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TOBY

PHILPOT

THE
Enniskillen Dragoon.

A beautiful damsel of fame and renown,
A gentleman's daughter near Monniken town,
She rode by the barracks the beautiful maid,
She stood in her coach to see the dragoons parade.

They were all dressed neat like gentlemen's sons,
With bright shining swords and carbine guns,
With silver mounted pistols she observed them full soon,
Because that she loved her Enniskillen Dragoon.

You bright sons of Mars that stand on the right,
Your armour does shine like the bright stars by night,
Saying, William, dearest William, you've listed full soon,
To serve as a royal Enniskillen Dragoon.

Flora, dearest Flora, your pardon I crave,
Both now and for ever I mean to be your slave,
Your parents oft times insulted you both morning and noon
For fear you should wed with your Enniskillen Dragoon.

William, dearest William, mind not what they say,
For children are bound their parents to obey,
When we leave old Ireland they will all change their tune,
The Lord be with you my Enniskillen Dragoon.

Farewell Enniskillen, farewell for a while,
All round the borders of Erin's green isle,
And when the wars are over you'll return in full bloom,
And you are all welcome home Enniskillen Dragoons.

Now the wars are over and William's returned at last,
Our regiment lay in Dublin and William got a pass,
Last Sunday they were married and William was the groom,
And now she enjoys her Enniskillen Dragoon.

Dear Tom, this brown jug, which now foams
with mild ale,
Out of which I now drink to sweet Nan of the vale,
Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl,
In boozing about, 'twas his pride to excel,
And amongst jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flow'r woven bower as gay as you please,
With his friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo a soaking his clay;
His breath-doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

His body when long in the ground it had lain,
And time into clay had dissolv'd it again,
A potter found out in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown
jug,
Now sacred to friendship, to mirth and mild ale;
So here's to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

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