



## THE ADVENTURES OF JOHN MANKS AND HIS POCK MARKD CAT

Ere last night about 47 years ago I receivd a letter of an old hags death. I was so over joyed at the sad news every tear that fell from the bottom of my belly, would split 6 fathom of turf or set a mill going. I took a fit of running with my 2 shin bones in my pock t & my head under arm, sitting down every minute to rest myself. Until I met John Jervis, an old hackney coach man a gr-at big tall low sized little man a ighly pock marked Come all you true bred Irishmen that are enclind to roam To reap the English harvest so far away from home Be sure & provide good comerades that is both loyal & true For you'll have to fight both day & night with Jon Bull & his crew, We sail'd away from Dublin quay & never received a shock Til we landed safe on shore one side of Clarence dock Where numbers of our Irish the met us in the town Saying hurra for Paddy's lovely land that was the tost went round Away we went with one consent to drink strong ale & wine And toast a flowing bumper to those we left behind We drank & sung & made the taverns ring dispising all our foes Or any man that notes the sweet land where Patricks Shamrocs grows

Next morning by the break of day as quickly you shall hear How one hundred strong we massacred along without dread or fear Each man had a black thorn stick they brought from Paddy's land. And hooks that shined like polish'd steel or silver in their hand We tramp'd away for three long days high wages for to find On the followiag morning we met a railway line The navies they walk'd up to us & loudly they did rail They curse'd & damud the Paddies & the sons of Granuawall Up comes Barney Walsb & say's boys what do you mean Are we not men as well as you & hates a cowards name So leave our way without delay or some of ygu will fall For here we stan true Irish-men that never fear'd a call The navies curs'd & swore they would kill us every one Aad make us think of ninety-eight likewise Stevenamon Likewise our holy Preist they curs'd his blessed remains Which made the County Leitrim boys burn with revenge Up comes Baracly Reily & knocks the ganger dowa The bricks & stones the flew like hail in showers all come down We fought from half past four til the san was going to set When Reily says we Irish boys sure we never can be bet Come join with me my Countrymen renew the fight onca more We'll see our foes on every side more dreadful than before We'll let them know before we go we'll fight untill we die For Irishmen when at the worst would rather fight than fly We sallied back with Barn-y & challeng'd anoth r round Like Sampson with the philistines we laid him on the ground We fought our way through the long day wad soon to give ore, We drovd to them we were Irishmen from the sweet Shamrock shore When the fight began the sycons time its then you'd see some fun A 10-yth & hooks they flourish'd til these navies were undone e The is wardly Jan awa they ran with hearts & arms sor rawaco hhhmber Barney Reily & the boys of the Shamrock

