

I AM OFF TO IRELAND, So don't you cry for me.

Albert take your kiddies on your back
And come along with me,
I'm going off to Paddy's land
Some pastime for to see ;
John Bull get me some halfpence
For I've got to clear the way,
Singing, butter milk and whiskey O !
And Paddy's land, huzza !
John Bull tell all your children they must not cry
for me,
I am going off to Paddy's land, enjoyment for to see.

Come little Bob, come Bright and Cob,
Come Grey and Jacky Russell,
Come Joey Hume, sing buy a broom
And tax the ladies bustles ;
Come Arthur dear and banish fear,
And take your gun in hand
And fire at the ladies that
Live on your native land,
English ladies while I'm absent, don't into troubles
run,
I am only going to Paddy's land, to have a bit of fun.

If in Ireland I should have a son,
Oh, won't it be a lark !
On his shoulders with a murphy pot,
He surely will be marked
On his b— a pair of bagpipes
That never yet was played,
And on his little belly with
A slashing rate in aid.
And if the Irish lasses, bonny Albert you should
pinch,
I will knock you with a sausage, to a place called
Ballynainch.

I have been in bonny Scotland,
Where they whistled hey down diddle,
Where A'bert kissed the ladies till
He caught the Scottish fiddle ;
And now I'm going to Ireland,
If all displeases me.
Arrah mon dale I'll whop him,
Till he nolloas gramachree
John Bull keep up up your spirits lad, and do not
weep for Vick,
I am going to learn my Albert for to twirl a black
thorn stick.

Come Sotherland and come Buccleugh,
And Palmerston in haste,
The steam is up we are on the way,
There is notime to waste,
Nosey and Bob and little John,
I have started off, oh lawk !
To boil a pot of praties for us,
When we get to Cork.
So you gentlemen and ladies all, in England for us
pray,
That we while going to Paddy's land, may not be
cast away.

And when that we get into Cork,
Dear Albert you must mind,
To put on your German mackintosh,
And button it behind,
And with the Irish lasses Al,
One inch you musn't jog,
For fear they should seduce you,
And lead you in a bog
All you that's left behind us pray do not cry for me
Butter milk & whiskey, there's a bug u, on my knee

May Heaven bless St. Patrick,
I have heard the people say,
He banished all the frogs and toads
From Ireland far away ;
I wish he'd come to England,
Where thousands he would please,
To banish all the rats and mice,
And all the bugs and fleas.
There is a good time coming Britons, do not weep
for me,
I am only going to Paddy's land to get a cup of e

Good bye my friends and neighbours,
To Ireland I'll roam;
You English Bishops take the tarp,
And strike up Garry Owen.
I have travel'ed through the Isle of Wight,
Through Scotland and France,
And now I'm going to Paddy's land,
With Al to learn to dance.
So ladies while we're absent, for me don't sigh and
weep,
But thirk about poor Paddy's land, when you are
fast asleep.

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