

Denny Byrne the Piper.

In the year ninety-eight, when our troubles were great,
It was treason to be a millesian,
I can never forget the big black whiskered set,
Whom history tells us were Hessians:
In them heart breaking times we had all kinds of crimes,
As murdering never was riper,
On the bill of Glancree, not an acre from me,
Lived bould Denny Byrne the piper.

Neither wedding nor wake was worth an old shake,
If Denny was not first invited,
For at emptying kegs or squeezing the bags,
He astonished as well as delighted
In such times, poor Denny couldn't earn a penny,—
Marriage-law had a sting like a viper,
It kept Denny within till his bones and his skin,
Were grinning through the rags of the piper.
One heavenly night as the moon shone out bright,
As Denny stole home by Drumhangan,
He happened to see from the branch of a tree
The corpse of a hessian there hanging;
Says Denny, these rogues have good boots, I've no brogues,
He laid on the heels such a griper,
They were so gallis tight, and he pulled with such might,
That both legs and boots came with the piper.

He tucked up the legs and he took to his pegs,
Till he came to Tim Cavanagh's cabin,
'Blaranes' says Tim, sure I can't let you in,
You'll be shot if you're caught out there rapping,
He sent him round to the shed, where the cow was in bed,
With a wisp he began for to wipe her,
They lay down together on the seven foot feathers,
And the cow began hugging the piper.

The day-light soon dawned, Denny got up and yawned,
Then he dragged on the boots of the Hessian,
The legs, by the law, he threw them on the straw,
And he gave them leg bail on his mission,
When Tim's breakfast was done, he sent out his son
To make Denny leap like a lamp-lighter,
The two legs were there—he roared like a bear
Oh, daddy, the cow eat the piper.

May bad luck to the haste she'd a musical taste,
Says Tim, to go eat such a chanter,
Here Paddy avic, take this lump of a stick,
Drive her to Glenealy, I'll cant her.
Mrs. Cavanagh bawled—the neighbours were called,
They began to humbug and to jibe her,
To the church-yard they walks, with the legs in a bow—
And she crying we'll hang for the piper.

The cow then was drove just a mile or two off,
To a fair by the side of Glenealy,
And the crathur was sold for four guineas in gold.
To the clerk of the parish, Jem Daly.
They went into a tent the luck-penny spent,
(For the clerk was a woeful old swiper),
Who the dickens was there playing the rakes of Kildare
But their friend Denny Byrne the piper.

Tim gave a boult like a half broken colt,
At the piper he looked like a goamoach;
Says he, by the powers, I thought these eight hours,
You were playing in Drimandhus stomach.
But Denny observed how the hessian was served,
So they all wished Nick's cure to the viper,
And for 'gra' that they met, their whistles they wet,
And like devils they danced round the pipe.

The Can of Spring Water

One evening in May as I carelessly strayed
Thro' Kingstown for sweet recreation,
I met with a lass on the way as I passed,
And gazed on she with great admiration,
Her features were grand and her action bland,
Her footstep the least did not falter,
She sung a fine song as she tripped all along,
And she going for a can of spring water.

I made bold, was sincere, the truth to declare
I requested the name of her parents,
While in the address much love I expressed,
In that I was ever so serious,

Oh, kind sir, said she keep a distance from me
Or you'll feel the oevenge of my father,
She says, no young man shall draw close to me
And I going for my can of spring water,

Then, said I dear maid don't of me be afraid,
At least I'll give you no reason,
And if you'd meet on my way thro' the street,
Sure no one could deem it a treason,
And then if perhaps we strayed by the gaps,
Say 'tis by chance that we both met together
And you going for your can of spring water.

Now, kind sir, said she, I cannot agree,
I know you intend to disgrace me,
Your absence is better than your company,
Therefore now begone and don't tease me,
For if I consent and my time should be spent,
And you should forsake me hereafter,
I'd like to know then who'd draw close to me
And I going for my can of spring water.

I said my dear dame, the truth I'll explain,
Indeed I don't mean any harm,
But to forward the game if we done the same,
Sure that would create no alarm,
When nine months would be spent,
We'd take flight obr head,
You would be blest with a son or a daughter,
You'd pray for the man who did draw near to
your can,

And you going for your can of spring water.

Without any joke I think your a rogue,
She says in a great fit of laughter,
But indeed it is true I'll stray far with you,
But I am too much in dread of my father,
Because, then, the squire, as he would desire,
By far, you, my love, I would rather,
So givp me your hand and draw near my can,
I'm going for my can of spring of water.

I gave her my hand and we put by her can,
I thought that we'd want to be talking,
It was down by a tower quite close to a river
Until we were there tired of walking,
But now that this maiden is married by chance
She can be cheerful and happy hereafter,
She will nimbly dance while baby will prance
And she going for her can of spring water.

