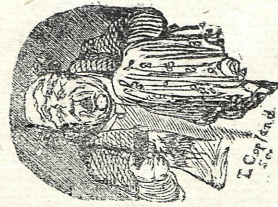




The Rake of Kildare.

As I roved thro' the town to view the pretty lass
The old maids with a frown peeped ta me thro
their glasses,
O Kildare town we will go down to view the
lasses pretty,
And the sailors also, which sets forth all it's
There's Captain Crockett of Cromwells Fort, a
very famous name, sir,
He keeps the buck and doe, and hunts the
sporting game, sir,
He wields the whip and spur, and makes the
hunters rattle,
And when that he comes home he'll surley
crack a bottle.
John Blake for to promote, he played some tune
so merry;
He gave some charming notes to banish melancholy
He'll then blow-up the pipes to play the tune,
brave Larry, [Carey.
You'd laugh until you'd die to hear sweet Paddy
He'd play the Queen, the Prussian was, the falls
of the Boyne water,
Maunette and Jeannott, and the Marches of
Alexander,
The blooming sweet cockade, the French brigade
is coming,
Connell was in for Clare, and all the boys were
singing,
played the reels of Colleen Down, and
of Kitty's cottage,
This afformonious jig, called—my moher
of pottage.
The Wexford rakes in style, and trip' the world
before him,
The sailor's hornpipe, and Garry Owen and Glory
He played Kitty from Athlone, with Mooreen
morea Glannow,
Moreen on the road, and the flashy rakes of
Mallow.
Aughrim's overthrow, and the fall of Carrig
Brave Sarsfield took command at many a famous
battle,
He played the famous chorus jig, the ancient ladies
fancy,
Ask and the bottle of punch, and the bonny
Highland ladde,
The ale-house in great glee, with the glass of brand
The roving spangie jig—my lev ho is a dand
tera Greena, he can play with all the variatio
The ramble from Treke, the Devil a song t
Tailors.
The job of journed work, and the boy she i
behind her,
The song of Paddy Whack, and tally-high-
the grinder.
He played the waltz of Bob and Joan, with Ju
Joice the joker,
That famous jig tow-row, that was kept for
Captain Croker.
The ball of Ballinafad, and the banks of Bannow
Plunkett's Moll in the vad, and Shawn O'Dwyer
of Glana,
played the march of Buonaparte crossing the
Alps in winter,
The nation hornpipe, and the Killinick brave fox
hunters,



THE BOLD DESERTER.

My parents retrai me tearlerly, I being their
eldest son,
But little thought it would be my fate to fol-
low the life and drum.
The courting of a pretty maid until she won
my heart,
She first advised me for to list and afterwards
desert.
She being my mother's waiting maid, no fairer
could be found,
Her cheeks they were a rosy red, her eyes a
lovely brown,
kin it was a lily white, her teeth all in a
row
For her sake I did enlist, that she with me
might go.
My sword and sash, and scarlet coat, I now
must lay aside,
and to some lonesome valley go, 'my fortunes
to abide,
I bade adieu to the Light Bobs, where once I
took delight
My journeys too I must pursue, and travel
then by night.
It is under the shelter of a tree I am obliged
to lie,
To shade me from my enemies, although my
friends are nigh,
I am like the owl that bates the day, and dare
not show my face,
With patience waiting for the night, to seek
some distant place.
I have one brother, sailor bold, he knows
not I am here,
But aloud in vain I call on him, his small
boats to draw near,
But alas! the tide floats him away, his boats
he can't pull to,
And here in pain I still remain, and know not
wha to do.
Oh once I thought I ne'er would be in this de-
jected state,
A poor forlorn effigy, exposed to hardships
great;
The bird that flutters on each tree with terror
strikes my heart,
Each star I see alarms me—O why did I desert
Oh why did I desert, my boys, or from my
colours fly,
No stint of pay or cowardice, those things I
do deny.
It was cursed whiskey tempted me, and dread
misfortune's stroke,
My life is in a state of woe, with grie my
heart is broke.
Now to conclude and make an ede-d
serting song,
hope to shine in armour bright, and
fore 'tis long,
For my sergeant and my officer have clot
for me in store,
And if they'd combine and pay for me
desert no more.

