

BUNDLE AND GO

W. McCall, Printer, Cartwright Place, Byrom-street,
Liverpool.—Shops and Hawkers supplied at whole-
sale prices.

Clyde's bonny banks where the heather is blooming,
And lads and their lasses long loved all the day,
I've come my dear lassie to make the last offer,
So make up your mind now, and dinna delay;
My mither is dead and the house noo is airy,
This night you will rue if you answer me no,
Your heart in your offer to age be my deary,
So rise bonny Annie and bundle and go.

My father is dead and has left me some siller,
He bid me marry none other but you,
I've ta'en his advice for long have I courted,
So you canna say but I'm constant and true,
Although we'll be poor our minds will be cheery,
Our hearts will ne'er sink tho' our purses be low,
I'll count myself happy when courting my deary,
Rise up, bonny Annie, and bundle and go.

'Tis true I have courted wi' Kitty and Tibby,
And other daft gawkeys at kirk and at fair,
But none of them a' set my bosom a beating,
And under my heart beat betwixt hope and despair;
When out of my sight I cared no more about them,
The caper was o'er I left them to go,
And you my dear lassie I long lov'd so deary,
Rise up, are you ready to bundle and go.

Her young tender mind began to consider,
She said, while the tears of affection did flow,
'Tis hard to be pressed betwixt affection and duty,
Or fain, very fain, would I bundle and go;
But I should gang without telling my father,
My tocher will keep sheets and blankets also,
My mother would rage and for ever disown me,
Or fain, very fain, would I bundle and go.

A fig for excuses, come kilt up your coaties,
O'er mosses, and o'er mosses, ye ken were to gang,
There's danger in sitting, and lingering, and thinking,
The day will be breaking before it be long;
Na doubt but y'er father and mither will be angry,
But love and its ain all channels will flow,
But when they see our totems round the fire dancing,
Make haste bonny Annie and bundle and go.

Love lent its wings in a blink they were coupled,
In joy and in pleasure the years rolled along,
The young sprouts are innocent, noisy, and healthy,
And to please Annie liltis o'er a bit of a song;
Annie is his whole joy and his pleasure,
In love to each other their bosoms do glow,
She blesses the hour she left father and mither
And took his advice for to bundle and go.



DONNELLY & OLIVER.

You muses I beg you will lend me your aid,
Till I sing of brave Donnelly a true Irish blade,
He fought for his country as you may understand,
And he wholloped the bruisers all over the land,
He wholloped them all, Cooper and Hall,
Success to the sons of old Erin-go-Brags.

When Oliver heard of the deeds he had done,
He sent him a challenge to England to come,
On the 8th of March, to a place called Backgate,
He invited brave Donnelly his courage was great.

When Donnelly he landed on the English shore,
Says he to himself the Paddy is come o'er,
You damned Irish Pat, you must go home in time,
To dig the potatoes, and drink the white wine,

Says Donnelly to Oliver don't you know me,
I'm a true son of Paddy, they call me Donnelly,
But Donnelly he being of true Irish blood,
He made Oliver sweat on the ground where he stood.

When Oliver knocked brave Donnelly down,
Said he to himself, I'll gain friends and renown,
But up on the ground brave Donnelly did spring,
And knocked Oliver down with a tip on the chin.

You sons of St. Patrick then Donnelly did say,
Bet all your money for I'll conquer this day,
I'll fight till I die or I'll conquer them all,
Or I'll bring back the belt to Tara's old hall.

The gentry of London all round them did stand,
They bet all their money and likewise their land,
But the nobles of Dublin had money like hail,
And they bet upon Donnelly that he would not fail.

At the thirty-sixth round by a stomaching blow,
The pride of James Oliver he soon did lay low,
Shake hands with me Donnelly, then Oliver did say,
You're a true son of Paddy, you have beat me this day.

If you had have been there you'd have laugh'd at the fun
To see the bold Irishmen how they did run,
They threw up their hats for seven long miles,
And escorted them on to Garrick's files.

