



A NEW SONG ON THE NEW DRUNKEN ACT

My jovial friend draw near likewise each jolly toper,
To these few lines you hear no more whiskey Ale or Porter,
For if you stagger in the street, believe the truth I'm telling
Drunk or sober keep your feet, or the County Gael will be
your dwelling.

CHORUS—

If you you stagger in the street, believe the truth I'm telling
Drunk or sober keep your feet or the County Gael will be
your dwelling

To the Magistrate you'll go you'll be surely fined 10s
To tip the cash I know, I'm sure you won't be willing
But the fine it must be paid the word it must be you will,
Or to the County Gael you're led to break your shins upon
the Threshing

From the Threshing to the pump, to supply the Goal with
water
Or breaking stones upon your rump believe you'll get no
quarrels,
So toppers all be wise and drinking now give over
And their Tired will Goal and Fine, we will pitch them to
Hauover

The will fine you if you eat—either Eggs or Bacon
All that they take away from our fertile nation
No matter boys for that, Old re and still will flourish
Where the Shamrock grows and that little plant we'll nourish

The Police they will be fined if from the barge they wander
Into a public house they are not allowed to gamble
50 shillings is the fine if the drunk whiskey Ale or Brandy
And to pay it get no time they must count it down a gate
handy

The doors they must be closed, just a touch of ten sir
If your messenger or thief or one loud word be speaking
to the lock-up they will you hall while you'll be snoring
and shivering

The shillings thence in the season with the twenty,
So no too cut in time in your pockets be it in my
But if you're not heard and if you're not so or under
40 shillings is the fine or 3 months in bread and water

