

PADDY ON THE RAILWAY

COME LANDLORD

FILL THE
FLOWING BOWL



A great collection of Old and New Songs



COME landlord fill a flowing bowl,
Until it does run over,
To-night we will merry be,
To-morrow we'll get sober-
He that drinks strong beer,
And goes to bed mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a hearty fellow.

Come landlord, &c.

He that drinks small beer,
Goes to bed sober,
Falls as the leaves do,
That die in October.
Brandy cures the gout,
The colic and the phthisic.
So it is to all men,
The very best of physic.

Come landlord, &c

He that courts a pretty girl,
And courts her for his pleasure,
Is a fool if he marry her,
Without stores or treasure,
So now let us dance and sing,
And drive away all sorrow,
For perhaps we may not,
Meet again to-morrow.

PADDY ON THE RAILWAY

PADDY one day from Greenock Town,
To Glasgow City, sure, was bound,
He swore that if it cost him a crown,
He'd go along the Railway;
Paddy from home had never been,
A Railway train had never seen,
He long'd to see the great machine,
That runs along the Railway,
With that he flew in furious ease,
Tell me the Railway if you please,

My carcase will not be at aise,
'Till I have seen the Railway;

Hubbaboo, dideroo, fillalo all the way
Three hundred miles in half the day,
Ah! says he, get out of the way,
I'm going by the Railway.

Then off he flew with furious might
And put the people in a terrible fright,
Blood and 'guns! get out of my sight,
I'm going to catch the Railway.
The Railway Station soon he found,
The first-class fare he then paid down,
Thinking thus to be first in Town,
That day upon the Railway.
Paddy, who'd been the ladies delight;
Jumps into a box with all his might,
Chock full of ladies dress'd in white,
Who were going by the Railway.
Hubbaloo, &c

He sat amongst their satins white,
They scream'd with all their might,
For he put them in a dreadful fright,
That day upon the railway.
Up came a chap with curly hair,
Swore that Paddy hadn't paid his fare,
And cursed him for an Irish bear,
Who'd ne'er been on a Railway,
Pat's Irish blood began to rise,
He took the spalpeen by surprise,
He bled his nose and black'd his eyes,
That day upon the Railway!
Hubbaboo, &c.

The Peeler soon grabbed poor Pat.
And before the magistrate, (that's flat)
He swore he had been in fact,
Nigh murder'd 'on the Railway.
For three months Paddy was sent to the mill
Bad luck to the Rail had his fill,
The silent dodge made him quite ill,
After exitment on the Railway.
Soon he grew quite thin and weak,
Thinks he I've had a narrow squeak,
For bedad, they'll not let me even speak,
Through fighting on the Railway.

Hubbaboo, fillaloo, all the way.
Sure there was the devil to day,
I nexer shall forget the day,
That I ran on the Railway.

