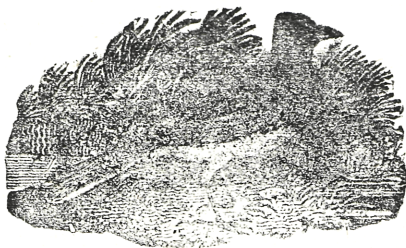


## THE RIVER ROE

I espied a lovely fair one, and her  
 I did not know,  
 I took her for an angel that was  
 beathing in the Roe  
 her teeth were like the wory, her  
 skin a lilly white,  
 her cheeks as red as roses, her eyes  
 like diaronds bright,  
 her sirname I'll not tell, lest you  
 might her know,  
 But her master's habitation is on the  
 Rsver Roe,  
 I quickly stepped up to her, and this  
 to her did say,  
 Are you a goddess or what brough  
 you this way,  
 She answered me right modestly and  
 said I am not so,  
 I'm but a servent maid that was  
 bathing in the Roe,  
 I said my pretty fair maid if with me  
 you'll agree  
 We'll join our hands wedlock and  
 wedded w will be,  
 My father he's a nobleman the country  
 well does kow,  
 as his dwelling lies convenant to  
 the River Roe,  
 She quickly made me answer, and  
 this to me did say,  
 My mistress she is waiting, I have  
 no time to say,  
 I'll meet you to-morrow and my  
 mistress won't know,  
 We've had some conversation on the  
 River Roe,  
 We both shook hands and parted,  
 from each other did go,  
 In hopes to meet next morning along  
 the River Roe,  
 She dressed herself in private away  
 then she did go,  
 My true love he was waiting along  
 the River Roe,  
 Then she came up to him he then to  
 her did say,  
 I'm glad to meet you here, my lov  
 upon this very day,  
 I'm glad to meet you here my love  
 the way that I will know  
 If you are going to wed with me,  
 and dwell beside the River Roe,  
 Bhe modestly made answer, and said  
 she was content,  
 I kissed and embraced her, and then  
 away we both went  
 And were married next evening, as  
 you shall shortly know  
 She has servants to attend her and  
 she dwells upon



## Nell Flagherty's Drake

My name it is Nell quite as old I tell,  
 And I lived near Cootehill I will never deny,  
 I had a large drake the truth for to speak,  
 That my grandmother left me and she going to die  
 He was wholesome and sound and weighed 20 pounds,  
 The universe around I would rove for his sake,  
 Bad wind to the robber be him drunk or sober,  
 That murdered Nell Flagherty's beautiful drake.

His neck it was green that most rare to be seen.  
 He was fit for a queen of the highest degree,  
 His body was white that would you delight,  
 He was plump, fat, and heavy, and brisk as a bee  
 The dear little fellow his legs they were yellow,  
 He'd fly like a swallow or dive like a hake;  
 But some wicked savage to grease his white cabbage  
 Has murdered Nell Flagherty's beautiful drake.

May his pig never grunt may his cat never hunt,  
 That a ghost may him haunt in the dead of the night  
 May his hen never lay, may his ass never bray,  
 May his goat fly away like an old paper kite.  
 That the lice and the fleas may the wretch ever tease  
 And a biting north breeze make him tremble & shake  
 May a four-year-old bug make a nest in the lug.  
 Of th' monster that murdered Nell Flagherty's drake.

May his pipe never smoke, and his tea-pot be broke  
 And to add to his joy may his kettle never boil,  
 May he pooly the bed to the moment he's dead,  
 May he always be fed on lobscouse and fish oil.  
 May he swell with the gout till his grinders fall out,  
 May he roar, bawl, and shout with a horrid tooth-ache  
 May his temples wear horns and all his toes corns,  
 The monster that murdered Nell Flagherty's drake.

May his spade never dig, may his sow never pig  
 May each nit in his wig be as large as a nail,  
 May his door have no latch, may his house have n  
 thatch,

May his turkey not hatch, may the rats eat his  
 May every old fairy from Cork to Dunleary,  
 Dip him snug and airy into some pond or lake,  
 Where the eel and the trout may dine on the snout,  
 Of the monster that murdered Nell Flagherty's drake

May his dog yelp and growl with hunger and cold,  
 May his wife always scold till his brain goes astray  
 May the curse of each hag who e'er carried a bag,  
 Light on the wag till his beard turns grey;  
 May monkeys still bight him and mad apes still flig  
 him,

And everyone slight him asleep and awake,  
 May weasels still gnaw him and jackdaws still c/k  
 him,

The monster that murdered Nell Flagherty's drake

The only good news that I have to diffuse,  
 Is that long Peter Hughes, and blind piper M'Peal  
 That big-nosed Bob Mason and buck-toothed Nel  
 Hanson,

Each man has a grandson of my darling drake.  
 My bird he had dozens of nephews and cousins,  
 And one I must get or my poor heart would break  
 To keep my mind easy or else I'll go crazy,  
 There ends the whole tale of Nell Flagherty's dreake,

