



Bellestown Races

If a respite ye borrow from turmoil or sorrow,
I'll tell you the secret of how it is done;
'Tis found in this version of all the diversion
That Bellewstown knows when the races
comes on.

Make one of a party whose spirits are hearty.
Get a seat on a trap that is safe not to spill,
In its well pack a hamper—then off for a scam-
per—

And hurroo! for the glories of Bellewstown
Hill.

On the road how the dash on, rank, beauty, and
fashion,

It Banagher bangs, by the table o' war;
From the couch of the quality, down to the jollity
Jogging along on an ould low-backed car.

Though straw cushions are placedd, two foot
thick at least,

Its concussive jolting to mollify still;
O! the cheeks of my Nelly are shaking like jelly
From the jolting she gets as she jogs to the Hill.

Arrived at its summit, the view that you come at
From etherealized Mourne to where Tara
ascends,

There's no scene in our sireland—dear Ireland,
old Ireland—

To which Nature more exquisite loveliness
lends.

And the sod 'neath your feet has a memory sweet
The patriot's deeds they hallow it still;

Eighty-two's Volunteers (would to-day saw
their peers!)

Morched past in review upon Bellewstown Hill
But, hark! there's a shout—"The horses are
out!"

'Long the ropes, on the stand, what a hulla-
baloo!

To ould *Crock-a-Fotha*, the people that dot the
Broad plateau around, are all for a view.

"Come Nod, my tight fellow! I'll bet on the
yellow!"

"Success to the Green! faith we'll stand by
it still!"

The uplands and hollows they're skimming like
swallows,

Till they flash by the post upon Bellewstown
Hill.

In the tents play the pipers, the fiddlers and
fifers,

Those rollicking lilt, such as Ireland best
knows,

While Paddy is prancing, his colleen is dancing,
Demure, with her eyes quite intent on his toes!

"More power to you Mickey! faith yer foot isn't
sticky,

But bounds from the boards like a pay from a
quill!

O! would cure a rheumatic—he'd jump up
ecstatic,

At "Tatter Jack Walsh," upon Bellewstown Hill
Oh! 'tis there, 'neath the haycocks, all splendid

—like paycocks—

In chattering grouch that the quality dine;
Sitting cross-legged, like tailors the gentlemen
dealers

In flattery, spout and come out mighty foine.
And the gentry around from Navan and Cavan
are havin'

'Neath the shade of green trees, an exquisite
quadrille—

All we read in the pages of pastoral ages
Tell of no scene like this upon Bellewstown
Hill.



The Broth of a Boy is Paddy

AIR—"The Boys of Kilkenny."

Oh, there's not in ould Ireland a boy half so free
As bould Paddy Flynn—be my soul, and that's
me.

At breaking the hearts o' the girls I'm A 1,
And at breaking the heads o' the boy, bate
by none—

At breaking the skulls of the boys, banged by
none.

AIR—"Sally come up."

At making love, sir, Pat's the boy,
The ladies' hearts can't I decoy?
Sure, don't they gambol, kiss, and toy,
And gallivant with Paddy?
At them, so shy, I wink my eye,
Awhile the darling creatures, ay.

AIR—"Be aisy, can't ye, Paddy."

Paddy can stuff the blarney down,
Paddy can grief in whisky drown,
And crack a bottle, joke, or clown,
Such a broth a boy is Paddy.

AIR—"Low-backed Crr."

Last night I went a-courting,
And met with a mishap;
At Judy Reilly's windy—
I went to give a rap:
But bad luck to the Cistern,
Poor Paddy stood open,
'Twas like the tricks—o' politics—
Not to be depended on!
For no sooner had I put
The sowl of my illigant foot
On the lid, than it slipped
And whish! in I was dipped,
Souse head-over-heels in the butt.

AIR—"St. Patrick's day."

Faith, so many I've admired, I'm getting tired
Of courting the smart little lasses at all;
I've tipped 'em the blarney, but spite of me
blarney,

They've bid Paddy (bad luck!) good morning
I've kilt oll my rivals again and again
And nine times for love it's meself that's been,
Wid grief I'm laden, for fear an ould maiden
I'll die, without wedlock adorning.

AIR—"The Ould Bog Hole."

So, now, who'll marry a nate Irishman?
For a lady I'll do all ever I can;
I'm not very rich, but I'm born to good luck,
I've a cow just died, and a dropsical duck,
I'm expecting a fortune, and sure it won't fail
To come—then the income-tax they repale;
Shall I spake to the priest, to make it all right?
And order for music, a piansy-fortnight!
Who'll wed a boy from the Emerald Isle?
Who'll send a letter me grief to beguile,
To Pat, Number One-ty one, Lower Turnstile,
Who'll wed a boy, &c.