

SIGHTS AND SCENES

Of Dublin.

Now pay attention young and old unto my song awhile,
And if can I'll make you laugh, if not you'll have to smile;
It's concerning curiosities, that's constantly in view,
Of those who visit Dublin, as the city they pass through.

CHORUS:—

So if your really curious, I'd like you'd take a view:
Of the sights and scenes of Dublin, which will astonish you.

Now the first thing I've to tell you, I am but a cennyry clown
Who to seek a situation, has just came into town;
I was, born far from Ireland, in a place called Tripoli,
At the thumb-hand side nor east, of the bay of Pinlico.

On the moment that I landed the first thing that I spied,
Was the shipwreck of a hand-cart, in the mud on thother side;
I had to walk knee deep in it, a job I didnt like,
And was very nearly swallowed, thro the scavengers being on
strike.

Then walked down thro the city, to a place called College
Green,
There I saw a fellow in armour, that was like a horse marine,
He was dressed up like a mounterbank, acting more rogue than
fool,
With his nose to Kinsleys Gridiron, and his back turned to
the School.

Now you'll see lots of monuments, in every place you go,
But the names of some of them, is not worth your while to
know;
But there's three that stands (among them, that was upright
just, and pure,
To the memory of O'Connell, Smith O'Brien, and Tom Moore.

If you want to be persuaded, try the Ancient Concert Hall,
Theres Vouden will make you beleive, your not yourself at all
You'll see a ghost in the Rotunda, made out of an old rag,
And Woodins seven wonders of the world, in a bag.

Now the fashion of the Ladies here, most certainly are droll,
They have things like tinkers budgets, stuck behind upon their
poll,
They wear an artificial bump, upon their latter end,
Which makes them look like a Dromadery, called the grecian
bend.

Now if you go down Mary-street, and Mary's lane all through,
You'll see hook-em-ins with clothing, both second hand and
new;
But if they find your going to buy, and that youve got some
tin,
You'll have to be careful, or they'll tear you limb from limb.

Then pass by the cabbage market, that place so clean and
sweet,
And the Hot-wall brigade you will see on duty in Bow street
The real lazy society about one hundred micks [bricks
And they doing the grecian statue standing up against the

Theres the gutter club on Michaels Hill that place of high
renown,
Where the laws of every nation and its people is laid down,
You will find among its congress the counter jumper spruce,
The waxey with his lap stone, and the tailor with his goose

Now all sorts of artful dodgers in Dublin you'll meet,
Going on with hunker sliding, at night in Capel-street;
And if you go down farther, on the Wooden Bridge you'll find,
A fellow selling glasses, to make blind men see behind.

Now theres other scenes in Dublin, thats nearly out of date,
Which I describe but it would be, to long to make you
wait;

But the next time that I see you, I will surely have a line,
On the Tramway, Exhibition, and Christras Pantomime

