



Dublin Jack of all Trades

I am a roving sporting black they call me Jack of all trades,
I always placed my chief delight in courting pretty fair maids,
So when in Dublin I arrived to try for a situation
I always heard them say it was the pride of all nations

CHORUS

I'm roving Jack of all trades, of every trade of all trades,
And if you wish to know my name they call me Jack of all trades.

On Georges Quay I first began where I became a porter,
Me and my master soon fell out which cut my acquaintance shorter
In Sackville-street a pastry cook—in James's-street a baker,
In dirty Cook-street I did coffins make in Eustace-st a preacher!

In Baggot street I drove a cab and there was well requited,
In Francis street had lodging beds to entertain all strangers,
For Dublin is of high renown or I am much mistaken,
In Kevin street I do declare sold butter eggs and bacon.

In Golden Lane I sold old shoes—in Meath street I was a grinder
In Barrac street I lost my wife—I'm glad I ne'er could find her,
In Mary's Lane I've died old clothes of which I've often boasted,
In that noted place Exchequer street sold mutton ready roasted.

In temple Bar I dressed old hats in thomas street a sawyer,
In Pill Lane I sold the plats—in Green street an honest lawyer,
In Plunkett street I sold cast clothes—in Bride's alley a broker,
In Charles street I had a shop sold snows tongs and poker.

In College Green a banker was—in Smithfield a drover,
In Britain street a waiter—in Georges street a glover ;
On Ormond Quay I sold old books—in King street a nailor,
In townsend street a carpenter and in Rings End a sailor:

In Cole's Lane a jobbing butcher—in Dame street a tailor
In Moor street a chandler and on the Coombe a weaver :
In Church street I sold old ropes—on Redmond's hill a draper,
In Mary street sold bacca pipes—in Bishop street a Quaker.

In Peter street I was a quack—in Green street a Grazier,
On the harbour I did carry sacks in werburgh street a glazier,
In Mud Island was a dairy boy where I became a scooper,
In Capel street a barber's clerk—in abbey street a cooper.

In Liffey street had furniture with fleas and bugs I sold it,
And at the bank a big placard I often stood to hold it ;
In New street I sold hay and straw and in Spitalfields made bacon
In Fishamble street was at the old trade of basket making.

In Summer hill a coach maker—in Denzille street a gilder,
In Core street a tanner—in Brunswic street a builder ;
In high street I sold hosiery in Patric street sold all blades,
So if you wish to know my name they call me Jack of all trades.



THE GREAT MEETING Catholic college In Dublin.

You Catholics of Ireland, (hope you
will draw near,
Tis of our splendid College I now will
let you hear,
Now Cardinals Priests, and Prelates
from blest Pius have come o'er,
To crush proud heresy in this land
now and for evermore

Great Peers and Senatorial men with
Thousands they were thee,
The Corporation's members too, with
great men from every where,
The trades—the bulwark of the land
have assemble great and small.
All—all obedient to the Church and
our great Bishop's call.
Great Hughes, our New-York Bishop
gave us a helping hand,
From New Orleans and Canada men
are at our command,
From glorious France, and holy Spain
they have come here I own,
To assist the Clergy of this land to
lay the foundation stone.

The Society of Young Men all—the
City's holy band,
With Civic Members from great towns
have given us their hand ;
The brave O'Donoghoe of the Glens,
with Major O'Reilly, Ireland's friend
His Brigade the use of arms taught
the Church for to defend.

The grandest sight was ever seen since
the first stroke of day,
was all the great and noble men came
homage here to pay,
There's not a nation on the earth but
has sent some holy man,
To have this Catholic College built,
in blest St. Patrick's land.

The days of persecution's past, and
no man now will falter,
But protect the holy Mother Church,
from jibbet, pitch-cap, halter,
The holy Confraternities all—10,000
men and more,
Did aid and guard this glorious work
as they have done before.

We'll make it large as Trinity, with
all its wealth of ages,
Where true faith and pure divinity,
will be taught amongst our sages,
The Apostolic crown we'll raise in
Ireland once more,
The harp of David soon again will
chaunt a ville-a-sthore,

