



THE FLOWER OF THE BOBBY FORCE.

Brave boys gather round me, I know attention you will pay,
And listen to a new song—a song you wont hear every day;
It's of a valiant hero—a hero of high renown.
He's titled Lord Dundreary—the famous bobby of Milltown.

CHORUS:

Then join the chorus, brave boys, we'll sing until our throats are hoarse
Of Gallant Lord Dundreary, the flower of the bobby force.

It was on the 12th of July, boys, eighteen hundred and seventy-four,
Dundreary slew a band of ghosts, like Alexander in days of yore;
He was not sent to the black north, the Orange rowdies to put down,
But was posted in the bloody fields, that lie south of old Milltown.

And there to guard the haunted house, altho' such duty may seem queer,
But after a famous battle fought, many Orangemen were buried there.
Tho' history does not tell us this, yet still it is the village talk,
That on each twelfth of July, boys, those Orange ghosts get leare to walk.

And tho' he watched the whole day long, he saw neither ghost or goblin
Dundreary might be dreaming of promotion, or his lady fair; (there,
And as the day was waning fast, and dusky twilight gathered round,
His lordship thought he would retire, no longer stay on ghostly ground.

And sauntering leisurely thro' the town, about the hour of half-past ten.
The bobby thought he heard a sound, like the steady tramp of marchin' men
He listened more attentively, doubting if he heard aright,
When boldly marching down the hill, an armed band burst on his sight.

Of giant size and martial mein, six deep in rank they moved along,
And as the bobby scann'd them o'er, he reckoned them an hundred strong:
Headed by a leader fierce, a warrior fearful to behold,
To face an armed band like this, poor bobby's blood might well run cold.

But being a born hero, by nature fitted to command,
He boldly stepped before them, waved his sword, and bade them stand:
Then poised himself on tiptoe, he turned his body three times round,
And like the great Don Quixote asked, from whence they came and (whither bound.

But of him they took no heed, by word or look, or even a nod,
But steadily marched on, boys, the ground it shook on which they trod:
Dundreary, nothing daunted, resolved was he not to be baulked,
He kept his eye fixed on them, as down the hill he backward walked.

He cut, he hacked, he swore, he stamped like a fairy out of hell,
Till his sword it flew and went in two, his foot it slipped, and down he fell:
Then such a peal of laughter, as made the valleys all resound,
And shout and shout followed after, to see his lordship on the ground.
So here we leave him sleeping, already he begins to snore,
And if you like my song, boys, some other day I'll tell you more.

Composed by the Poet Laureate, set to music, and sung with unbounded
applause to a select audience, by the Speaking Gardener, at the
Harper's Concert Rooms, Milltown.

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