



MY MOTHER IS A

TRUE-BORN IRISHMAN

AIR.—THE ENGLISHMAN.

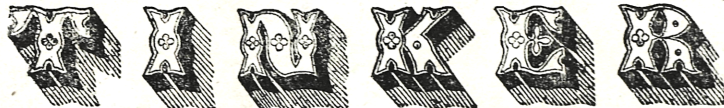
'Tis I that baires an illigant name,
And who dare say 'tis not?
I was born one day in Ballyporine,
In a nate little mud-built cot,
My father he was the pride of the boys,
And my mother she was the same,
And that is the rason my honies, d'ye see,
That I got such an illigant name.
I'm the broth of a boy, deny it who can
And my mother she's a true born Irishman.

Sure a Irishman will fight like the devil himself,
And fight him you never can,
They're the bravest of boys that ever was known,
Ever since the world began
For with whiskey in heads and shillelah in fist,
Like devils they'd fight d'ye see,
They never say they're kilt, till their murther'd quite,
And, sure, that's the way wid me.
For I'm the broth of a boy, deny it who can
And my mother she's a true born Irishman

Sure, Ireland, it is an illigant place,
And that, I suppose you have heard,
It's the greatest place that ever was found,
It is, take an Irishman's word;
For there's not a place throughout the world
Where the boys are so brave and free
Ye may talk of your true-born Englishmen,
But Ireland yet for me.
It's the land of pratees deny it who can,
And I'm a true-born Irishman.



TRAVELLING



William M'Call, printer, 4, Cartwright Place, Byrom Street, Liverpool
Shops and hawkers supplied very cheap.

I am a travelling tinker with my workshop on my back,
I can mend your pots and kettles and all the holes I'll stop
I'm a razor grinder too, I've served seven years to my trade,
So bring out your knives and scissors girls for at grinding
I am a blade.

CHORUS.

With nic, nic, knack, and my travelling tinkers shop,
Bring out your pots and kettles girls and all the holes I'll
stop.

I goes through many villages and lets of trade I get,
I eats and drinks whatever I likes, so gives no cause to fret
I use the best of soder to earn an honest penny,
So bring your pots and kettles for my iron is always ready.

Its I've got a lltle wife who oft does rouse my ire,
For she oft does blow me up when I'm blowing of my fire
It's true we often quarrel but soon again get friends,
And when we make it up again of course I grind again.

The other sunday morning a lady sent for me,
She says my kettle's leaky, I cannot get my tea.
But as soon as I pull'd out my — says she you've got the
knack,
So I dipt it in some soder and soon stop't up the crack.

With my-nic, nic, knock, and my travelling tinkers shop,
Bring out your pots and kettles and all the holes I'll stop

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