



Bold Irishman.

C. Croshaw, Printer, Coppergate, York.

I AM a bold Irishman, just come to town,
To view London City of fame and renown,
And when I came there people used to walk,
The name that I gave it was Hyde-park.
Fal de ral. &c.

I was in a hurry until I got there.
By my soul you'd have thought I was going
to the fair,
For when I got there they were making a rout,
About two naked buffers were buffing it out.
Fal de ral.

There was great fencing but the devil'a stroke,
Thought I to myself all this is a joke,
I said my brave bullies leave of your tricks,
For it's my country fashion to box with two sticks
Fal de ral.

A big headed bully with a head like a turk,
Says you're welcome from Ireland, sweet Paddy
from Cork,
Arrah turn you round Pat I have been kind,
For I never yet saw a coat button'd behind.
Fal de ral.

A beef-headed butcher was then standing by,
Cried Paddy you rogue I'll bung up your eye,
Such blustering words made my poor heart ache,
For fear of my eyes not a word dare I speak.
Fal de ral.

It's Iv'e been put up to the word of command,
I took my shelalah right fast in my hand,
I hit these two bullies right over the head,
By my soul you'd have thought they'd been
seven years dead.
Fal de ral.

The bully that threaten'd to bang out my eye,
I tipt him a grinder as I passed by,
I let him to know as he laid in his gore,
That an Irishman's coat was button'd before.
Fal de ral.

In less than ten minutes the green it was clear,
The devil a bully was there to appear,
Says one to the other I'd have you run quick,
Do you see the wild Irishman's got a big stick.
Fal de ral.

It's I being up to the rigs of the City
To kiss pretty fair maids I thought it no pity.
Such blustering words made them all stare,
Yet they all own'd I was the boy for the fair.
Fal de ral.

