A NEW COMIC SONG ON THE

AMERICAN BEEF.
(Copy-right.)

Good people of this Irish nation pay attention one and all,
And I'll tell you without hesitation how the meat has got. a fall The Graziers they were going to starve us and said the beef ; could not be found,
At any price the law preserves us less than eighteen -pence a poud

CHORUS.

But now this foreign importation has the butchers brought to grief They're going mad with pure vexation since we got the Yankee beef.

Since the real ould times was here in Ireland such a thing was never known,
As to buy a pound from seven pence down of prime good beef without a bone,
In place of paying at the rate of ten-pence for a thing call'd staggeering bob,
So tough that when you'd go to chaw it twould drag the teeth out of your bead.

The labouring men throughout all Ireland says before it's long If they stick to eat the American meat, they'll be twenty times as strong,
And the women shout without a doubt as sure as guns are guns, That every one will buy then the beef at sixpence a pound

So hurrah my boys the good times are coming and they're wanted bad indeed.
No longer now need we be gumming to get a rattling feed,

If you take a walk thro' the meat marxecs you'll see people of every state,
Carrying with them plates and baskets going to buy the American meat.

In a short time well get two pounds of it for the price of a half can,

And you'll hear it singing Yankee doodle when it's frying on the pan.

I'm told they're going to build a snack shop away down on Michaels hill,
For the gutter-club in general there hungry maws to fill,
Both tailors wavers and old waxeys each day must go there without fail,
And punish four pound of Yankee beef, or otherwise take a month to jail.

Now the paupers above in the union are going on strike I hear them say,
They want to get the American meat for their dinne every day And all old women in the country says no matter how it comes. They must get to eat the American meat that's soft and tender to their gums.