



A NEW SONG IN PRAISE OF
MR TAIT AND THE HARBOUR
COMMISSIONERS

Arrah who hasn't heard of the Harbour Commissioners,
And the rows and the ructions they had at the Board,
And how all the schemes of these vile impositioners,
Where by the Mayor so gallantly flured?
The Jury was packed bardin Harris & Callaghan,
By those boasting impostors Dick Rusiel & Spaight,
Who tried to malign & cackbit our protector,
The generous talent high minded Tait,

CHORUS:—Singing tidy fal lal, &c;

Tory Jim—fara to make his importance the larger—
Hit on a plan by which to insnare,
Lord Neas who badly wanted a charger,
And came for to purchase at Limerick Fair,
So Jim gave a larg party to which he invited,
His Lordship & all who belongs to his set,
Excluding the Mayor for fear he might share,
In the glory of freeing our Harbyur from debt,

Shure we'll remember at the last Elections;
When Jemmy & Dick were enemies di'e,
Dick said Jim was of Oranè extraction,
And call'd him a sonperin need of hell's fire;
But there Dick was wroth for Jim never wasted,
His ca-h upon soup to give to the poor,
Neither Papist nor Protestant soup ever tasted,
For they got but soft talk at Fartnuragha's door

Blust'ring Dick I tel' you to be easy,
Discord enough in our City you've sown,
From your bullying & bragging we're now almost crazy
The time has passed when the town was your own;
So draw in your bigged standering horns,
And crown party feelings for general weal,
Respect our opinions & plant no more horns
Or soon you shall know what the publick feel,

The Mayor has given two thousand in charity,
And blankets and beds to five hundred poor;
His merited worth and kindly humanity,
Scorn attacks so corrupt and impure
The thousands employed by his unceasing energy,
Are not walking in but well dressed and well paid,
And if in Old Ireland we had many such as he,
We should see less of the Crowbar Brigade

Don't take Jobbing ranters by long winded speeches
Compare them with acts and their merit is small,
As Bill Shakespear himself in the play somewhere teaches
The most they express who sap nothing at all,
The favour in this matter achieved for our City,
What for years all our Members in vain strove to get,
To him be the praise to the end of his days,
Who obtained the concession we'll never forget,

To pluckey Harris great praise is awarded,
For the manner in which he defended the Mayor,
And Eugne O'Callaghan's fame is recorded,
For he spoke like a gentleman calmly and fair,
Bould Power and M'Donnell who gave him a dressing,
I thought to be able to name a few more,
No matter Joe Donoghue gives them his blessing,
And expects from the publick a hearty cheer;

