

## Lord Marlborough.

You generals and champions bold,  
That take delight in field;  
That knock down places and walls,  
But now to death must yield:  
I must go and face the daring foe,  
With sword and with shield.  
I always fought with my merry men,  
But now to death must yield.

I am an Englishman by birth,  
And Marlborough is my name;  
In Devonshire I first drew my breath,  
That place of noble fame.  
I was beloved by all my men,  
Kings and Princes likewise;  
I never fail'd in any thing,  
But won great victories.

It's good Queen Anne sent us abroad,  
To Flanders we did go;  
And left the banks of Newfoundland;  
To face the daring foe;  
We climbed lofty hills so high,  
And Gunstone broke likewise,  
So all these towns we took  
To all the world's surprise.

King Charles the second I did serve,  
To face our foes in France,  
And at the battle of Romilies  
We boldly did advance.  
The sun was down, the earth did shake,  
Then I so loud did cry,  
Fight on, my boys, for England's sake,  
We'll gain the field or die.

Now we have gained the Victory  
And bravely kept the field,  
A number of prisoners we have ta'en,  
And forc'd our foes to yield.  
That day my horse was shot,  
All by a cannon ball;  
As I was mounting up again,  
My aid-de-camp did fall.

Now on a bed of sickness,  
I am resigned to die,  
You generals and champions  
Stand true as well as I,  
Take you no bribes stand true to your men  
And fight with courage bold,  
For I always fought with my merry men,  
And ne'er was brib'd with gold.



### I'M BOTHER'D FROM HEAD TO THE TAIL

AIR—*Dear, dear, what can the matter be?*

At sixteen years old you could get little good of me;  
Then I saw Norah—who soon understood of me,  
I was in love—but myself, for the blood of me,  
Could not tell what I did ail.

'Twas dear, dear, what can the matter be?  
Och! blood an ouns, what can the matter be?  
Och! gramachree, what can the matter be?  
I'm bother'd from head to the tail.

I went to confess me to Father O'Flannigan;  
Told him my case—made an end—then began again:  
Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,  
If you find out what I ail.

Dear, dear! says he, what can the matter be?  
Och! blood an ouns, can you tell, what can the  
matter be?  
Both cried out—what can the matter be?  
I'm bother'd from head to the tail.

Soon I fell sick—I did bellow and curse again—  
Norah took pity to see me at nurse again:  
Gave me a kiss—Och! zounds, that threw me worse  
again!

Well she knew what I did ail.

But dear, dear! says she, what can the matter be?  
Och! blood an ouns, what can the matter be?  
Both cried out—what can the matter be?  
We were bother'd from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now since I left Tipperary;  
How strange, growing older, our nature should vary,  
All symptoms are gone of my ancient quandary,  
I cannot tell now what I ail.

Dear, dear! what can the matter be?  
Och! blood an ouns, what can the matter be?  
Och! gramachree, what can the matter be?  
I'm bother'd from head to the tail.

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