worried by
 His muckle colly dog.
 He bit my legs, he bit my arms,
 Tore a' my Sunday braws,
 And in the row I lost my watch
 Wi' the queer folk in the Shaws.
 Tol de rol, &c.

The police they cam up to me
 And hoist me aff to quod,
 They put the strings about my wrists,
 And thump'd me a' the road.
 They made me pay twa guinea notes
 Ere I got out their paws ;
 Catch me again when I'm ta'en in
 Wi' the queer folk in the Shaws.
 Tol de rol, &c

THE GREAT SEA SNAKE.

Mayhap you have all heard of the yarn
 Of the wonderful Sea Snake!
 That first appeared off the Isle of Pitoairn,
 And was seen by Admiral Blake.

Now list not what land lubbers tell,
But lend an ear to me ;
And I'll relate what to me befell,
Cause I'm just come from sea.

They say he measured miles twice two,
But there they surely lied,
For I was one of the very ship's crew
By whom his length was tried!
One morning from his head we bore
With every stitch of sail ;
And going full ten knots an hour,
We in three months came to his tail!

Right up on an end with all his strength,
To stand this snake did try ;
But before he had got up half his length,
His head did strike the sky,
A vessel then this snake did note,
Who thought it was famed Teneriffe,
Then straightway sent their jolly boat
For fresh water and beef.

When coiled up quite this snake did lie
A thousand miles about ;
When some passengers upon their way
To a colony sent out,
This snake mistook for their promised land,
A grievous thing, good lack!
Men, women, babes, a hundred hands,
Were left upon his back

And there they lived for a year or two,
With oxen, pigs, and sheep,
The snake, you may believe it true,
Was all the time asleep ;

And 'twas not till they built a church
 And houses in a row,
 That the snake he left them in the urch,
 By diving down below.

The sea he fills with breakers new,
 At the shedding of his teeth,
 On which were wrecked th' unfortunate crew
 Of a vessel bound for Leith.
 Now landsmen, do not think it fun,
 But pray some pity take ;
 And think of the dangers seamen run,
 From this thundering large Sea Snake.

TEETOTAL, TEETOTAL

Teetotal, teetotal, teetotal, teetotal,
 There's nothing comes up to the teetotal plan,
 Teetotal, teetotal, teetotal, teetotal,
 Weel stand by teetotal, boys all to a man.

Hark ! wasn't that Judy's ould scream
 Arrah, be aisy Pat, 'twas but a dream ;
 Judy drinks nothing now stronger than tay,
 And plased I am that I've seen the blest day.
 Judy my wife, you know, bothered my life, you know,
 Nothing but drinking could give her delight you
 know,
 Comfort at home, for poor Pat there was none,
 Till the day that she joined in the teetotal cause,
 Chorus,

O! what a bright change in my wife,
 Sober and dacent the pride of my life,
 Tidy and nate and clane all the day long,
 Singing good luck in a teetotal song!
 O! how it vexes me, sore it perplexes me,
 When I think on the sad days that I had then,
 Children all screaming, there she sitting g'aming,
 Drunk and disorderly, all to the bad.

Chorus .

Hark! wasn't that Judy's sweet voice,
 Stilling the children to make little noise,
 Hushing the baby asleep on her knee,
 Ready to set down paraties for me.
 Now, my friends, here I am, really a happy man,
 Since my wife's turn't a teetotaler completely ;
 There's no botheration, but great alteration
 On Judy, the childer, myself, and the purse.

Chorus.

BANNOCKS O' BARLEY

An auld Hielan' couple sat lane by the ingle,
 While smoking their cutties and cracking awa,
 They spak o' langsyne, o' their daffing when single,
 O' the freaks o' their childhood, their auld age
 and a'
 To his wifie he bragged o' his bauldest o' actions,
 When he was a sodger wi' Geordie the Third ;
 How his faes fell before him, the leader o' factions,
 And Donald he grat as his faes bit the yird.

Sae up wi' the kilties and honnie blue bonnets,
 When put to their mettle, they're ne'er kent to
 fail,
 For a Highlander's heart is upheld wi' a haggis,
 And weel buttered bannocks o' barely meal.

Thus Donald was blessed, and his wife heard wi'
 pleasure,
 His stories o' danger, his troubles and toils ;
 My kintra, he cried, is my heart's dearest treasure,
 And Mary thou'rt next, for I lo'e thy saft smiles.
 This poor happy couple, their hroon covered dwell-
 ing
 Stood far frae the world, its tidings and cares.
 And the news never reached their snug little cot-
 age,
 Unless when a packman stepped in wi' his wares.

Sae up wi' the kilties, &c.

Th' Romans, langsyne, loot a claught at our ban-
 neck,
 The Danes and the Normans would try the same
 game ;
 But Donald cam' down wi' his claymore and crum-
 moe,
 Mauled maist o' them stark, chased the lave o'
 them hame.
 And should ony mair ever play sic a pliskey,
 She vows by the dirk o' the Laird o' Kiotail,
 That she'll part wi' her hluid, or she'll part wi' her
 whiskey,
 Aye, or part wi' her bannocks o' barely meal.

Sae up wi' the kilties, &c.

There's Mungo M'Farlane, the Laird o' Drumgarlin,
 A brisky auld carl o' three-score and five,
 He'll wield his lang arm, and he'll gi'e them a' har-
 lin',

And keep his ain grun wi' the glegest alive.
 There's Michael the sodger, that fought wi' the
 rebels,
 And lost his left leg just a wee e'er they ran,
 But he's got ane c' wood, and he gars it play thud,
 And whare there's a row, Michael's aye in the
 thrang.

Sae up wi' the kilties, &c.

Then fill up a glass, let us hae a guid waucht o't,
 Our mither Meg's mutch be't our care to keep
 clean,
 And the foul silly loon that would try to lay claught
 o't,

May Clottie's lang claws haul oot haith o' his een.
 She's auld, but she's rankled, she'll no bide their
 scorning,

She'll beat them when tried in a battle, I'd bail
 Sae we'll ne'er let her want Athol brose in the
 morning,

Nor we'll huttered bannocks o' barely meal.
 Sae up wi' the kilties, &c.

MR FERGUSON ;

OR YOU CAN'T LODGE HERE.

Kind friends my name is Ferguson,
 Unhappily for me ;
 When you hear the woes it has brought on,
 That 'tis so you'll agree.

A foolish saying has now the run,
 Repeated every where,
 "It's all very well, Mister Ferguson,
 But you really don't lodge here."
 Tiddy tol lol, etc.

I could not guess what harm I'd done,
 That where'er I chanced to roam
 All seem'd to wish—yes, every one,
 That I had stay'd at home.
 They bawl'd my name, and cried "with fun,
 When I happened to appear ;
 "It's all very well, Mister Ferguson,
 But you really can't stop here."
 Tiddy, etc.

The other day to town I came,
 And to a tavern went ;
 To sup and sleep it was my aim,
 Indeed my fixed intent ;
 So a bed of course, I ordered one,
 But was answered with a sneer ;
 "It's all very well, Mister Ferguson,
 But you really can't lodge here."
 Tiddy, etc.

I wondered how my name they knew,
 But on again I bied,
 And had not rambled far, 'tis true,
 Ere another Ion I spied!
 But to ascend the steps I'd scarce begun,
 When these words assail'd my ear ;
 "It's all very well, Mister Ferguson,
 But you really can't lodge here."
 Tiddy, etc.

Quite vex'd was I, but onward stroll'd
 To a cigar shop near,
 With the mistress I made rather hold,
 I knew of nought to fear.
 But her husband came, and spoil'd my fun,
 To the door he made me steer,
 With, "It's all very well, Mister Ferguson,
 But you really won't lodge here."
 Tiddy, etc.

I thought the fates sure had conspired
 To keep me out all night,
 I felt, too, most confounded tired,
 When an open door came in sight.
 I enter'd and up stairs did run,
 From the bed rooms was kick'd clear,
 With, "It's all very well, Mister Ferguson,
 But you really don't lodge here."
 Tiddy, &c.

But here my troubles did not end,
 The housekeeper enraged,
 Poor I to the station-house did send,
 So nicely I was caged.
 I dozed, but still could not sleep on,
 For the rogues kept up the jeer,
 "It's all very well, Mister Ferguson,
 But you really can't sleep here."
 Tiddy, etc.

At day-break with a golden key
 I open'd the prison door;
 Oh, a lodging any where for me,
 But there I'll lodge no more.

Still my name was known by every one,
 All cried as I came near,
 "It's all very well, Mister Ferguson,
 But you really can't lodge here."
 Tiddy, etc.

So a supperless, sleepless night I pass'd,
 Ere I the joke found out ;
 That not at me their jeers were cast,
 'Twas a saying now about.
 Then at my woes if you laugh on,
 I hope at least you'll cheer,
 And welcome Mister Ferguson,
 To tell his troubles here.
 Tiddy, etc.

THE POKER.

Swate widow Fag one winter's night
 Invited a Tea Party
 Of elegant genteelity,
 And made the boys quite hearty ;
 But just as they were breaking up,
 She miss'd her kitchen Poker,
 And delicately hinted, that
 The thief was Paddy Croaker.
 He'd stolen her little Poker,
 Her purty kitchen Poker:
 She delicately hinted that
 He'd stolen her little Poker.

Now Pat he was a grenadier
 In what is call'd the grey-light horse,
 And a claner, stouter, tighter boy,
 Upon my soul, there never was.

He cried out, Blood and thunder,
Do you take me for a joker,
Do you think I'd come into your house,
And stale your dirty Poker,
Your nasty kitchen Poker:
Do you think I'd come into your house,
And stale your dirty Poker.

Then Pat swore by the Hill o' Howth,
And by the Holy Fathers, too,
By all the ghosts in yon churchyard,
If they were gather'd in a crew.
Says he unto the widow,
Do you take me for a joker,
Do you think I'd come to your fireside
And stale your dirty Poker,
Your nasty, clatty Poker ;
Do you think an Irish jintleman
Would stale your dirty Poker.

But all that he could say or do,
Had no effect npon her ;
At length, says she, " Now, Pat will you
Declare npon your honour?"
Arrah! Paddy, stared and started back,
His hand behind his cloaker,
" Touch my honour, touch my life,
There's your dirty Poker!
Your nasty, filthy Poker ;
Touch my honour, touch my life,
Take your dirty Poker."

TIPPITYWICHET.

This morning very handy,
 My malady was such,
 I in my tea took brandy,
 But took a cup too much.
 (Hiccups) tol de rol.

But stop, I mus'n't mag hard,
 My head aches,—if you please,
 One pinch of Irish blackguard
 I'll take, to give me ease.
 (Sneezes) tol de rol.

Now I'm quite drowsy growing,
 For this very morn
 I rose when cock was crowing,—
 Excuse me if I yawn.
 (Yawns) tol de rol.

I'm not in cue for frolic,
 Can't up my spirits keep,
 For love's a windy cholio,—
 'Tis that which makes me weep.
 (Cries) tol de rol.

I'm not in mood for crying,
 Care's a silly calf,—
 If to get fat you're trying,
 The only way's to laugh.
 (Laughs) tol de rol.

BARNABY FINEGAN.

I'm a decent gay labouring youth,
 I was reared in the town of Dunshauglin,
 I'm a widower now in Maynooth,
 Since I hurried sweet Molly M'Loughlin ;
 I married but once in my life,
 But I'll never commit such a sin again—
 I discovered, when she was my wife,
 She was fond of one Barnaby Finegan.

His father had cabins of mud,
 That I often went to admire,—
 They were built at the time of the flood
 To keep all his ancestors drier.
 When he found I had Molly bespoken,
 He was getting quite fat, but got thin again,
 In the struggle his gizzard he broke,
 And we'd a stiff of poor Barnaby Finegan.

His corpse for convenience was put
 Among all his friends, in the barn, sir ;
 Some travelled there upon foot,
 While others came mounted on garroons, sir,
 My wife for his loss cried and sobb'd,
 Though I put her out twice she got in again,
 But I gave her a bolt in the gob,
 For which I was attacked by the Finegans.

The bed and the corpse was upset—
 The fighting commenced in a minute, sure,
 But the devil a stick could they get,
 Till they broke all the legs of the furniture.

In showers the blood flew about,
 Eyes were knocked out and shoved in again,
 But I got a sowestering clout,
 That split me a-top of poor Finegan.

How long I was dead I don't know—
 I couldn't believe I was living, sirs ;
 I roused with the pain of my toes,
 For they had them both tied with a ribbon sirs,
 I opened my mouth for to speak,
 But the sheets were put up to my chin again ;
 Molly roars out you know you're awake,
 You'll be buried with Barnaby Finegan.

You lump of deception I cried—
 And I thought to bounce up to knock her about
 But of course, as my two toes were tied,
 I was fast as a s. oon in thick stirabout ;
 I soon got the use of my toes,
 By a friend of the corpse, Larry Gilligan,
 He helped me to leap into clothes,
 To go spread a grass quilt o'er Finegan.

My she-devil came on the spree,
 Full of whiskey and grief, from the berrin',
 She shewed as much mercy to me,
 As a hungry man shews to a herring ;
 But one belly-go sifter I gave her,
 Which caused her to cry and to grin again,
 In three months more I opened the grave,
 And threw her a top of poor Finegan.

And now that I'm single again,
 I spend my time raking and battering,
 I go to the fair with the men,
 And I dance with the maids at the pattersn.

When they think I am stuck to a T,
They get shy, drop the talk, and begin again,
But they sha'n't come the buckle at me,
For they might be acquainted with Finegan

THE IRLISH EMIGRANT.

I'm sitting by the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago when first you were my bride ;
The corn was springing fresh and green, and the lark sang loud and high,
And the red was on your lip, Mary, and the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary, the day is bright as then,
The lark's loud song is in my ear, and the corn is green again ;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand, and the breath warm on your cheek,
And still keep list'ning to the words you never more may speak.

I'm very lonely now, Mary, for the poor make no new friends,
But oh, they love the better still the few our Father sends ;
And you were all I had, Mary, my blessing and my pride,
There's nothing left to care for now since my poor Mary died.

I'm bidding you a long farewell, my Mary kind and true,
 But I'll not forget you darlin', in the land I'm going to ;
 They say there's bread and work for all, and the sun shines always there,
 But I'll ne'er forget old Ireland were it fifty times as fair.

HAD I A GLASS.

Had I a glass of largest size,
 Filled full off mountain dew ;
 I'd quaff it of before thine eyes,
 To prove that I am true.

Then dread not, sir, I'll e'er forget
 Thy nose so red and long ;
 For while that I remain in debt,
 I'll drink thy liquor strong.

And when I hear that you are dead,
 I'll drink thy dirge in wine ;
 And when the fumes are in my head,
 I'll call thee friend of mine.

Then dread not, sir, I'll e'er forget
 Thy nose so red and long ;
 ' e'en when you have ta'en the pot,
 I'll drink thy liquor strong.

NUMBER ONE.

It's very hard, and so it is,
To live in such a row,
And witness this, that every Miss
But me has got a bean,
For love goes calling up and down,
But here he seems to shun :
I'm sure he has been ask'd enough
To call at number one!
Now, all young maids, take my advice,
And listen to my song,
And if a sweetheart you should want,
Don't live at number one.

I'm sick of all the double knocks
That come to number four !
At number three I often see
A lover at the door ;—
And one in blue at number two,
Calls daily like a dun ;
It's very hard they come so near,
And not to number one!

Mrs Bell, I hear, has got a dear
Exactly to her mind,
By sitting at the window pane
Without a bit of blind,
But I go on the balcony,
Which she has never done ;
Yet arts that thrive at number five
Don't take at number one!

I am not old ! I am not plain,
 Nor awkward in my gait—
 I am not crooked like the bride
 That went from number eight.
 I'm sure white satin made her look
 As brown as any lun ;
 But even beauty has no chance,
 I think, at number one!

At number six, they say, Miss Rose
 Has slain a score of hearts,
 And Cupid, for her sake, has been
 Quite prodigal of darts.
 The imp they show with bended bow—
 I wish he had a gun ;
 But if he had he'd never deign
 To shoot with number one!

It's very hard, and so it is,
 To live in such a row ;
 And here's a ballad-singer come
 To aggravate my woe.
 O take away your foolish song,
 And tones enough to stun ;
 There is nae luck about the house,
 I know, at number one.

LONG TAIL BLUE.

I've just dropt in to see you all,
 An' ax you how you do!
 I'll sing you a song, it's not very long,
 It's about my long tail blue.

Just look at my long tail blue,
 Oh, how do you like my blue ?
 I'll sing you a song, it's not very long
 It's about my long tail blue.

Some niggas they have hut one coat,
 But I you see got two,
 I wears a jacket all de week,
 And a Sunday my long tail blue.
 Just look at my long, &c.

I stopt some time at Wurginny springs,
 An' at Baltimore city too,
 But I guess I made de niggas squat,
 When they saw my long tail blue.
 Just look at my long, &c.

Jim Crow was courtin' a brown gal,
 And de white folks called her Sue,
 But I guess she let de nigga drop,
 When she saw my long tail blue,
 Just look at my long, &c.

Now all you chaps dat want a wife
 An' don't know how to do,
 Just look at me, an' I'll show you how
 To swing your long tail blue.
 Just look at my long, &c.

SMART YOUNG BACHELORS

Here we are a dashing set,
 Smart young bachelors!
 Here we are a dashing set,
 Over head and ears in debt,
 Seeking each a wife to get,
 Smart young bachelors!

When young maidens we implore,
 Smart young bachelors!
 When young maidens we implore,
 With an eye upon their store,
 'Tis for love,—and nothing more,
 Smart young bachelors!

Up to fashions height we dress,
 Smart young bachelors!
 Up to fashions height we dress,
 Quite the go—but would you guess
 Sometimes poor and pennylesse,
 Smart young bachelors!

Youth and beauty we pursue,
 Smart young bachelors!
 Youth and beauty we pursue,
 Though some wrinkled dame might do
 With a thousand pounds or two,
 Smart young bachelors!

What a life 't would be to us,
 Smart young bachelors!
 What a life 't would be to us,
 Wife at home, and child at nurse,
 Not a penny in the purse,
 Smart young bachelors!

Ladies all—it matters not,
 Smart young bachelors!
 Ladies all—it matters not,
 Gentle, simple, tall, or short,
 So you have the rhino got.

(*Spoken.*)—Then indeed you will have the command of them, and may choose a husband where you please, to keep him from the list of—
 Poor old bachelors!

One day as I walk'd in Lumber Street,
 My lubly Dinah I did meet,
 I wink'd, she blush'd like a bag ob sut,
 Rol'd de white ob her eye and gib a great strut.
 To olar de kitchen, &c.

Dia lubly creatnre one day I did see
 Drinking a juleb sangaree,
 An seated on a tater hill,
 Eating up a whip-poor-will.
 Now olar de kitchen, &c.

NEVER GO TO FRANCE.

Never go to France,
 Unless you know the lingo,
 If you do, like me,
 You will repent by jingo!
 Staring like a fool,
 And silent as a mummy,
 There I stood, alone,
 A nation with a dummy.

Never go, &c.

Chaises stand for obairs,
 They obristen letters nillies,
 They call their mothers marces,
 And call their daughters fillies.
 Strange it was to hear,
 I'll tell you what's a good 'un,
 They call their leather queer—
 And half their shoer are wooden.

Never go, &c.

Moo! I cried for milk,
 I got my sweet things snugger ;
 When I kissed Jeannette,
 'Twas understood for sugar.
 If I wanted bread,
 My jaws I set agoing ;
 And asked for new laid eggs,
 By clapping hands and crowing.
Never go, &c

If I wished a ride,
 I'll tell you how I got it,
 On my stick astride,
 I made believe to trot it.
 Then their cash was strange,
 It bored me every minute,
 Now, here's a "hog" to change,
 How many "sows" are in it !
Never go, &c

BILLY BOWLING.

One night came on a hurricane,
 The sea was mountains rolling ;
 When Barney Buntline turned his quid,
 And said to Billy Bowling—
 A strong nor-wester's blowing, Bill,
 Hark! don't you hear it roar now ;
 Lord help them, how I pities all
 Unhappy folks on shore now.

Fool-hardy chaps, who live in town,
 What dangers they are hauling,
 And now are quaking in their beds
 F'or fear the roof should fall in ;

Poor creatures, how the envy us,
 And wishes—(I've a notion),
 For our good luck in such a storm,
 To be upon the ocean.

But as for them they're out all day
 On business from their houses,
 And late at night are coming home
 To cheer their babes and spouses.
 While you and I, Bill, on the deck
 Are comfortably lying,
 My eyes, what tiles and chimney pots
 About their heads are flying.

And often have we, seamen, heard
 How men are killed and undone,
 By overturns of carriages,
 By thieves and fires in London.
 We know what risk landmen run,
 From noblemen to tailors,
 Then Bill, let us thank Providence,
 That you and I are sailors.

DANDY JIM FROM CAROLINE.

I've often heard it said ob late,
 Dat Souf Carolina was de state,
 Whar a handsome nigga's bound to shine,
 Like Dandy Jim from Caroline.
 For my ole massa tole me so,
 I was de best looking nigga in de country, O
 I look in de glass an' found 'twas so,
 Jus' what massa tole me, O.

I drest myself from top to toe,
 And down to Dinah I did go,
 Wid panta'oons strapped down behind,
 Like Dandy Jim from Caroline.
 For my ole massa, &c.

De bull dog cleared me out ob de yard,
 I tought I'd better leabe my card,
 I tied it fast to a piece ob twine,
 Signed "Dandy Jim from Caroline."
 For my ole massa, &c.

She got my card an wrote me a letter,
 An ebery word she spelt tbe better,
 For ebery word an ebery line,
 Was Dandy Jim from Caroline.
 For my ole massa, &c.

Oh, beauty is but skin deep,
 But wid Miss Dinah none complete,
 She changed her name from lubly Dine,
 To Mrs Dandy Jim from Caroline.
 For my ole massa, &c.

An ebery little nig she had,
 Was de berry image ob de dad,
 Dar heels stuck out three feet behind,
 Like Dandy Jim from Caroline.
 For my ole massa, &c.

I took dem all to church one day,
 An hab dem christened without delay
 De preacher christened eight or nine
 Young Dandy Jims from Caroline.
 For my ole massa, &c.

MARY BLANE.

I once did lub a pretty gal—I lub'd her as my
life—

She came from Louisiana, and I made her my
dear wife.

At home we lib'd so happy, oh, free from grief
and pain,

But in the winter time of year I lost my Mary
Blane.

Oh, fare de well, poor Mary Blane! one feeling
heart bids you adieu—

Oh, fare de well, my Mary Blane! we'll never
meet again.

I went into de woods one day, to hunt amoug
de cane,

De white man came into my house, and took
poor Mary Blane.

It grieb me bery much to tink, no hope I entertain,
Oh eber seeing my dear gal, my own poor Mary
Blane.

Oh, fare de well, &c.

When toiling in de cotton field, I cry and say
good bye,

Unto my broder comrades, oh soon, oh soon I die,
My poor wife gone—I cannot lib amidst dis world
ob pain,

But lay me in de grave to find out my poor Mary
Blane.

Den fare de well, dear Mary Blane, do we are
parted here on earth—

Oh, fare de well, dear Mary Blane, we soon shall
meet again.

ALLISTER M'ALLISTER.

O Allister M'Allister,
 Your chanter sets us a' astir,
 Then to your bags and blaw wi' birr,
 We'll dance the Highland fling.
 Now Allister has tuned his pipes,
 And thrang as humbees frae their bykes,
 The lads and lasses loup the dykes,
 And gather on the green.
 O Allister M'Allister, &c.

The miller, Hah, was fidgin' fain
 To dance the Highland fling his lane,
 He lap as high as Elspa's wame,
 The like was never seen;
 As round about the ring he whnda,
 And cracks his thumbs and shakes his duca-
 The meal flew frae his tail in cluds,
 And blinded a' their e'en.
 O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Neist rauchle-handed smiddy Jock,
 A' blacken'd o'er wi' coom and smoke,
 Wi' shauchlin' blear-e'd Bess did yoke,
 That slaverin-gabbit qnean.
 He shook his donhlet in the wund,
 His feet like hammers struck the grund,
 The very mondiwarts were stunn'd,
 Nor ken'd what it could mean.
 O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Now wanton Willie was nae hlate,
 For he got haud o' winsome Kate,
 "Come here," quo' he, "I'll show the gate
 To dance the highland fling."

The Highland fling he danced wi' glee,
 And lap as he were gaun to flee;
 Kate beck'd and boob'd sae bonnillie,
 And tript it light and clean.

O Allister M'Allister, &c.

Now Allister has done his best,
 And weary houghs are wantin' rest,
 Besides they sair wi' drouth were strest,
 Wi' dancin' sae, I ween.

I trow the quantrees gat a lift,
 And round the bicker flew like drift,
 And Allister that very night,
 Could scarcely stand his lane.

O Allister M'Allister, &c.

DERE'S SOME ONE IN DE HOUSE WID DINAH.

Old Joe sat at de garden gate;
 He couldn't get in, 'cos he'd come too late;
 Up wid a stone, and knook at de door,
 "I want to come in," says dis black Joe.
 "Who's dere?" "Old Joe."
 "What, de Joe?" "Yes, de Joe."
 Old Joe kicking up behind and before,
 De yellow gal kicking up behind old Joe.
 Dere's some one in de house wid Dinah,
 Dere's some one in de house, I know;
 Dere's some one in de house wid Dinah,
 Plying on de ole banjo.

Out come Dinah! "What for you dere?"

"I want a gun to shoot dat hare;"

"Come, old nigga, dat game wont do;"

You had better go home and mend your shoe.

Old Joe, &c.

He come to town in a shocking fright,
 For he heard a noise, and he saw a fight;
 Some boys were running up and down
 Shouting—"Old Joe is just come to town!"

Old Joe, &c.

In come a nigger, wid a blue tailed coat;
 "Can you give me change for a five-pound note?"

"About your notes I do not know,
 But I'll give you a note on de old banjo."

Old Joe, &c.

Old Joe was a nice young man,
 He used to ride old Dobbin Dan,
 But he sent him spinning down de hill,
 An' I calculate he is dere still.

Old Joe, &c.

DOCTOR BROWN.

There's no one knows me now, oh, crickey,
 I'm so worn down,
 Since I've lived with a man named Mikey,
 Vile Dr Brown.

I once ~~was~~ fat, there's no denial;
 But since I've gone to him on trial,
 I've grown as thin as a two-ounce vial,
 Oh! Dr Brown.

I'll tell you how my master *seves* me;
 Oh! Dr Brown.

He makes me work and almost starves me,
 Oh! Dr Brown:

For he often says, with much elocution,
 Hard work, light food, and good resolution,
 Are best for every constitution.

Oh! Dr Brown.

Oh, Miss Lucy's teeth is grinning,
 Just like an ear ob corn,
 And her eyes dey look so winning,
 I wish I ne'er was born.

Oh, take, &c.

Oh, Miss Lucy when she trabbles,
 She always lobes a mark,
 Oh her footsteps on de grabble,
 You can see dem in de dark.

Oh, take, &c.

My mother's sick a-bed, ah!
 My daddy's got de gout,
 Good morning, Mr Jenkins,
 "Does your mother know you're out?"

Oh, take, &c.

My daddy is a baker,
 My mother kneads the dough,
 My brother plays the fiddle,
 And I de ole banjo.

Oh, take, &c.

If I had a scolding wife,
 I'd lick her sure as I'm born,
 I'd take her down to New Orleans,
 And trade her off for corn.

Oh, take, &c.

THERE WAS A JOLLY MILLER.

There was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee,
He danced and sang from morn till night,—no lark
so blithe as he;

And this the burden of his song for ever used to be,
“ I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for
me.”

“ I live by my mill, God bless her! she's kindred,
child, and wife;

I would not change my station for any other in life;
No lawyer, surgeon or doctor, e'er had a groat from
me;

I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for
me.”

When spring begins his merry career, oh! how his
heart grows gay;

No summer's drought alarms his fears, nor winter's
cold decay;

No foresight mars the miller's joy, who's wont to
sing and say,

“ Let others toil from year to year, I live from day
to day.”

Thus, like the miller, bold and free, let us rejoice
and sing,

“ The days of youth are made for glee, and time is
on the wing:”

This song shall pass from me to thee, along the jovial
ring,

Let heart and voice and all agree, to say, “ Long
live the Queen!”

COME, YOU DARKIES, SING.

Come, come, you darkies, sing,
 Don't you hear the banjo ring, ring, ring;
 Come, come, you darkies, sing,
 Sing to the white folks, sing.

Our style of singing's something new,
 With fiddle, bones, and banjo too;
 From vulgar niggers soon we flew,
 To join this science band.

I do not see why the manager wants to go
 So much expense this theatre for to light;
 For by this time I think he ought to know,
 The ladies' bright eyes give the best of light.

Come, come, you gemmen, pay
 'Ticklar attention to what I say;
 Why don't you niggers play away
 The music of this band.

We brought this music to England nation,
 Right from off the old plantation,
 And trust to meet your approiation
 By singing here to-night.

The ladies fair, and all the gemmen here to-night
 We hope our singing nons of them will vex;
 For we will sing to-night with all our might,
 To please the fair, the fairest of the sex.

Come, come, you gemmen, do
 Bring along your ladies, too;
 here's something here that's very new,
 It is call'd the Virginia band.

Bring your ladies, do not fear,
 There's nothing done to offend the ear;
 Our music, it is very clear,
 Not of the vulgar sound.

There's Ginger, he plays so nicely on the bones;
 Jim the tambourine does beat so light;
 The banjos and violin all have good tones,
 Which will serve to please you all to-night.

PADDY OUT OF HEARING.

One rainy day, och! I got wet,
 Outside and in, to boot;
 And och! that night, like growing whea
 My ears began to shoot.
 Sure, soon as deaf as flint was I,
 And wretched fears endured,
 For, like an unborn pig, I thought
 I never could be cured.

For, like an unborn pig, &c.

I saw sweet Judy screw her phiz,
 "Och! sad," says I, "your fate is,"
 For I could hear no voice, but s'posed
 She'd burnt her mouth wid pratees!
 "You block!" she bawl'd, "I'll lave ye now!
 Your blind ears all a prank!
 I'll court Tim Moore, the soldier bould,
 For he's a man of rank."

"I'll court Tim Moore," &c.

"Don't be so hard," says I, "my dear,
 Nor treat me wid such jeering;
 Sure, though I'm deaf, you'd not condemn
 A man without a hearing."

“ Begone, yon wooden stone,” she scream’d,
 “ A soldier hould I’ll try;
 And if Tim Moore won’t do, I’ve got
 A corporal in my eye.”
 “ And if Tim Moore,” &c.

Then, ‘kase a corporal’s in your eye,
 Your proud, says I, “ my dear;
 What will you be, when you’ve, like me,
 A kernel in your ear.”
 ’Twas all in vain, she turn’d me off,
 And, fill’d wid wounds and smarts,
 Ould Ireland broke my heart to bits,
 And so “ I left them parts.”
 Ould Ireland broke, &c.

And here I am, and that’s the truth,
 As deaf as deaf can be;
 Och, I’m so ont of hearing now,
 That, faith, I scarce can see.
 Before me is a mighty crowd
 Of people,—quite a host,
 Not one I know, for sure I am
 As deaf as any post.
 Not one I know, &c.

THE KISS AHINT THE DOOR.

There’s meikle bless in ae fond kiss,
 Whyles mair than in a score;
 But wae betak’ the stouin smack
 I took ahint the door.

“ O laddie whist, for sic a fright
 I ne’er was in afore,
 Fn’ brawly did my mither hear
 The kiss ahint the door.”

The wa's are thick, ye needna fear,
 But gin they jeer an' mock,
 I'll swear it was a startit cork,
 Or wyte the rusty lock,
 There's meikle bliss, &c.

We stappit hen, while Maggie's face
 Was like a lowin' coal ;
 And as for me I could ha'e crept
 Into a rabbit's hole.
 The mither lookt, sa'ff's how she lookt !
 Thae mithers are a bore,
 An' gleg as ony cat to hear
 A kiss ahint the door,
 There's meikle bliss, &c.

The dooce gudeman, though he was there,
 As weel micht been in Rome,
 For by the fire he fuff'd his pipe,
 And never fash'd his thoom ;
 But tittrin' in a corner stood
 The gawky sisters four,
 A winter's nicht for me they micht
 Ha'e stood ahint the door,
 There's meikle bliss, &c.

" How daur ye tak' sic freedoms here !"
 The bauld gudewife began,
 Wi' that a foursome yell got up,
 I to my beels an' ran.
 A besom whiskit by my lug,
 An' dishelouts half a score,
 Catch me again, though sidgin' fain,
 At kissin' 'hint the door.
 There's meikle bliss, &c.

VICISSITUDES OF LIFE .

Tribonius Titus is my name;
 An orphan sad am I;
 And often do I think I came
 From a clever fam-i-ly.
 To my *fore fathers* mother said
 A disgrace I should become;
 Said I, "If you've been honest, ma,
 I've never had but one."

Tol, lol, lol, etc.

My dad was near when I was born,
 Though he's far off now, I vow;
 For, since my parent's dead and gone,
 He's not ap-parent now.
 "Provide against a rainy day,"
 He'd say, "my boy,"—intent,
 I did—but then it rain'd last week,
 And every farthing went.

Tol, lol, lol, etc.

I manage matters plaguy well,
 Whene'er about I roam;
 I take no money out with me,
 And none I leave at home.
 Some folks say a contented mind's
 A continual feast—no matter,
 I've been contented very oft,
 But never got no fatter.

Tol, lol, lol, etc.

If in the Commons you've a voice;
 I wish you would beseech 'em,
 To lower provisions—they're so high,
 I'm flogg'd if I can reach 'em.

The disease in vegetation
 Seems to me all garden-stuff ;
 A vast tater we should hail with glee,
 For we've had 'em small enough.
 Tol, lol, lol,

When my tailor builds me a snit of clothes,
 My economy is vast ;
 I order coat and waistcoat first,
 So he makes my tronsers last.
 I get my port wine cheap—and why?—
 It never costs me pelf ;
 I choose it thick, then set it by,
 It settles for itself.
 Tol, lol, lol, etc.

The ingratitude of this base world
 Completely does unnerve me ;
 The bailiff seems the only man
 That has a wish to serve me.
 The world is now a game of chess
 To me, both night and morn ;
 My chance to win each hour gets less ;
 I must help it with a pawn.
 Tol, lol, lol, etc

My landlord says he'll raise his rent,
 He's so hard up for pelf ;
 I thank'd him for his kind intent,
 For I can do so myself.
 And yet upon the other hand,
 When I view my person calm,
 I often find I'm carrying
 The rent beneath my arm.
 Tol, lol, lol, etc.

Though Nature did me much bequeath,
 Time's very rude and free;
 For once I used to cut my teeth,
 But now my teeth cuts me.
 I'm plainer than I was, no doubt,—
 Dear ladies, spare my blushes;
 But, you know, faces will wear out,
 The same as scrubbing-brushes.

Tol, lol, lol, etc

I've had my eye upon a lass,
 Whose heart I hope to win;
 I've got a tidy share of brass,
 And she's got mines of tin.
 If she refuses, silly elf,
 (I mean to be perempt),
 I'll positively drown myself,
 Or perish in the attempt.

Tol, lol, lol, etc.

KATTY MOONEY.

I courted Katty Mooney dear,
 A girl so nate and cosie,
 Her eyes they were both bright and clear
 And her cheeks were red and rosy.
 I bought a pig to live with us,
 I got a stick to mind it,
 'Twas a clever pig, but like the rest,
 It carried its tail behind it.
 Oh, hubbuboo, etc.

When we were wed and soon made one
 In love we made a dozen;
 Until she brought to town with her
 Her thirty-second cousin;
 I made him eat, I made him drink,
 With compliments he lined me,
 But the reason why I never could find,
 Till one day he stayed behind me.
 Oh, hubhuboo, etc.

I don't know what, when I came back,
 I wish I had not seen them,
 For there they were giving smack for smack,
 And the pig was sitting betw een them;
 He ran away, och hubhuboo,
 May the devil catch and bind him,
 And my wife may go to the devil too,
 If they'd left the pig behind them.
 Oh, hubhuboo, etc.

OH, SUSANNA.

I come from Alabama with my banjo on my knee,
 I'm gone to Louisiana my true lub for to see.
 It rained all night de day I left, the wedder it
 was dry,
 De sun so hot I froze to death, Susanna don't you
 cry.

Oh, Susanna, don't you cry for me,
 I'm come from Alabama,
 Wid de banjo on my knee.

I'll soon be down in New Orleans, and den I'll
 run around,
 And if I see Susanna, I'll fall upon de ground.

But if I do not see her, this darkey 'ill surely die,
 And when I'm dead and buried, Susanna don't
 you cry.

Oh, Susanna, &c.

I had a dream de oder night when every thing
 was still,
 I thought I saw Susanna a coming down de hill.
 De buck wheat cake was in her mouf, de tear stood
 her eye,
 Says I, I'm comin' from de Souf, Susanna don't
 you cry.

Oh, Susanna, &c.

THE DONNYBROOK JIG.

Oh, 'twas Dermot O'Nolan M'Figg,
 That could properly handle a twig,
 He went to the fair,
 And kicked up a dust there
 In dancing the Donnybrook jig,
 With his sprig.
 Oh, my blessing to Dermot M'Figg.

When he came to the midst of the fair,
 He was all in a paugh of fresh air,
 For the fair very soon,
 Was as full as the moon,
 Such mobs upon mobs as were there,
 Oh, rare!
 So more luck to sweet Donnybrook fair.

The souls they came pouring in fast,
 To dance while the leather would last,
 For the Thomas Street brogue
 Was there in much vogue,
 And oft with a brogue a joke passed,
 Quite fast,
 While the cash and the whisky did last.

But Dermot, his mind on love bent,
 In search of his sweetheart he went,
 Peeped in here and there,
 As he walked through the fair,
 And took a small drop in each tent,
 As he went,
 Och! on whisky and love he was bent.

And who should he spy in a jig,
 With a mealman so tall and so big,
 But his own darling Kate,
 So gay and so nate—
 Faith, her partner he bit him a dig,
 The Pig,
 But he beat the meal out of his wig.

Then Dermot, with conquest elate,
 Drew a stool near his beautiful Kate ;
 Arrah, Katty, says he,
 My own Cushlamachree!
 Sure the world for beauty you heat,
 Complete,
 So we'll just take a dance while we wait.

The piper, to keep him in tune,
 Struck up a gay lilt very soon,

Until an arch wag
 Cut a hole in his bag,
 And at once put an end to the tune,
Too soon,
 Och, the music flew up to the moon.

To the fiddler says Dermot M'Figg,
 If you'll please to play "Shelah na gig,"
We'll shake a loose toe,
While you humour the bow,
 To be sure you went warm the wig
Of M'Figg,
 While he's dancing a tight Irish jig.

But says Katty, the darlint, says she,
 If you'll only just listen to me,
It's myself that will show
That he can't be your foe,
 Though he fought for his cousin, that's me,
Says she,
 For sure, Billy's related to me.

For my own cousin-jarmine, Anne Wild,
 Stood for Biddy Mulroony's first child,
And Biddy's step-son,
Sure he married Bess Dunn,
 Who was gossip to Jenny, as mild
A child,
 As ever at mother's breast smiled.

And may be you don't know Jane Brown,
 Who served goats' whey in sweet Dunderum
 town,
'Twas her uncle's half-brother
That married my mother,
 And bought me this new yel'ow gown,
To go down
 ere the marriage was held in Milltown.

The loonsman come in a short frock coat,
 De boatmen come wid a five pound note.
 Stand back, my lads, for you have no chance
 Cos we call dis de boatmen's dance.

Dance, de boatmen, &c.

When you hear the boatmen's horn,
 Look out, my boys, the ship is gone:
 Wheel away and off we go,
 And you shall strike de old banjo.

Dance, de boatmen, &c.

Oher de mountain sleek as an eel,
 Dat's where de boatman trips on his heel.
 De vind may blow and de waves may toss,
 By my soul I tink de boatman's lost.

Dance, de boatmen, &c.

THE STRIPED FIG.

In Dedham, just know, they'd a very great muster,
 Which collected the people all up in a cluster;
 And a terrible time, and, what do you think,
 To find out a way to get something to drink.

Ri tu, di nu, di nu, di nu,

Ri tu, di ni nu, ri tu, di nu, ri na.

A Yankee came in with the real nutmeg brand,
 Who has sold wooden clocks throughout all the
 land;

And he hit on a plan a little bit slicker,
 By which he could furnish these soldiers with liquor.

Ri tu, di nu, etc.

They would not allow him to sell by the mug,
 Unless he could furnish a fifteen gallon jug;
 And, as folke wouldn't drink in a measure so big,
 He got out a license to show a striped pig.

Ri tu, di nu, etc.

He thought he'd go snacks with the four-legged
 brute,

That belongs to the genins that knows how to rute;
 This fellow was taught, no doubt, by the devil,
 The way to get at the root of all evil..

Ri tu, di nu, etc.

In the sham fight there was a very great slaughter,
 And them that survived it, they couldn't get water;
 For them that had wells, for a quart axed a quarter,
 Which was a darn'd sight more than they ever had
 arter.

Ri tu, di nu, etc.

A doctor, who wanted some patients to rob,
 Look'd into the tent, in search of a job;
 Disease in the optics he could descry,
 For each one that went in had a sty in his eye.

Ri tu, di nu, etc.

A sailor came up under full sail,
 Who said he'd chew'd oakum in many a gale
 He gave the porker a boisterous hail,
 And axed for a quid of his pig-tail.

Ri tu, di nu, etc.

A wealthy distiller next look'd in,
 To see how they turn'd their grain into gin;
 He drily remark'd, after drinking his fill,
 That was a queer way of working the worm of still.

Ri tu, di nu, etc.

A farmer rode by on his long-tail'd steed,
 To ask what they would give him for feed ;
 Said he'd a good stock of the five-field breed,
 But such a striped pig he never had seed.

Ri tu, di nu, etc.

The sign at the tent was " Striped pig to be seen,
 The wonder of Dedham, the four-legg'd brute ;"
 A fourpenny-bit they paid to get in,
 Which piggy paid back in brandy and gin.

Ri tu, di nu, etc.

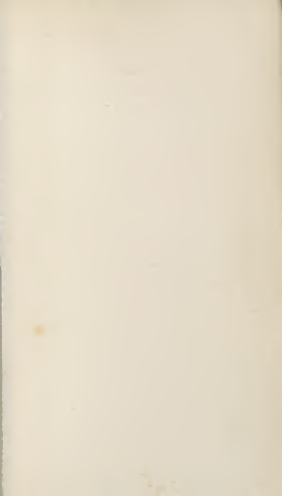
The Temperance men they felt rather sore ;
 They thought the striped pig was a very great
 bore ;
 But they told the keeper they'd no longer rail,
 If he'd rig out his pig with a temperance tail.

Ri tu, di nu, etc.

The folks at the muster they all agreed,
 That this was the pig for crossing the breed ;
 For he left his mark on every biped
 That went in sober, that came out strip'd.

Ri tu, di nu, etc.









23/4/07-2/6

