



THE ONE HORSE CHASE

~~It was~~ last December I well remember,
In Dublin city I arrived by train,
Bigg'd in my best, I was neatly dressed,
Wore a costly ring and a watch and chain,
A new top coat that cost five and twenty,
With money plenty both white and brown,
Which I found handy to do the dandy,
Besides it being my first day in town,

The sights of Dublin drew my attention,
I looked at this thing and then at that,
The ladies strolling, police patrolling,
And bands of music playing rat a tat.
My mind engaged in such scenes of rapture,
My time though precious flew quick away,
Till I got enamoured with a lovely charmer,
Who was driving slowly in a one horse chaise.

I simply spoke to this lovely creature,
Saying I'm a stranger and lost my way,
Would you be kind enough or feel inclined,
For the shortest route unto Essex Quay ;
She gently dragged up and stopped her pony,
And says be seated as I'm going that way,
So in a jiffy, beside the Liffey,
We were driving swiftly in the one-horse chaise.

We drove through lanes, broad streets, and alleys,
While I was wishing for the chase to stop,
Till at ten that night, we did both alight,
Just before the window of a pastry shop ;
She says, young man you must be fatigued,
Had you no refreshments throughout the day,
We'll have some wine, just before we dine,
While a friend of mine minds the one-horse chaise.

I felt inclined to accept her offer,
And as we entered the spacious hall,
She called for dandies of wines and brandies,
While I of course had to pay for all.
But being uneasy, my mind got crazy,
The wine and brandy rising in my head,
I thought it right to bid this maid good night,
So I told the waiter I'd go to bed.

When I awoke from my drunken stupor,
I thought the morning was very dark,
The grand hotel which I liked so well,
Was a heap of stones near the Phoenix Park ;
My watch and ring, and my twentyfiver,
Was a woman's apron which beside me lay,
I kicked up ructions wishing hell's destruction,
To the cocked-nosed dame! in the one horse chaise.

