



A New Song on the
**GARRYOWEN BOYS ADVENTURES TO
ENGLAND**

As I rove'd out one evening thro' Devonshire in England,
I call'd to an ale house myself and my friends
On being on a Patrick's day as we lande there quite merrily
We call'd for some porter our thirst for to quench
We drank to Garryown and the ancient town of Limerick,
To Erins green shore and her daisy clad hills,
Where the boys po sing in chorus without spite or animosity
And girls do enjoy themselvs with a good jug of punch
We drank away like toppers & we des'd no great apology
We drank without commotion to adversary's or friends,
Till a troop hanavarians had degrade'd our capacity
They swote by hecas pocus that a papist they would lick
Werwig'd them in a memento and we told them to coat n'tt themselves
We told them to be silent as we gave them no offence
But the more we were opposing them the more they were approach-
ing,
And threatening every moment that the ta'Proom we should quit
While we were elevated there was ten to one approaching us,
We got so iritated that we told them to desist
We then began to flake them with our little twigs of hazel
Till their bones were dislocated by the macking of our sticks
We left them in their gore till the Doctor had his patients
He pdt plasters to their noses and their eyes we had to fix
When we thought they should be easy the were still the more con-
trary
For they thought they should control us but indeed they were not, fit
When those cowards we defated to our lodgings we retreated
For we heard a great decision of those vipers to advance
Had we not been so convenient we should meet our destination,
For we know their inclination with their weapons in their hands
Till O'Donnell & O'Keif from the town of sweet Tipperary
When they knew our situation & we been fr m Garryown
They got ready their sheelias & were neither loth or lazy
Till they hunted these wild dependts to where Chafon had his best
When the battle was over & these folks were growin sober
Tho they done their whole enavours for to make us to retreat,
They may thank their own behavhur for the cut a rhd to be at them
Like a child that is ungrateful when his parents h'ld degrade
Altho we'd here on a foreign soore to seek for situation,
When we could be cultivating for ourselves on Erins shore
But I hope our fertile nation will soon meet an alteration
And that Paddies will have plenty as they o'ten had before
So you Irish melcians that are bound for Emegratoon
When your going to foreign nations & to leave your native shore
You could bring with you some hazel its a very handy weapon,
For to cultivate those deamons if they care for to expose
When you are drinking far from home & those tyrants to assail you
You could show them your sheelias that you brought from Erins ahoe
They will fly like coal tarpat when Mill a Choughlin had chased them
And they never more will cease you while your out of Garryown
Here's a health to Erins shore & its hospitible Sages
That would justly their neighbour when they'd meet them tar or neat
They'd refresh them at their table when they'd see them tired and
weary
With the best acomadation that their Cottage can afford
I travel to Garryown and to all my loving neighbours
And the miferous acquaintences with whom I often roved,
Where the mountain dew we tasted & no one to fill the gage
And I hope I will survive till I see the Shamrock-bore

P. Brereton, J. Lr, Exchange Street, Dublin

