

# THE COW EAT THE PIPER.

In the year 93 when our troubles were great,  
And it were treason to be a Melessian,  
Those black whiskered set we will never forget,  
Tho' history tells us they were Hussians,  
In this troublesome time oh, 'twas a great crime,  
And murder never was riper,  
By the side of Glenshee not an acre from me,  
There lived one Dinny Byrne a piper.

Neither wedding or wake would be worth a shake  
That Dinny was not first invited,  
At squeezing the bags and emptying the kegs  
He astonished as well as delighted,  
In these times poor Dinny could not earn one penny,  
Martial law had him stung like a viper,  
They kept him within till the bones and the skin  
Were grinning thro' the rags of the piper.

One evening in June as he was going home,  
After the fair of Rathangan,  
What should he see from the branch of a tree,  
But a corpse of a Hussian there hanging,  
Says Dinny those rogues have got boots and I've brogue  
On the boots then he laid such a griper,  
He pulled with such might and the boots were so tight  
That the legs and the boots came away with the piper

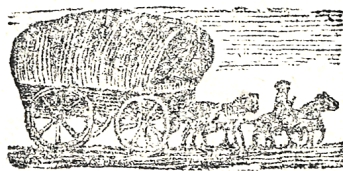
Then Dinny did run for fear of being hung,  
Till he came to Tim Kennedy's cabin,  
Says Tim, from within, I can't let you in,  
You'll be shot if you're caught there a rapping;  
He went to a shed where the cow was in bed,  
With a wisp he began for to wipe her,  
They lay down together on a seven foot feather,  
And the cow fell a hugging the piper.

Then Dinny did yawn as the day it did dawn,  
And he streeled off the boots of the Hessian,  
The legs by the laws he left them on the straw,  
And he gave them leg bail for his mission;  
When the breakfast was done, Tim sent out his son,  
To make Dinny jump up like a lamplighter,  
When the legs there he saw, he roared like a jackdaw,  
Oh, daddy, the cow eat the piper.

Musha bad luck to the beast she'd a musical taste,  
For to eat such a musical chanter.  
Arrah Patrick a vic take a lump of a stick,  
Drive her off to Glenhealy—we'll cant her,  
Mrs. Kennedy bawled and the neighbours were called  
They began for to humbug and jibe her,  
To the churchyard he walked with the legs in a box,  
And the cow will be hung for the piper.

The cow she was drove a mile or two off,  
To a fair at the side of Glenhealy,  
And there she was sold for four guineas in gold,  
To the clerk of the parish Tim Daley,  
They went to a tent the luck penny was spent,  
The clerk being a bl—y old swipec,  
Who the bl—s was there playing the Rakes of hildare  
But my poor Denny Byrne the piper.

Then Tim gave a bolt like a half-drunken colt,  
At the piper he gazed like a gammock,  
He says by the powers I thought those eight hours,  
You were playing in Drinan Dhun's stomach;  
In Dinny observed how the Hessian was served,  
And they all wished nicks secure to the griper,  
For grandeur they met their whistles they wet  
And like devils they danced round the piper.



## YOUNG WILLIAM OF THE ROYAL WAGGON TRAIN

One lovely morning I was walking,  
In the merry month of May,  
Alone a smart young pair were talking,  
I overheard what they did say.  
The one appeared a lovely maiden,  
Seemingly in grief and pain:  
The other was a gay young soldier,  
A serjeant in the waggon train.

Said this young soldier I must leave you,  
The Royal orders I must obey,  
I ne'er intended to deceive you,  
So dearest Nancy shun dismay.  
I'm going to cross the raging ocean,  
And if famed laurels I should gain,  
I may return with high promotion,  
And bid farewell the waggon train.

Suppose your parents you offended,  
And I should in the battle fall?  
Then when your Soldier's life is ended,  
Alas! no friend you'll find at all.  
Besides, if you are such a ranger,  
You'll have to cross the raging main,  
So be a stranger to such danger,  
Say farewell to the waggon train.

Young man you know my situation,  
Do not leave me here behind:  
I'll bid adieu to each relation,  
Be a soldier true and kind.  
If sick, or in sorrow, I will follow,  
To sooth your care and drown your pain,  
And in the battle hear the rattle  
Of your Royal waggon train.

Since you seem so much undaunted  
Nancy, I'll ne'er bid adieu;  
I'll ask the favour, if 'tis granted,  
Before I go to marry you.  
I'll guard my ranger through each danger  
And from the foe in France and Spain,  
So Heaven protect young faithful Nancy,  
And William of the waggon train.

