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A NEW SONG ON THE STRIKE'S

Come all you gallant Treads men bold
And listen awhile to me,
We'll be better paid have better trade
And better times we'll see;
Let every man throughout the land
Just do the thing that's right,
So one & all both great & small,
Through Ireland's on the strike
Here, there, & every where,
Things surely can't be right,
For every grade & every trade,
Through Ireland on the strike,
Earl Russell said the other day,
I'll tell you of a lark,
That did occur the other night,
When all was still & dark;
The prince of wales jumped up in bed
And began to thump his wife,
He said my dear its very clear,
That I am on the strike,
Jemmy mace got in disgrace,
When he went down with Goss
Who in the ring did swiftly spring,
And won the fancy toss,
Like dunghillcocks or wooden blocks
Neither of them could fight,
So with gos & mac no fight took place
For they were on the strike,
The sailors they are on the strike,
And will not go to sea,
Mechanics painters & joiners too—
Are striking for better pay:
The jolly snobs so help me bob,
Both old & young alike,
Swear they'll have leather cheaper
Or they'll go on the strike,
When the little children cry for bread
Their darning mothers shout,
And with a stick begin to lck,
And knock the kids about,
Their is no bread the mother said,
And bawled with all their might,
You'll get none to-day go out to play,
Your father is on the strike,
The tailors they are strikeing too,
And say's it is no use
They'll hav more pay & cabbage they say
Or els they'll eat their goose,
The men of Ireland are inclind,
And every one do say,
They are not content but fully bent
To have five-shillings a day,
The women to are going to strike,
Against the price of meat,
And all pretty girls with flowing curls
That nightly walk the street,
They are all alike & say they'll strike,
And will not walk the town,
Or do a job so help my bob,
For less than half-a-crown,
The times are queer & meat is dear
We find it hard to live,
Each master man throughout the land
Must better wages give;
Or they'll be done to destruction run
And that they will not like,
They'll curse the day my lads huzza
The men went on the strike,

