

DORAN'S ASS.

LAZY SOCIETY?

One Paddy Doyle lived near Killarney,
And loved a maid called Biddy Tool,
His tongue I own was tipp'd with blarney,
Which seemed to him a golden rule.
From day to day she was his colleen,
Then often to himself would say,
What need I care? sure here's my drolhon
A coming to met me on the way.

Tol lol, &c.

One heavenly night in last November,
The moon shining brightly from above,
What night it was I don't remember,
But Paddy went to meet his lebe,
That day Paddy took some liquor,
Which made his spirits light and gay,
He says, What's the use of moving quicker,
For I know she'll meet me on the way.

Tol lol, &c.

So he turned his pipe and fell a humming,
As he lovingly on did creep,
He took whiskey till it overcome him,
So he lay down and fell asleep.
But he was not long without a comrade,
And one that could tip up the hay,
For a big jackass smelt out Paddy,
And lay down by him on the way.

Tol lol, &c.

As Pat lay there in gentle slumber,
Thinking of his little dear,
He dreamed of comforts without number,
A coming in the ensuing year.
He stretched his arms out on the grass,
His spirits felt so light and gay,
But instead of Biddy he grasped the ass,
And roar'd, I have her on the way.

Tol lol, &c.

So he hugg'd and snugg'd his hairy mester,
And flung his hat at worldly care;
Says Pat, she's mine, and heaven bless her,
But, upon my soul, I'm getting quare,
But Paddy's mate took up the hat,
Saying, welcome straw, instead of hay.
Arrah, says Pat, are you going? Give us that,
And don't let me die in such a way.

Tol lol, &c.

So he put down his hat to pull up his clothes,
As I said before he was getting quare,
When he laid his hand on the donkey's nose.
Gobs, bugs, says he, you are full of hair,
But I think, says Pat, its time to rise,
With that the ass began to bray,
Pat jumped up and opened his eyes,
Saying, who served me in such a way.

Tol lol, &c.

Like the devil then away he cut,
As fast as railway speed, I'm sure,
But he never stopped a leg or foot
Until he got to Biddy's door.
By this time it was getting morning,
So down on his knees he fell to pray,
Saying, let me in, my Biddy darling,
For I'm kilt and murder'd on the way.

Tol lol, &c.

So he up and he told her all quite straight,
While she prepared a current glass,
How he mugg'd and smugg'd his mate,
Says she, sure that was Doran's ass,
And I believe it was, said Paddy,
So they both got married on the coming day,
But never forgot the new straw hat,
The old donkey eat upon the way.

Tol lol, &c.

Oh, this world it is hard to get through,
With the ups and downs considering,
Some folks have high notions in view,
At the same time downwards are slithering,
I once had industrious ways,
I worked night and day with sobriety,
But now I can live at my ease,
Since I joined the New Lazy Society.

When I entered I knew not what to do,
To rise early I always was willing air,
But if I got up before two,
I was put down the fine of a shilling, air,
T'other day I spoke to Jack Cain,
About the blessings attending sobriety,
Because against the lamp-post I did nt lean,
I was fined by the Lazy Society.

Well, these fines they lay heavy on me,
So I resolved to sin no more,
My wife and my whole family,
Lay snoring until dinner hour,
As for soap in the house its never seen,
And the house is both dirty and rioty,
Its six months since my face it was clean,
But that's the principle rule in the society.

Each day when my dinner is done,
I'm too lazy to stretch out my claw at it,
It's put in my mouth by my son,
And my wife she sits wagging my jaw at it,
I'm too lazy just now to stoop down,
And of clothes hav nt I good variety,
In my hat I have got no crown,
And I'm an ornament to the society.

I gave my son Robert a shilling,
To go and fetch in some pea-soup for it,
When down in the channel it dropp'd,
And the rascal wouldnt stoop down for it,
He gave it a kick with his toe,
With an act of great impropriety,
Till down in a sewer it did go,
That was sinking the funds of the society.

My wife of whom I used to brag,
Has turned out a regular fuddler,
She has let all my cloths go to rags,
And she says I'm too lazy to cuddle her.
As I sit by the fire alone,
The sparks in the grate do fly at me,
But let them burn into the bone,
Why should I disgrace the society.

Thus my woes they do daily pass by,
I am tired of the house I am living in,
I lie in bed all the day,
Till I come here to sing in the evening,
I hope that you'll not cry encore,
Because I've got no variety,
And I darn t come and sing any more,
For I'm steward to the Lazy Society.

