



## DARBY KELLY.

My grandsire beat a drum so neat,  
His name was Darby Kelly, oh !  
No lad so true at rat-tat-too,  
At roll-call or reveille, oh !  
When Marlbro's name, first rais'd his fame,  
My granny beat the point of war ;  
At Blenheim he, at Ramillie,  
Made ears to tingle near and far.  
For with his wrist he'd such a twist,  
The girls would lear, you don't know how,  
They laugh'd and cried, and sigh'd and died,  
To hear him beat his row-dow-dow.

A son he had, which was my dad,  
As tight a lad as any oh !  
You e'er would know, though you should go,  
From Chester to Kilkenny, oh !  
When great Wolf died, his country's pride,  
To arms my dapper father beat ;  
Each dale and hill remembers still  
How loud, how long, how strong, how neat.  
With each drum-stick, he had the trick,  
The girls would lear you don't know how ;  
Their eyes would glisten, their ears would listen,  
To hear him beat his row-dow-dow.

Yet e'er I wed, ne'er be it said,  
But that the foe I dare to meet,  
With Wellington old Erin's son,  
To help to make them beat retreat.  
King Arthur once, or I'm a dunce,  
Was called the hero of the age ;  
But what was he, to him we see—  
The Arthur of the modern page.  
For by the pow'rs, from Lisbon's tow'rs  
Their trophies bore to grace his brow ;  
And made them prance from Spain to France,  
With his English, Irish, row-dow-dow.

*G. Walker, Printer, Durham.*

## THE LAD WITH THE CARROTTY POLL.

Oh dear ! oh dear ! kind gentle folks let it be said,  
I'm come here to learn  
If any poor bairn  
Has been troubled like me wi' his head.  
My feyther and mother they used to control  
Fifteen of us bairns all red in the poll ;  
We all were pratty, and merry as punch,  
But I were always the pride of the bunch ;

Oh dear ! oh dear ! I'm a queer little comical soul,  
If you'll believe me,  
Though I think you may see,  
I'm the Lad with the Carrotty Poll.

Oh dear ! oh dear ! I fear I shall never get wed,  
For indeed you must know,  
Wherever I go,  
They laugh at my carrotty head.  
T'other day I went up to town wi' young Squire,  
They said that my head would set Lunnon on fire ;  
I seed pratty women wi' cheeks like a rose,  
I gave one a buss but she painted my nose ;

Oh dear ! oh dear ! I couldn't, I'm sure, for my soul,  
Like the touch of her cheek,  
If I rubb'd for a week,  
Get the red from my Carrotty Poll.

O dear ! oh dear ! a quack in our village one day,  
He said that he could,  
And said that he should,  
Come and take all my carrots away :  
So he rubb'd and he scrubb'd, till my face went awry,  
With some stuff that he called his new patent die ;  
My hair he turned black, and my pocket he drain'd,  
And I look'd like the devil the first time it rain'd.

Oh dear ! oh dear ! I wur such a transmogrified soul,  
For my head wur as bald,  
As a pig that is scald,  
And I long'd for my Carrotty Poll.

Oh dear ! oh dear ! the joy of my heart you mun know  
Was to see the first sprout,  
Of my hair shooting out,  
When the carrots began to grow,  
And my happiness now is arriv'd at the top,  
Because I have got such a glorious crop ;  
And the lesson I've learnt is never to fret,  
But be always content with whatever I get.

Oh dear ! oh dear ! the queer little comical soul,  
Ever will laud,  
The hands that applaud,  
The Lad with the Carrotty Poll,

