



A new Song Call'd the  
**GARRYOWEN BOYS**  
**ADVENTURES TO ENGLAND**

As I rev'd out one eveing through Devoushire in Eugland  
 I call'd to an ale-house myself & my friends  
 It being on Patricks day as we laued there quite merrily  
 We call'd for some porter our thirst for to quench  
 We drank to Garryowne & the ancient town of Limrick  
 To Erins green shore & the daisy-clad hills  
 Where the boys does sing in chorus without spite or animosity  
 And girls to enjoy them with a good j. g. of punch

We drank away like toppers & we pass'd no great apolligy  
 We drank without commotion to adversary's or friends  
 Till a troop of hanavarians degraded our capacity  
 They swore by hocus pocus that a papist they would lick  
 We warn't them that moment we told them to content themselves  
 We told them for to be silent as we gave them no offence  
 But the more we were oposing them the more they were aproching  
 And threatning every moment that the taproom we should quit

While we were elevated there was ten to one aproching us  
 We got so iratated that we told them to desist  
 We then began to flae them with our little twigs of hazle  
 Till their bones were dislocated by the smaching of our sticks  
 We left them in their gore till the doctor had hispatcents  
 He Put plaster to their nose's & their bhres he had to fix  
 When we thought they should be easy the were stil mere contrary  
 Por they thought they could controul us but indeed they were not fit

When those cowards was delated to the foggings warretreete l  
 nor we honre a gaeat decision of those vipers to advance  
 Had we not been s convenient we should meet our destination  
 For we know their inclination With their weapons in their hands  
 till O'Donnell and O'Keif from the town of Tipperary  
 When they knew our situa ion and we been from Garryown  
 They got ready their shillelia's and were neither loath or lazy  
 Till they hunted those wild demons to where Carron had his boat

When the battle was over and folks were grown sober  
 Tho they done their whele endeavours far to wak us to retreat  
 They may hawk their own behaviour for the cut a rod to beat themselves  
 Like a child that is unerateful when parents he'l degrade  
 Altho ye ar here en a foreign s ore to seek for a situation  
 When we could be cultivation for ourselves on Erins shore  
 But I hopeour fe tile Nation will soon meet an alteration  
 And the Paddy's will have plenty as they often had begore

So you Irish milicoians that are bound for emegation  
 Wh n your going to fo eign nations & to leave your native shore  
 You should br ng with you some hazel i s a very handy weapon  
 For to cultivate those deamons if they dare to opose us  
 when you are danking far from home & those tyvants to asail you  
 You can show them your shillelia's that you bought from Erins shore  
 They did fly like foul targates when Miles Longhlin did chase them  
 And they never more will asail you wh l's your cut of Garryown

Here's a health to Erins shre and its hospitable Sages  
 That would justify their neighbor when they'd me-t them far or rear  
 They'd refresh them at their t.ble when they'd tee them tired and weary  
 With the best accomadation that thei Cotage can afford  
 Farewell to Ga rpown and to all my l veing neighbours  
 And the numerous aquainance's with whom I often roved  
 Where the mountain dew we tasted and uo on to toll the tale  
 And I hope I will snrvive till I see the Shamrock shore

