

# The Private Still

An Exciseman 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 yha do.

Fal de ral, &c

Says I, I'm very well, your honour, but allow  
me for to say,  
I don't know you at all; by jove, but says he,  
but perhaps you may;  
I want to find a something out assist me if you  
will,  
Heres fifty pounds; if you can tell me wheere's  
a private still.  
Give me fifty pounds 'savs I, upon my soul  
I can  
I'll keep my word, the devil a lie as I'm an  
Irishman;  
The fifty pounds he soon put down, I pocketed  
the fee  
Savs I now button up ysur coat, and straight-  
way follow me  
I took him walkin' up the street, and talking  
He litte thought I'd got take him a thun-  
dering many miles,  
Says he how much further Pat' for I am gettin'  
verf tired,  
Said I then let us have a car, and a jaunting  
car he hired'  
As soon as we got on the car' said he, now tell  
me, Pat,  
Where is this blessed private still, — don't take  
me for a flat,  
A flat, your honour, no says I, but hear me if  
you will,  
And I at once will tell you, sir, where there's  
a private still,  
Go on at once, says he, said I, all right — now  
mark me well,  
I have a brother that is close by here, in the  
barracks he does dwell.  
I assure you he's a soldier, though 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 I 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  
only meant to kill,  
But never mind your brother, tell me where's  
the private still  
Said I, I'm coming to it—the barrack's close at  
hand,  
And if you'll look straight through the gates  
you'll see and hear the band;  
And when the band's done playing, you'll see  
the goldiers drill —  
The blazes take the soldiers, tell me, where's  
the private still.  
Half minute more, says I, I'll point him out  
to you—  
Faith there he is, say I, old chap, standing  
'twixt them two,  
Who the blazes do you mean, said he, I said  
my brother Bill,  
Well, says he; we'll, says I, they won't make  
him a corporal, so he's a private still,  
The Exciseman siamped, and said he'd have  
his money back,  
But I jumped on the car myself and off was  
in a crack,  
And the people as he walked along, tho' much  
against his will,  
Shout after him "Exciseman, have you found  
the private still?"

# THE LAMENTATIONS OF PATRICK BRADY

OR THE HEROES OF '98.

Ye true born heroes I hope you will now len  
an ear,  
To a few simple verses, the truth unto you I'll  
declare,  
My name is Patrick Brady, the same I will  
nevea deny  
In Ross I was born, and in Naas condemned  
to die,  
I once had a home, and a shelter from want  
and woe,  
But I am now among strangers where no  
person does me know,  
Condemned for high treason, to die on a gallows  
tree.  
For seeking the rights of Erin my poor dear  
country,  
My father, God rest him, was taken without  
any crime,  
And marched off a prisoner, and hanged in one  
hour's time,  
My self and two brothers to the wood were  
forced to fly,  
We vowed for revenge or else by the sword  
we'd die,  
It was early next morning to Gorey we all  
marched away,  
Where the drums they did rattle and our files  
did play,  
We took all the cannon that day from their  
artillery,  
It was early next morning to Wicklow we all  
marched away,  
Our hearts were most glorious with liberty shin-  
ing that day,  
But entering of Ferns we were attacked by the  
Yeomanry,  
We fought them for four hours till we gained a  
complete victory,  
We fought in New Ross, and we fought upon  
Vinegar Hill,  
And in sweet castlecomer were the colliers  
joined us with free will,  
Out of fourteen engagements we receivee not  
a wound or scar,  
Till I lost my two brothers at the battle of  
sweet Castlebar.  
To march with the Frenchmen it left me much  
troubled in mind,  
To think I should go and leave my two bro-  
thers behind,  
Through the sweet County Leitrim to Granard  
our way we took,  
And was attack by the army at the village  
of Ballinamuck,  
We fought with good courage but defeated we  
were on that day,  
We were forced to retreat, no longer our  
heroes could stay,  
But the brave Longford heroes to fly from us  
they never could,  
They never could yield till they'd lose the last  
drop of their blood,  
When we were forced to retreat for refuge we  
thought for to fly,  
For all that was taken was certain and sure far  
to die,  
To the sweet County Wicklow for refuge we  
thought for to face,  
We were taken in Rathangan and twelve were  
hanged in Naas,  
Come all you brave heroes the truth unto you  
I'll relate,  
From powder or ball poor Brady has ne'er  
met his fate,  
So all you good Christians who hear of my  
scorrowful fate,  
You'll pray for Patrick Brady, the hero of '98.

