

JUDY CONNOR.

AIR—"The Coronation."—(Beuler.)

At eighteen year's old I fell ill,
The doctor came in a carriage;
He knew my case, and said no pill
Would cure so well as marriage.
When he said that, I thought of one,
My heart was set upon her;
And so, said I, I'll marry none
But pretty Judy Connor.

Whack, tooral, looral, &c.

When father gave consent I grew
Much stronger and much bolder;
And soon, to go a courting, threw
Shoes and stockings o'er my shoulder.
Barefooted I, so neat and clean,
Would walk to show my manners;
And make me decent to be seen
When safe at Judy Connor's.

Whack tooral looral, &c.

My love intentions soon got wind,
And rivals came to meet me;
And swore if I'd not change my mind,
They'd murder me and beat me.
Och! two can play as well at that,
I'll fight for love and honour;
So take one for yourself dear Pat,
And this for Judy Connor.

Whack tooral looral, &c.

Then Larry, coming, said to Pat,
Arrah! what, you elf now,
I'll wallop you, my darling brat,
And kill him all myself, now.
He knocked Pat down, no time to loose,
Then gave me such a stunner;
A broken head and bloody nose
I got for Judy Connor.

Whack tooral looral, &c.

When Phelim came, now there began
A general fight so glorious;
We couldn't tell when off we ran
Which of us was victorious.
We fought, and ran, and didn't stop
Till all and ev'ry runner
Got, safe in Murphey's whiskey shop,
Dead drunk for Judy Connor.

Whack tooral, looral, &c.

The doctor, who was justice there,
On Judy cast a sheep's eye;
He got his rivals in a snare
All squashed in Murphey's pig-stye.
Then in the stocks he put our legs,
Och! each lover was a groaner!
They pelted us with rotten eggs,
For love of Judy Connor.

Whack tooral looral, &c.

My hose and shoes, when I got loose,
I slipped on nothing daunted;
I went full dressed to Judy's house,
And told her what I wanted.
I softly did my love-tale speak,
And when I thought I'd won her,
I learnt that Casey, just a week,
Had married Judy Connor.

Whack tooral looral, &c.

Now jealous Casey coming in,
Politely said—My jewel,
A trial for crim. con. I'll bring,
But first we'll have a duel.
His tight shellelagh cracked my crown,
As sharp as any gunner;
And said, as I went tumbling down,
Take that for Judy Connor.

Whack tooral, looral, &c.

Och! murder! that is not well bred,
Said I, in strains that melted;
And have I got a broken head,
Been beaten, drunk, and pelted,
For one who's fast in Hymen's link?
Och! faith! I'll go and shun her;
I'm cured of love, and now I'll think
No more of Judy Connor.

Whack tooral, looral, &c.



Remember

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

AIR—"Fly, let us a' haste to the Bridal."

(S. Thomas.)

Jockey he lo'ed Annie,
The lass wi' a bonny black eye,
But Annie looked sulky upon him,
Which made the poor Laddie to sigh.
So, one day, in despair to behold her,
Gave a frown, sirs, instead of a smile,
He listed and went for a soger,
And marched off wi' the Duke of Argyle.

Now the war being ended and over,
He knock'd at his Annie's own door,
But the de'il himself couldn't ope it,
For Jockey looked ragged and poor.
He then walked away and looked round him,
Some posts they reached many a mile,
And, while his poor shoulders a rubbing,
Cried, "'od bless the Duke of Argyle!"

Now Annie peeped out of the window,
Says she, "Pray, are you native here?"
He looked up, with a sigh, and he answered,
"Oh, yes, we're a' natives, my dear."
Then came down to the door, and she knew him,
And greeted the lad wi' a smile,
So now, married, both them and their children
Remember the Duke of Argyle.

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