



## The Kitchen Furniture

The dishcloth said it was not fair,  
And told the broom it should not stand there  
The broom made answer verry smart,  
Saying, I'll fight you or any that takes your  
part

The spit stood up like a naked man,  
And swore he'd fight the drippen-pan,  
The drippen-pan without fail  
Swore that broom should go to goal

The tongs being by the fire-side,  
Stood up on his legs and cried—  
I'll fight spit that long black thidf,  
Altho his work is roasting beef.

Or the drippen-pan that interloper—  
I'm here at your back, said kitchen poker,  
Ready to reveng our wrongs,  
I'll fight or loose my life the tongs.

The fire shovel, when he heard the noise,  
Bounced up saying, what's the matter boys?  
I'll take the tongs and poker's part,  
For they work with me about the hearth,

The flesh-fork then came in so bright,  
And jump'd into the middle of the fight,  
Then at the fire-shovel made a stab,  
And knocked his body against the hob.

When he received this mortal wound,  
He lay down flat upon the ground,  
Crying out, I fear my back is broke,  
never will fight another stroke.

The coal-box next came in so stout,  
And gave the flesh-fork awful clout,  
Saying you dabbling thief I'll be your end,  
I fear you have killed my only friend.

The pot in the corner all alone,  
Herd the flesh-fork give a groan,  
and at coal-box made a dart;  
He called the kettle to take his part:

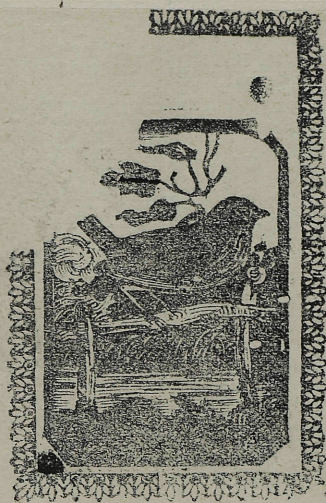
The kettle said, I have no call.

I don't belong to the kitchen at all,  
I'm in the parlour both night and day,  
You dirty set you may fight away,

The frylan-pau next came tumbling down,  
And like an officer marched all round,  
He met with the broom, and gave him a trétel  
Saying, 'twas you began the battle first,

To their surprise in walked the cook,  
The chief commander of the troop,  
And she then commanded a general peace,  
Marched them back to their owne place,

Next morning by the break of day,  
The broom and dishcloth worked away,  
and at the kitchen were all done  
and never disputed any more.



## Sweet Castle Hyde.

As I roved out on a summer's morning,  
Down by the banks of Blackwater side,  
To view the grove and meadows charming  
And the pleasant gardens of Castle Hyde,  
'Tis there you'd hear the thrushes warble  
The dove and partridge I now describe,  
And lamkins sporting every morning,  
All to adorn sweet Castle Hyde.

There are fine walks in those pleasant garden  
And seats most charming in shady bowers,  
The gladiator, who is bold and daring,  
Each night and morning to watch the flower  
There's a road for service in this fine arbor  
Where nobles in their coaches ride,  
To view the groves and pleasant garden  
That front the palace of Castle Hyde.

If noble princes from foreign places  
Should chance to sail to the Irish shore,  
'Tis in this valley they should be feasted  
Where often heroes had been before,  
The wholesome air of this habitation  
Would recreate your heart with pride.  
There is no valley throughout this nation  
in beauty equal to Castle Hyde. ||

There are fresh trees and stall-fed oxen,  
A den for foxes to play and hide,  
Fine wates for breeding, and foreign sheep  
With snowy fleeces in Castle Hyde.  
The grand improvements there would  
you,

The trees are drooping with fruit of all kind,  
The bees are humming the fields with music  
Which yields more beauty to Castle Hyde.

richest groves throughout this nation  
fine plantations you will see there,  
the rose, the tulip, and the sweet carnation  
all vying with the lily fair.  
The buck and doe, the fox and eagle,  
they skip and play at the river side,  
the trout and salmon are always sportin  
in the clear stream of Castle Hyde.

from Blarney to Killybegs,  
From Thomastown to Dromore  
And Killybegs to the jolas Rainsford  
Killbegs and Abbeybegs,

