

# ROSE, SHAMROCK, & THISTLE.

## PETER Drunkard's Friend.

### AND PEGGY.

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A couple from the emerald isle, once lived in Manchester awhile  
A married couple tack'd together, in Dublin by a buckle beggar,  
His name was Peter and her name was Peggy, and they lived  
next door to Jemmy Leggy;

It was from him I caught this tale when quaffing o'er a pot of ale  
Once they had a gallows row, how it began I can't tell now,  
Peggy said she would be parted, for troth she was nigh broken  
But first she'd have the things she brought him, [hearted,  
Likewise the furniture she bought him,  
There's the table and the three-leg'd chair, belongs to me that  
now stands there, [the rooms,

Beside the chamber poo, and spoons, and other things about  
All these I'll have before I go, and that I'll quickly let you know,  
Then to the devil you may ride and all your dirty breed beside,  
For sure no mortal can endure um, but troth I'll find a way  
so cure him.

Peter listened with surprise, until his blood began to rise,  
Peggy, says he, 'tis very clear, there's not a thing belongs you  
here, [bottom,

The very stool you now squat on, belong to me, likewise the  
That squats upon it, flesh and bone, by jennies ash 'tis not your  
own! [crack.

Beside the tatters on your back. Now Peggy there's a nut to  
This was the end of the contention, while Peggy thought of  
an invention;

Faith she swore the next time that he met her,  
She'd be an over match for Peter. [there,

Then straight to bed she did repair, and a dirty trick committed  
Which I need not here explain, you all may guess, 'twill be  
the same, [filled his breast.

When Peter came home and undress'd—while care and sorrow  
And when he turn'd the clothes, a mortal smell assail'd his nose,  
Och murder, Peggy, says he, is this the way you'r serving me?  
Arrah get up and clean your b—m, or by the god of war,  
I'll drum upon your hide a nate tattoo,  
That all the days you live you'll rue.

Peggy ne'er spoke, but turn'd her head, [forgot um,  
And unto Peter archly said, the words you spoke I've not  
You owns my goods, likewise my bottom,  
Now when it was mine I kept it clean,  
And now its yours you must do the same.

To work on a Monday I think its not right,  
That day ought to be spent in some other delight—  
In pitching and tossing, or some other game,  
And at night to the alehouse a-carding the same.

On Tuesday morning, when I rise from my bed,  
I am sadly afflicted with a pain in my head;  
But I will go to the alehouse, to get another draught,  
For to cure those those old ones that I got last night.

On Wednesday morning it runs hard in my side,  
To think on my work I can hardly abide;  
But I go out in the fields for to take some fresh air,  
And there I view the hounds in quest of a hare.

On Thursday morning I am forced to begin,  
When my meat's nearly done, and my money's growing thin;  
For I have nothing to eat in the house, neither bit nor bite,  
And I am forced to box Harry till Saturday night.

On Friday morning I'll whistle and sing,  
And I'll go to my work as content as a king;  
All the long day you shall scarce see my face,  
And all that dark night I will stare through a blaze.

On a Saturday evening when my work is done,  
Saying I am the lad that can carry it home,  
I'll throw it over my shoulder, and away I will sing,  
And at night with a jug of brown beer I will sing.

## Rose, Shamrock, & Thistle.

The land of Erin is the land of delight,  
Where the women can love, and the men can all fight;  
We have hearts for our girls, and arms for our foes,  
And they both are triumphant, as all the world knows.  
They may talk of politeness—we beat them at that,  
For, when Monsieur came courting—a rival to Pat—  
Says he, my dear jewel, you're quite at a stand,  
So pray take my foot, just to lend you a hand.

So let us be frisky, and tippie the whiskey,  
Long life to the land of dear liberty's joys;  
No country whatever has power to sever  
The Shamrock, the Rose, & the Thistle, my boys

They may talk how they live, it's all blarney and stuff,  
For a man, when he is hungry, can eat fast enough;  
As for teaching a live man to live is all my eye,  
Let them come over here, and we'll teach them to die.  
Their Frog and Soup Major is nothing but froth  
To our Beef and Potatoes, and Scotch Barley Broth,  
What land then for living, like Erin's so fit,  
Hospitality's home, and the birthplace of wit.

They may talk of their wonders as long as they please,  
By St. Patrick their swans are nothing but geese;  
They say they can fight, but its all they can say,  
For as soon as we charge, why they all run away.  
Then long life to the land that grows out of the sea,  
May it flourish in prosperity, happy and free,  
For England, and Ireland, and Scotland can prove,  
They have beat them in courage, in beauty, and love.

