



SCREW BALL.

Come gentlemen sportsmen I pray listen all,
I'll sing you a song in the praise of Scew Ball,
And how he came over you shall understand,
It was by 'Squire Irwin the lord of our land.

And of all his late actions as he's done before,
He was lately challenged by one Sir Ralph Gore;
For five hundred guineas on the plain of Kildare,
For to run with Maid Sportly that charming grey mare.

Scew Ball he then hearing the wager was laid,
Unto his kind master said, don't be afraid,
For if on my side thousands you will hold
I will bring in your castle a fine mass of gold.

The day being come and the cattle walked forth,
The people flocking came from east north and south,
For to view all the sporters as I do declare,
And ventur'd their money all on the grey mare.

'Squire Irwin then smiling thus he did say
Come gentlemen all who've money to lay,
And you that have hundreds I'll lay with you all,
I'll venture some thousands on famous Scew Ball.

'Squire Irwin then smiling thus he did say,
Come gentlemen sportsmen to-morrow's the day,
Your horses, and saddle, and bridle prepare,
For you must away to the plains of Kildare.

The day being come the cattle walked out,
'Squire Irwin he ordered his rider to mount,
All the spectators for to clear the way:
The time being come not one moment's delay.

The cattle were mounted and away they did fly,
Scew Ball like an arrow put this Maid Sportly by,
The people went up to see them go round,
And swore in their hearts that they ne'er touch'd the ground.

As they were running about the middle of the course,
'Squire Irwin to his rider began this discourse,
O loving kind rider come tell unto me,
How far is Maid Sportly this moment from thee.

O loving kind Master you knew a great stile,
The grey mare is behind me a great English Mile,
If your saddle maintains me I'll warrant you there,
You ne'er shall be beat on the plains of Kildare.

But as she was running by the distance chair,
The gentlemen cry'd out Scew Ball never fear,
Altho' in this country thou wast ne'er seen before,
Thou hast beaten Maid Sportly & broke Sir Ralph Gore.

I'M Ninety-five



I'm ninety-five, I'm ninety-five,
And to keep single I'll contrive,
I'm ninety-five, I'm ninety-five,
And to keep single I'll contrive,
The men all strove to gain my heart,
I'm blunt to Cupid's piercing dart
Men are so sly they wink their eye
But that though I can plainly see:

Then pity my sex who wrong have done,
That led by the twirl of a husband's tongue,
As for me, I'll be free,
Love shall never conquer me.

Fal lal ral, fal lal, &c.

When I was young, when I was young,
I found not man's deceitful tongue,
When I was young, &c.
They oft would flatter hoax and coax,
To gain my love by funny jokes,
But I know still they have their will,
And shake me off like an easy glove.

Higley pigley, fie for shame,
It is the female sex I blame,
Who ought to know with all their love,
That men are hawks and we are doves!

Do you think that I'd marry oh! no not I
To have six brats to squall and cry
Do you think I'd marry, &c.
Six brats I was to have I know,
The fortune teller told me so,
And more than that, she told me pa'
My husband then from me would fly.

Higley pigley, needles and pins,
Matrimony and sorrow begins,
A maid I'll live, and a maid I'll die
Since man's love to me is all my eye.

Beware ye then, beware ye then,
Of vile, deceitful, artful men
Beware ye then, &c.
And when they whisper in your ear,
My duck, my dove, my dearest dear,
Oh! don't believe, for they'll deceive,
Oh! have a doubt on all they say,

Think how you have to wash and blue,
And mend the holes in their stockings too,
While they with others strut about,
Oh! heaven be praised I've found them out.

Once more before I say good bye,
Avoid that man that winks his eye,
Once more, &c.
He oft will your fingers press,
Your form and beauty praise and bless
Your heart is gone, you feel forlorn,
And then become his lassie O.

There's nought but strife in a wedding ring,
So merry and single I'll dance and sing,
And drink to all maids both old and young,
In a bumping glass of sherry O.

F al, fal lak, &c.

