

THE BOYS OF BALLANMORE.

Come all you young Irishmen, that are inclined to roam,
To reap the English harvest, so far away;
Be sure you're well provided, with comrades just and true,
For you'll have to fight both day and night, with Johnny & his crew.

When we left home for Dublin, the weather 'twas fair,
And when we got on board the ship, we gave a hearty cheer;
Hurrah! my boys, for Paddy's land, the place that we adore,
The heavens smile on every child, that leaves the Shamrock shore.

We sailed away from the quay, and ne'er received a shock,
Untill we landed safe on shore, along-side of Clarence Dock;
Where number's of our Irish boys, they met us in the town
Three cheers for Paddy's lovely land, was the word that went around.

With one consent away we went, to drink strong ale and wine,
And each man drank a favorite health, to the girl he left behind;
We drank and sung, till the alehouse rung, despising Erin's foes,
Or any man that hates the land, where Patrick's shamrock grows.

Next morning by the break of day, as quickly you shall hear,
On hundred strong we marched along, without either dread or fear,
Each man had his blackthorn stick he brought from Paddy's land,
And a hook that gleamed like polished steel, or silver, in his hand.

For three days we tramp'd away, high wages for to find,
But on the following evening we came to a railway line;
The navvies came up to us, and loudly they hid rail,
They cursed and damn'd the Paddies and the sons of Granuail.

Upstarts Barney Walsh, and joys what do you mean,
Are we not men as well as you that has a name?
So "Faugh-a-ballagh," clear the way, for some of you must fall,
Here stands the Sons of Irishmen that never fear'd a balli,

These English navvies cursed and swore they'd kill us every one,
They would make us remember '98, Bannamauck, & Glennamon;
Brave Father Maguire just and true, cursed his bless'd remainf
Which made our country Leitrim boys to burn for revenge.

Up steps Barney Riley, and he knocks their ganger down,
Twas then the bricks and stones came flying all around;
We fought from half past four, till the sun was going to set,
When Riley says, my Irish boys, I fear we will be beat.

Come now with me my conuntry men, resume the fight once more,
We assailed the foe's on every side, more deperate than before;
We'll let them know before we go, we'd rather fight than fly,
For at the worst of times, my boys, you know we'd rather die.

When the fight commenced the second time, tis there you'd see some
The hooks & sticks were flashing--says the navvies we're undone; (fun
The cowardly clan, away they ran, their arms and heads were sore
To think on Burney Riley, and the boys of Ballanamore.

So here's long life to Riley, Mc. Cormick, and M'Cabe,
And likewise brave Mc. Groner, who never was afraid;
And every man from Paddy's laud, that fought upon that day,
And forced those English navvies, in gangs to run away.

THE KNICKERBOCKER LINE.

My love she is tailoress, a tailores by
trade,
Many coat and trowsers my love she has
made,
She gets up in the morning and finishes
of her time,
Whilst her high boots does rattle in her
Knickbocker Line.

CHORUS.

Twig her, oh, watch how she goes,
High patent leather boots, for Jenny is
all the go,
She is one of these flash young girls and
beauty on her shines,
She's a regular Tipton Slasher, on the
Knickbocker Line.

I wrote my love a letter, I wrote it with
good will,
I wrote my love a letter, and sealed with
my ring,
I sent it by the express for fear it would
not be in time,
And I sent it by Telegraph on the Knic
kbocker Line.

If you want to know this pretty maid in
Canal Street she dwells,
She wears a hat and feather, she is a
handsome girl,
She wears a hat and feather, & dont she
cut a shine,
She can do the double shuffle, on the
Knicboker Line

I went with my love to bristol the Pack-
et went by steam,
The wind blew up her petticoats, and
show'd her crinoliee,
Her petticoats was nice and clean, just
fit for any queen,
She had too black eyes a broken nose &
her dress was daub'd with green.

I treated my love to brandy, she drank
half-a-dozen or more,
We got so jolly drund we tumbled on
the floor,
I was took to the station. had to pay a
heavy fine,
Which will make me remember this girl
on the KNICKERBOCKER LINE.

