

THE PRIVATE STILL.

—:OXO:—

AN Excisemen once in Dublin, at the time
that I was there,
He fancied that a Private still, was being worked
somewhere,
He met me out one morning, perhaps he fancied
that I knew,
But I didn't—never mind that, says he, *Pat*, how
do you do? Fal de ral, &c.

Says, I, I'm very well, you honour, but allow me
for to say,
I don't know you at all, by Jove! says he, but
perhaps you may,
I want to find a something out, assist me if you
will,
Here's fifty pounds, if you can tell me where's a
Privtae still.

Give me the fifty pounds, says I, upon my soul
I can.
I'll keep my word, the devil a lie, as I am an
Irisbman,
The fifty pounds he then put down, I'll protect
the fee,
Says I, now button up you coat, and straightway
follow me.

I took him walking up the street, and talking all
the while,
He little thought I'd got to take him, a thundring
many miles,
Says he, how much further *Pat*? for I'm getting
very tired,
Said I, then, let us have a car, and a jaunting-car
was hired.

As soon as we got in the car, said he, now tell
me, *Pat*,
Where this blessed Private stil is—don't take me
for a flat,
A flat, your honour, no says I, but here me if
you will,
And I at once, will tell you sir, where's a Private
still.

Go on at once, said he, said I, all right—now
mark me well,
I have a brother that is close by here, in the
barraks he does dwell,
I assure you he's a Soldier, tho' he went against
his will,
The devil take your brother, says he, where's
the Private still?

Hold your whist! says I, old chap, and will
plainly show,
That in the Army, why of course promotion is
very slow,
Said the Exciseman, yes, I'm sure it is, they're
meant to kill,
But never mind your brother, tell me where's to
Private still.

Said I, I'm coming to it, the barrak's close at
hand,
And if you'll look straight throught the gates,
you'll see and hear the band,
And when the band's done playing, you'll see the
Soldiers drill,
The blazes take the Soliers! tell me where's the
Private still?

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AS THE OLD COCK CROWS THE YOUNG ONES' LEARN.

THE sayings of the sages are themes, on which
I rhyme,
For in their ancient sayings are sentiments
sublime,
So here is one for old and young a proverb they
ought to learn,
"As the old cock crows, the young one learns."

Chorus.

Always try and show a good example to your
child,
In conversation with let your tongue be undefiled,
Teach them how in honesty their daily bread to
earn,
For as the old cock crows the young one learns.

Always try to bear in mind when in company of
the young,
To shun the slightest falsehood and keep guard
guard upon your tongue.
Beware that vulgar language you should ever
once repeat, [wheat.
For you will find the taxes grow faster than the

Never lose your temper, don't indulge in spite,
But tell a child when in the wrong and tell him
what is right;
Teach him to be modest—not impudent nor bold,
For seed sown in the young, will bloom as they
grow old,

To you that have got children, I pray you will
take heed,
To teach a child those lessons and you'll find
you will succeed,
Teach him to avoid all pride and make no great
display, [is growing grey.
And he will prove a blessing, when your hair

Half a minute more says I, and I'll point him
out to you—
Faith there he is, says I, old chap, standing
twixt them two,
Who the blazes do you mean? said he, says I,
my brothe Bill,
Well says he, well says I, they won't make him
a Corporal, so he's a Private still.

The Exciseman stamped and swore, and said he'd
have his money back,
But I jumped into the car myself, and was off
in a crack.
And the people as he walk'd along, tho' much
against his will.
Shouted after him—Exciseman, have you found
the Private still.

