

THE
**HOLE IN HER
 STOCKING.**

In London once as I've heard say,
 A maiden dwelt, named Carrier,
 Whose heart was beating night and day,
 For some one who would marry her.
 Though sweethearts she'd had two or three,
 They each had got offended,
 Because she would not decent be,
 And keep her stockings mended.
 Oh, such a fuss as they made,
 Oh dear, you'll say its shocking,
 There's none would have this charming maid,
 Because a hole was in her stocking.
 A barber first a wooing came,
 To her his love to thrust in,
 Who said his heart was in a flame,
 So full that it was bursting,
 He said, while kneeling at her feet,
 Indeed I'm not a mocking,
 But as he view'd her face so sweet,
 He did not twig her stocking.

Oh, such a fuss, &c.

Next day on him she gave a call,
 Her hair for to have platted,
 He could not comb it straight at all,
 Because it was so matted.
 The barber at it cried, oh fie!
 Then called her names most shocking
 And as she put her foot so high,
 He saw the hole in her stocking.

Oh, such a fuss, &c.

A grocer next quite full of puff,
 That came one day to court her,
 Who said that he had gold enough,
 Through life for to support her,
 She to his house so sly did creep,
 And at the door was knocking,
 The grocer up the area peeped,
 And then he spied her stocking.

Oh, such a fuss, &c.

A cobbler next, said quite polite,
 In spite of wind and weather,
 He'd always stick to her as tight,
 As sole and upper leather.
 She ordered shoes which soon were done,
 For her sweet feet to rock in,
 But as she stooped to try them on
 His eye fixed on her stocking.

Oh, what a fuss, &c.

So maidens all pray list to me,
 Before my song is ended
 That if you'd wish to married be,
 Pray keep your stockings mended,
 This short advice—indeed its true,
 You'll say perhaps I'm a bold one,
 If you cant get cash to buy them new,
 Sit down and mend the old ones.



THE
BOYS
 OF
KILKENNY.

Oh the boys Kilkenny are brave roaring blades,
 And if ever they meet with nice little maids,
 They'll kiss them, and coax them, and spend their
 money free,
 And of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,
 In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame,
 Her lips are like roses her mouth much the same,
 Like a dish of fresh strawberries smothered in cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large coal,
 Which through my poor bosom have burnt a large hole
 Her mind, like this river, is mild, clear and pure,
 But her heart is more hard than its marble I'm sure.

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines were it stands,
 And the more I think of it the more my heart warms,
 If I was at Kilkenny I should then be at home
 For there I got sweethearts, but here can get none.

I'll build my love a castle on Kilkenny's free ground,
 Neither lords, dukes or squires, shall ever pull it down
 And if any one should ask you to tell him my name,
 I am an Irish exile, and from Kilkenny I came.

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