

WHEELS Of the World!



Come all you true sons of old Erin, attend to these few simple lines,
I'll sing you a song about spinning, it was a good trade in old times.
Some they spun worsted and yarn, and others they spun flax and tow,
By experience my friends you can learn, how the wheels of the world
do go.

CHORUS:

Be these are the wheels of the world, my friends you must all understand,
For 300 years they've been spinning destruction all over the land.

Luther spun out his existence, and so did King Henry the VIII.,
John Calvin by Satan's temptation, their maxims he did imitate;
Tom Crammer he joined the new system, and swore he'd make spinnales
of steel.
Pluto himself did assist them—perdition that turned their wheel.

John Mitchel, the brave son of Erin, declared that a spinner he'd be,
He got all his wheels in full motion, his dear native land to set free;
But Lord C——n, the lieutenant, at spinning he was fully bent,
And unto the Isle of Bermuda, the sons of Hibernia were sent.

Lord Nelson he was a good spinner, on board of the ship Victory,
He was counted the greatest of spinners that ever set sail on the sea;
His shipmen were all famous spinners, for Nelson they spun very well,
But the Frenchmen spun ball at Trafalgar, and on the ship deck
Nelson fell.

Billy Pitt, too, he was a good spinner, and so was Lord Castlereagh,
Sure they spun the Union from Ireland—to England they shipped it
away.

Poor Billy spun out his existence, and hapsn'd in Charon's old boat,
Then Lord C——n saved his distance by cutting the rim of his throat.

Napoleon he was a great spinner, for freedom did always advance,
Over deserts, and great lofty mountains, he led on the brave sons of
France;

Old Wellington he went a spinning, his wheels they were at Waterloo,
But if Grouchy had never been bribed, the French would have split
him in two.

Prince Albert came spinning to England, his wheel by a compass did
steer,

He spun out a Queen for his Consort, and some little thousands a year;
John Bull he must now go a spinning, a few thousands more he must
fork.

For the Q——n has another young son, that was spun in the city of
Cork.

The factory masters are spinning, their wheels they are turning away,
And now they are wanting their hands for work thirteen hours in the
day;

They don't care a fig for the poor, they heed not their sighs or their
moans,
They don't care a pin if you work till they spin all the flesh of your
bones.

The rich they are all fam'd spinners, and you are very well sure, 71
They are always contriving a scheme to crush down the rights of the
poor;

So if you're compelled to go spinning, let each of your spindles be steel
for thirty shillings be your motto, and glory will turn your wheel.

The Heroes OF NINETY-EIGHT.

Ye true born heroes I hope you will now lend an ear,
To a few simple verses the truth into you I'll declare,
My name is Pat Brady, the same I will never deny,
In Ross I was born and in Naas I'm condemned to die.

I once had a home and a shelter from want and war,
But I am now amongst strangers where no person
does me know.

Condemned for high treason to die on the gallows,
For seeking the rights of poor Erin my dear country.

My father, God rest him, was taken without any
crime, [hours] time,
And marched off a prisoner and hanged in one
Myself and two brothers to the woods were forced
to fly. [die]

We vowed for revenge or else by the sword for to
die.

It was early next morning to Gorey we all march'd
away, [liberty];
Where the drums they did rattle and our files for
Full twelve thousand heroes nine hundred and forty
three.

We took all their cannons that day from their artillery.

It was early next morning to Wicklow we all march'd
away, [that day]
Our hearts was most glorious with liberty shining
But entering to Fernes we were attacked by the
enemy, [plete victory]
We fought them for four days till we gained a con-

We fought in New Ross and we fought upon
Gar Hill, [joined us with free will];
And in sweet Castle Comer where the Colliers
Out of fourteen engagements we received not a
wound or scar, [Castlebar].
Till I lost my two brothers at the battle of sweet

To march with the Frenchmen it left me much
troubled in mind, [behind];
To think I should go and leave my two brothers
Through the sweet county Leitrim to Granard our
way we took, [Ballinamuck].
And was attacked by the army at the village of

We fought with good courage but defeated we were
on that day, [could stay];
We were forced to retreat, no longer our heroes
But the Longford brave heroes to fly from us they
never could, [of their blood].

They never would yield till they'd lose the last drop
When we were forced to retreat for refuge we
thought for to fly, [die].
So all that was taken was certain and sure for to

To the sweet county Wicklow for refuge we thought
for to face, [ed in Naas];
We were taken in Ratangan and twelve of us hang.
Come all you brave heroes the truth unto you I'll
relate, [fact].

So all you good Christians adhere to my song and
fate,
You'll draw for Pat Brady the hero of Ninety-eight.

