



*The Hibernian Songster.*



THE

Gen 5(3).

# Shamrock,

OR

*The Hibernian Songster ;*

A Choice Selection of

## IRISH SONGS.



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THE  
SHAMROCK.

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*Kate Kearney.*

OH ! did you not hear of Kate Kearney,  
She lives on the Banks of Kilarney,  
From the glance of her eye, shun danger and fly,  
For fatal the glance of Kate Kearney.  
For that eye, is so modestly beaming,  
You ne'er think of mischief she's dreaming,  
Yet Oh, I can tell, how fatal the spell,  
'That lurks in the eye of Kate Kearney.

Oh should you e'er meet this Kate Kearney,  
Who lives on the banks of Kilarney,  
Beware of the smile, for many a wile  
Lies hid in the smile of Kate Kearney.  
Tho' she looks so bewitchingly simple,  
Yet there's mischief in every dimple ;  
And who dares inhale her sighs, spicy gale !  
Must die by the breath of Kate Kearney.

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*The Yorkshire Irishman, or Adventures of a Potatoc Merchant.*

My Father was once a great *marchant*,  
 As any in Ireland was found,  
 But faith he could ne'er save a *shilling*,  
 Tho' tatoes he sold by the *pound*;  
 So says he to my mother, one night,  
 To England suppose you and I go,  
 And the very next day, by moonlight,  
 They took leave of the country of Slygo.  
 Sing de ral, lal de ral la, fal lal de, &c.

That the land is all cover'd with water,  
 'Twixt England and Ireland, you'll own;  
 And *single* misfortunes, they say,  
 To Irishmen ne'er come *alone*:  
 So my father, poor man! was *first drown'd*,  
 Then *ship-wreck'd*, in sailing from Cork,  
 But my mother,—she got safe to land,  
 And a whisky-shop open'd in York.  
 Fal de ral, &c.

Just a year after father was dead,—

One night, about five i' th' morn,  
An odd accident happen'd to me,

For 'twas then, that myself was first born;  
All this, I've been told by my mammy,

(And surely, she'd not tell me wrong,)

But I don't remember nought of it,

Caze it happen'd when I were quite young.

Fal de ral, &c.

*On the very same day*, the next year,

(For so ran the story of mother,)

The same accident happen'd again,

But not to me then, that were brother;

So 'twas settled by old father Luke,

Who dissolv'd all our family sins,

As we both were born on the *same day*,

That we sartinly must have been twins.

Fal de ral, &c.

'Twas agreed I should not go to school,

As learning I never should want,

Nor would they, e'en teach me to read,

For my *genus* they said it would cramp:

Now this genus, of mine,—where it lay,—

Do but listen a while, and you'll hear—

'Twas in drawing—not landscapes and pictures;

No—mine was for drawing of beer.

Fal de ral, &c.

Some with only *one* genus are blest,  
 But I it appears, had got *two*,  
 For when I had drawn off some beer,  
 I'd a genus for drinking it too :  
 At last I was drawn up to town,  
 Without in my pocket a *farden*,  
 But since I've earn'd many a *crown*,  
 By the *shop* here, in sweet *Common Garden*.  
 Fal de ral, &c.

Now the end of my song's drawing near,  
 I'll tell ye—but that's nothing new,—  
 Now all my ambition's to try,  
 And to do, what I can to draw you :  
 In which, if I do but succeed,  
 And my efforts beguile you of pain,  
 I entreat you'll not wait to be ask'd  
 To come *often* and see me again.  
 Fal de ral, &c.

## *Ned Grogan.*

NED Grogan, dear joy, was the son of his mother,  
 And as like her it seems, as one pea to another ;  
 But to find out his dad, he was put to the rout,  
 As many folks wiser have been, joy, no doubt.



To this broth of a boy of this mother would say,  
 ‘ When the moon shines, my jewel, be making  
     your hay ;  
 Always ask my advice, when the business is done :  
 For two heads, sure, you’ll own is much better than  
     one.’

*Spoken.*.]—So Neddy taking it into his pate to fetch  
 a walk over to England, stepped to ask the advice  
 of his second head ; but by St Patrick, a drop of  
 the craatur had made her speechless, and so being  
 dead into the bargain, all that he could get out of  
 her was

Phililu, bodderoo, whack, gramachree.

Ned’s mother being wak’d, to England he came,  
     Sir,

Big with hopes of promotion, of honour, and fame,  
     Sir,

Where a snug birth he got, d’ye mind, by my soul,  
 To be partner, dear joy, with a knight of the pole :  
 For Larry to teach him his art proving willing,  
 Soon learnt him the changes to ring with a shilling,  
 And that folks when not sober are easily won ;  
 Which proves that two heads, joy, are better than  
     one.

*Spoken.*.]—Och, to be sure and they didn’t carry on a  
 roaring trade, till Larry having the misfortune to

take a drop too much at the Old Bailey, poor  
 Grogan was once more left alone to sing  
 Phililu, bodderoo, &c.

Left alone, sure, O'Grogan set up for himself,  
 Got a partner, and 'twixt them got plenty of pelf;  
 And because he was pleas'd with a bachelor's life,  
 Married Katty O'Doody, who made him her wife.  
 For some time they play'd, joy, like kittens so  
     friskey,  
 Till Katty, Och hone, took to drinking of whisky;  
 Sold his sticks, and away with his partner did run,  
 Proving still that two heads are much better than  
     one.

*Spoken.*]—Och, bad luck to her! cried Grogan; to  
 be sure I took her for better or worse; but since  
 she's proved all worse and no better, faith her loss  
 makes me sing

Phililu, bodderoo, &c.

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## *The Priest of the Parish.*

THE Priest of the Parish must lead a rare happy life,  
 When his parishioners all full of grace,  
 Each boy with his girl, each man with his happy  
 wife,

Hearts full of joy—and smiles in each face ;  
 The pipers play sweetly, the dancers so frisky are,  
 The Priest of the Parish he lilts up a song ;  
 Girls ripe for kisses, the boys ripe for whisky are :  
 Jug jig, and jollity all the night long.

With a whack, &c.

If Pat squeeze the hand of Sheelah O'Dogherty,  
 Dermot, he looks with a frown on his face,  
 Tips th' wink with his finger, t' Murtoch O'Fla-  
 herty ;

Who trips up Pat's heels, and stands right in his  
 place.

In a bit of a frolic, each boy gets a thump or so,  
 Th' girls never mind who's right or who's wrong ;  
 A crack on the back is of love but a thump or so,  
 And the ev'ning concludes just as I do my song.

With a whack, &c

---

*New Song.*

I'm a Paddy you see by the sight of my trogue,  
And my name's Master Roderick O'Macwhacfenugino:

I was born with no shirt in sweet Ballanahog,  
And christened by Father O'Domini Jugino.

Now, upon my conscience, Master Roderick, you  
are a devilish queer fellow, and devil burn me  
but I see you are bent upon getting drunk to-  
night, but I'll take care of you.

With my duderum, daderam, fuderam, fader-  
um, St Patrick's day in the morning.

The reverend father got wond'rous frisky,  
He liked holy water, but he mixt it with whisky ;  
And in past'ral ale gave me this ghostly warning,  
If you're drunk over night, you'll be dry the next  
morning.

During the time my father's telling the story, I looked  
about me, and devil burn me but he's at my cup.

board taking a swig at my bottle : Oh, says I,  
 dear father, what are you about ? Oh, you hard-  
 hearted Christian, an't I the keeper of your con-  
 science, and devil burn me but I take all the sin  
 upon myself : and devil burn me, father, but you  
 take all the whisky too upon yourself.

With my duderum, &c.

Then he told me the list of his pedigree fait,  
 Said his blood was as thick as the best lord in  
 Christendom ;  
 Says I, that accounts for your thick-headed pate ;  
 Then he told all his ancestors' names while I lis-  
 ten'd him.

Now, upon my conscience, stop a bit, and I'll give  
 you a toast, " Here's, may the hard-hearted father  
 never know what it is to have a child."

With my duderum, &c.

He got them all but save the father poor elf,  
 Caase the mother of him won't quite certain herself;  
 And this from the father was all I could gather,  
 He must be a wise man that knows his own father.

Devil burn me if I know what to say of it, for you  
 know, and I know, and upon my soul every other  
 body knows.

With my duderum, &c.

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## *The Chapter of Kings.*

THE Romans in England they once did sway,  
 The Saxons they after them led the way,  
 And they tugg'd with the Danes till an overthrow,  
 Which both of them got by the Norman beau :

Yet, barring all pother,  
 The one and the other,  
 Were all of them kings in their turn.

Little Willy the Conqueror long did reign,  
 But Billy his son by an arrow was slain ;  
 And Harry the First was a scholar bright,  
 But Stephen was forc'd for his crown to fight.

Yet barring, &c.

Second Harry Plantagenet's name did bear,  
 And Cœur de Lion was his son and heir ;  
 But Magna Charta we gain'd from John,  
 Which Harry the Third put his seal upon.

Yet barring, &c.

There was Teddy the First, like a tyger bold,  
 But the Second by rebels was bought and sold,

And Teddy the Third was his subjects' pride,  
 Tho' his grandson Dicky was popp'd aside:  
 Yet barring, &c.

There was Harry the Fourth, a warlike wight,  
 And Harry the Fifth like a cock would fight;  
 Tho' Harry his son like a chick did pout,  
 When Teddy his cousin had kick'd him out.  
 Yet barring, &c.

Poor Teddy the Fifth he was kill'd in bed,  
 By butchering Dick, who was knock'd in the head;  
 Then Harry the Seventh in fame grew big,  
 And Harry the Eighth was as fat as a pig.  
 Yet barring, &c.

With Teddy the Sixth we had tranquil days,  
 Tho' Mary made fire and faggot to blaze;  
 Yet good Queen Bess was a glorious dame,  
 And bonny King Jemmy from Scotland came.  
 Yet barring, &c.

Poor Charley the First was a martyr made,  
 But Charley his son was a comical blade;  
 And Jemmy the Second, when hotly spurr'd,  
 Run away, do ye see, from Willy the Third.  
 Yet barring, &c.

Queen Anne was victorious by land and sea,  
 And Georgey the First did with glory sway;

And as Georgey the Second has long been dead,  
 Long life to the Georgey we have in his stead,  
     And may his son's sons,  
     To the end of the chapter,  
 All come to be kings in their turn.

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### *Paddy's Courtship.*

THROUGH Dublin as once I was trudging away,  
 About six o'clock in the middle of day,  
 I met with Miss Blarny, whose eyes shine so bright,  
 That I feel deep in love at the very first sight.  
                                     Derry down, &c.

'Och!' says I to myself, 'I'm sunk into the skin,  
 I can never get out, so I'll plunge further in;  
 Then I follow'd her home, and said, 'Pray, Madam,  
     give  
 Me the freedom to ax whereabouts you may live?'  
                                     Derry down, &c.

Says she, 'Sir, pray what is your business with me,  
 That you now take the liberty thus to make free,



For to axe at my door where I live, is the same  
 As to say, ' Mr Dennis, pray what is your name ?'  
 Derry down, &c.

' Though bother'd and vext, with my doubts and my  
 fears,  
 I'm in love with your face', says I, ' up to the ears ;  
 My name, at your sarvice, is Patrick O'Shelf,  
 And likewise not only my name, but myself.'  
 Derry down, &c.

Having told her my meaning, in words pretty plain,  
 I begg'd she wou'd ease me of love's pleasing pain !  
 She said she'd consider, and sent me away,  
 Saying, ' Night's coming on, so I'll bid you good day'.  
 Derry down, &c.

For two days and three nights I did nothing but fret,  
 In vain did I labour, no rest could I get,  
 For the whole of the time that I lay wide awake,  
 Not one single nap, by my soul, did I take !  
 Derry down, &c.

Now finding myself in this tragical state,  
 My comfort, thinks I, cannot be very great ;  
 So my charmer to meet, I put on my best clothes,  
 And though rather backward, strait forward I goes.  
 Derry down, &c.

To be sure, then, I didn't stand still like a dunce,  
 But told her the fire of my flame, all at once :

'Love is,' says I, 'Madam,' says I, 'Madam, love  
Is a gift sent below from the powers above !'

Derry down, &c.

'Before you bewitch'd me, I slept like a post,  
But now I don't get above three winks at most ;  
And unless you consent to become man and wife,  
I shall die, if you do not restore me to life.'

Derry down, &c.

'Och, if that is the case, my dear honey,' says she,  
'If you're apt to be sleepy, you won't do for me ;  
For I want a young fellow, brisk, jolly, and tight ;  
But if you are so sleepy, I'll bid you good night.'

Derry down, &c.

I stood for some time, staring like a stuck pig,  
And what to say next, rather bother'd my gig ;  
When as if recollecting some business forgot,  
She set off like a bow from an arrow that's shot.

Derry down, &c.

With the use of my speech I recover'd my voice :  
Says I, 'My dear jewel, pray take your own choice ;  
For the future I'll serve one my love will not slight,  
That's my King and my Country, with joy and delight.'

Derry down, &c.

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*Barney Maclean.*

Oh, here's Barney Maclean, keeps the sign of the  
Pot,

And, arrah, believe me, no very bad lot ;  
You'll find a snug cabin, both neat and clean,  
At the three-legged Pot, kept by Barney Maclean.

There's humming old stingo, 'twas brew'd in Octo-  
ber,

My customers praise it, when reeling home sober ;  
'Tis drunk by the Doctor, the Squire, and the Dean ;  
So come taste, and be drinking with Barney Mac-  
lean.

Faith I'll give you a toast—Here's Ireland, my boy,  
Our King, heaven bless him ! and send him much  
joy ;

The Prince and Princesses, and Charlotte our Queen,  
Shall be all drank in bumpers by Barney Maclean.

So if hungry or thirsty, make haste to the Pot,  
Nor fear I'll be wrong, Sirs, in casting the scot ;

No 'tricks upon travellers' was ever yet seen  
 At the Three-legged-Pot, kept by Barny Maclean.

---

### *Paddy the Piper.*

WHEN I was a boy in my father's mud edifice,  
 Tender and bare as a pig in a sty,  
 Out at the door as I look'd with a steady phiz,  
 Who but Pat Murphy the Piper came by?  
 Says Paddy, But few play this music, can you play?  
 Says I, I can't tell, for I never did try:  
 He told me that he had a charm,  
 To make the pipes prettily speak,  
 Then squeez'd a bag under his arm,  
 And sweetly they set up a squeak.

#### CHORUS.

With a faralla laralla loo, och! hone! how he hand-  
 led the drone,  
 And then such sweet music he blew, 'twould have  
 melted the heart of a stone.

Your pipe, says I, Paddy, so neatly come over me,  
 Naked I'll wander wherever it blows;  
 And if my father should try to recover me,  
 Sure it won't be by describing my clothes,  
 The music I hear now, takes hold of my ear now,  
 And leads me all over the world by the nose.

So I followed his bag-pipe so sweet,  
 And sung, as I leap'd like a frog,  
 Adieu to my family seat,  
 So pleasantly plac'd in a bog,  
 With my faralla, &c.

Full five years I follow'd him, nothing could 'sunder  
 us,

'Till he one morning had taken a sup,  
 And slipp'd from a bridge in a river just under us,  
 Souse to the bottom, just like a blind pup.  
 I roar'd out, and I bawl'd out, and hastily call'd out,  
 O Paddy, my friend, don't you mean to come up?

He was as dead as a nail in a door,  
 Poor Paddy was laid on the shelf,  
 So I took up his pipes on the shore,  
 And now I've set up for myself.

With my faralla laralla loo, to be sure I have not got  
 the knack,  
 To play faralla laralla loo, aye, and bubbaro didaroo  
 whack.

---

## *Father O'Dominic.*

BEFORE I came from Connaught, O'Dominic they  
christen'd me ;

The ladies cried out he's a nice little rogue :  
My father dy'd, and nothing left, then not a crate  
listen'd me,

And that was a little too much of the brogue.  
My friends abroad they sent me, a convent to ex-  
plore,

From Monks and jolly Friars the bell away I bore ;  
Yet had it been a nunnery, I shou'd have lik'd it  
more ;

But that wou'd have been a little too much, &c.

The Spanish Dons they all made up a jealous resolu-  
tion,

With me they suspected each sweet little rogue ;  
They swore no Connaught man should give their  
ladies absolution ;

That being a little too much on the brogue.  
The Irish O, amaz'd them so, each father, husband,  
brother,

That tho' I cou'dn't lose the O, at lost to stop their  
pothor,

I took it off from one end, and clapt in on the other :  
O then to be sure how they swallow'd the brogue.

---

## *My Grandmother's Eye-Water.*

OF all sorts of drops, dropping spirits to cure,  
A good drop of comfort's the best to be sure ;  
Some take their drop open, and some take it sly,  
But the drop I like best, is the drop in my eye.

Tol, lol, &c.

We all love a drop now and then, we do.

Your delicate ladies pretend, you know,  
As how they never get muzzy, or so ;  
But they're all in their *cups* when the *tea* they touch,  
And they now and then get a cup too much.

Tol, lol, &c.

My granny, because I've bad eyes, gave me  
The genuine eye-water ; only see :

[*Holds up a bottle or glass.*

But my hand shakes so, north, east, west, south,  
I never can get it beyond my mouth.

Tol, lol, &c.

I'm a very dry creature, the people say,  
 Of course I must drink, to moisten my clay ;  
 And when it's too moist, drink again, you know,  
 For the more you drink, the drier you grow.

Tol, lol, &c.

---

### *Paddy's Trip to London.*

WHEN I took my departure from Dublin's sweet  
 town,

And for England's own self through the seas I did  
 plow,

For seven long days I was toss'd up and down,

Like a quid of chew'd hay in the throat of a cow ;  
 While afraid off the deck in the ocean to slip, Sir,  
 I clung, like a cat, a fast hold for to keep, Sir,  
 Round about the big post that grows out of the ship  
 Sir ;

Och ! I never thought more to sing Langoolee.

Thus standing stock still all the while I was moving,

Till Ireland's sweet coast I saw clean out of sight ;  
 Myself, the next day—a true Irishman proving,

When leaving the ship, on the shore for to light,



As the board they put out was too narrow to quarter,  
 The first step I took I was in such a totter,  
 That I jump'd upon land, to my neck up in water ;  
 Faith, that was no time to sing Langolee.

But sure cold and hunger I never yet knew more,  
 For my stomach and bowels did grumble and  
     growl,  
 So I thought the best way to get each in good  
     humour,  
 Was to haul out the wrinkles of both, by my  
     soul ;  
 Then I went to a house where roast meat they  
     provide Sir,  
 With a whirligig, which up the chimney I spy'd,  
     Sir;  
 Which grinds all their smoke into powder beside,  
     Sir;  
 'Tis true as I'm now singing Langolee.

Next I went to the landlord of all the stage coaches,  
 That set sail for London each night in the week,  
 To whom I obnoxiously made my approaches,  
 As a birth aboard one I was come for to seek :  
 But as for the inside, I'd no cash in my casket,  
 So says I, ' With your leave, may I make bold to  
     ask it,  
 When the coach is gone off, pray what time goes  
     the basket ?  
 For there I can ride and sing Langolee.

Then screwing his mouth up, 'The basket, says he,  
Sir,

Goes after the coach a full hour or two ;'

'Very well, Sir, says I, that's the thing just for  
me, Sir ;'

But the devil a word that he told me was true ;  
For, though one went before and the other behind,  
Sir,

They set off, cheek-by-jowl, at the very same time,  
Sir ;

So that day at night we set out by moon-shine, Sir,  
All alone, by myself, singing Langolee.

O, long life to the moon, for a brave noble creature,  
That serves us with lamp-light each night in the  
dark,

While the sun only shines in the day, which, by  
nature,

Wants no light at all, as you all may remark :

But as for the moon—by my soul, I'll be bound, Sir,  
It would save the whole nation a great many  
pounds, Sir,

To subscribe for to light her up all the year round,  
Sir,

Or I'll never more sing about Langolee.

## *Paddy MacShane's Seven Ages.*

If my own botheration don't alter my plan,  
 I'll sing seven lines of a tight Irish man,  
 Wrote by old Billy Shakespeare of Ballyporeen.  
 He said while a babe I lov'd whisky and pap,  
 That I mewled and puk'd in my grandmother's lap;  
 She joulted me hard just to hush my sweet roar,  
 When I slipp'd thro' her fingers down whack on  
 the floor,

What a squalling I made sure at Ballyporeen.

When I grew up a boy, with a nice shining face,  
 With my bag at my back, and a snail-crawling pace,  
 Went to school at old Thwackum's at Ballyporeen:  
 His wig was so fusty, his birch was my dread,  
 He learning beat out 'stead of into my head.  
 Master MacShane, says he, you're a great dirty dolt,  
 You've got no more brains than a Monnaghan colt;  
 You're not fit for our college at Ballyporeen.

When eighteen years of age, was teaz'd and perplext

To know what I should be, so a lover turn'd next,  
 And courted sweet Sheelah of Ballyporeen:  
 I thought I'd just take her, to comfort my life,  
 Not knowing that she was already a wife;

She ask'd me just once that to see her I'd come,  
 When I found her ten children and husband at home,  
 A great big whacking chairman of Ballyporeen.

I next turn'd a soldier, I did not like that,  
 So turn'd servant, and liv'd with the great Justice  
 Pat,

A big dealer in p'ratees at Ballyporeen :  
 With turtle and vension he lin'd his inside,  
 Ate so many fat capons, that one day he died ;  
 So great was my grief, that to keep spirits up,  
 Of some nice whisky cordial I took a big sup  
 To my master's safe journey from Ballyporeen.

Kick'd and toss'd so about, like a weathercock vane,  
 I pack'd up my awls, and I went back again

To my grandfather's cottage at Ballyporeen.  
 I found him, poor soul ! with no legs for his hose,  
 Could not see through the spectacles put on his nose ;  
 With no teeth in his head, so death cork'd up his  
 chin ;

He slipp'd out of his slippers, and faith I slipp'd in,  
 And succeeded poor Dennis of Ballyporeen.

*Song.*

O WHAT a dainty fine thing is the girl I love !

She fits my finger as neat as a Lim'rick glove ;  
If that I had her just down by yon mountain side,  
'Tis there I would ax her if she would become my  
bride :

The skin on her cheek is as red as Eve's apple :  
Her pretty round waist, with my arms I'd soon  
grapple ;

But when that I ax'd her, for leave just to follow her,  
She cock'd up her nose, and cried, *No*, Mr. O'Gal-  
lagher.

O Cicely, my jewel, the dickens go with you, why  
If that you're cruel, it's down at your feet I'll lie ;  
'Caze your hard-hearted, I'm melted to skin and  
bone !

Sure you'd me pity to see me both grunt and groan.  
But all I could say, her hard heart could not mollify,  
Still she would titter, and giggle, and look so shy,  
Then with a frown I'm desired not to follow her ;  
Isn't this pretty usage for Mr. O'Gallagher ?

T'was at Balligally, one Easter, I met with her ;  
 Into Jem Garvey's I went, where I sat with her ;  
 Cicely, my jewel, if that thou will be my own,  
 Soon Father Luke he will come, and he'll make us  
     one.

On hearing of this, how her eyes they did glister  
 bright !

Cicely, my jewel, I'll make you my own this night.  
 When that she found me determined to follow her,  
 I'm your's, she then cried out, sweet Mr. O'Gal-  
     lagher.

### *Long Life to the Petticoat.*

THERE with fun we the stocking throw,  
 Boys all dress'd in their Sunday clothes :  
 Girls trimm'd neatly from top to toe ;  
 Red looks the priest with his comely nose ;  
 Round goes the jorum at bedding-time,  
 Whack 'gainst the floor goes each leather brogue  
 Bang goes the bells in a merry chime,  
 Smack go the lips of each pretty rogue !

Lilt up the pipes, let the chaunter sound,  
 Dearly we doat on the merry note,

Gig with the whisky goes briskly round,  
 Drinking long life to the petticoat !

Sweet are the smiles from the comely bride,  
 Eyes at her of all goggle so ;  
 Bridegroom stands by her lovely side,  
 A goose just nick'd in the noddle thro' ;  
 Girls chaunt out from their merry throats,  
 Boys for the whisky are riper now,  
 Toasting the souls that wear petticoats,  
 All get as drunk as the piper's sow !  
 Tilt up the pipes, &c.

---

### *Larry O'Lash'em.*

I'm Larry O'Lash'em, was born at Killarney,  
 Myself drove a noddy in Dublin's sweet town,  
 And got fares enough, caase I tipt the folks blarney,  
 But myself was knock'd up, caase I knock'd a man  
     down :  
 So to London I drove to avoid the distaster,  
 There to drive hackney coaches engaged for the  
     pelf,  
 And honestly, out of my fares, paid my master  
 Two-thirds, and kept only one half for myself

And sing hi ge wo, here we go, merry and frisky,  
O'Lash'em's the boy for to tip the long trot.

I took up a Buck, and because 'twas the fashion,  
He mounted the box, and bade me get inside ;  
And because I refus'd he fell into a passion,  
So thinks I, while I'm walking, I may as well ride.  
I amus'd myself laughing to see how the hinder  
Wheels after the fore ones most furiously paid,  
Till a wheel broke its leg, spilt the coach out of  
window,  
While my head and the pavement at nut-cracking  
play'd.

And sing hi ge wo, &c.

I next drove a couple one morn to get married,  
The lady was sixty, the gem'man a score ;  
For sake of her money the courtship he carried,  
But, repenting, desarted her at the church door.  
She swounded away—so a pity, 'twas thinking,  
Allur'd by the rhino, myself intercedes,  
And got married ; soon after she died of hard  
drinking,  
And left me a widow forlorn in my weeds.

And sing hi ge wo, &c.

Having fingered the cash that was due by my marriage

I set up for myself, now a batchelor made,  
I purchas'd a fine bran new second-hand carriage,  
Became my own Jarvis, and drive a fine trade ;



And my coaches and my horses, in case of invasion,  
 I'll send to the troops, and I'll join in the strife ;  
 And if am kilt in defence of the nation,  
 'Twill make me a hero the rest of my life.  
 And sing hi ge wo, &c.

---

### *Heigh for the Petticoat.*

Oh ! a petticoat, honey's, an Irishman's joy,  
 Go where he will, his time merrily passes ;  
 Search the world over, sure Paddy's the boy  
 For banging the men and for kissing the lasses.  
 And if you but get a red coat to your back,  
 In Russia, in Prussia, in France, or in Flanders ;  
 All the pretty ma'amselles have a mighty neat knack  
 Of cocking their chins at both men and commanders.

Then heigh for the petticoat—that is my joy,—  
 Go where I will my time merrily passes ;—  
 Search the world over, sure Paddy's the boy  
 For banging the men, and for kissing the lasses.

When sweet Kitty Conner pierc'd me through the  
 heart,  
 And chose Teddy Blarney, a big man of honor,

One moon-shiny night, to give ease to my smart,  
 I kick'd Mr Blarney, and kiss'd Mrs Connor :  
 And the little plump God, for his mother knew what,  
 Was the son of old Mars, or he'd never alarm ye ;  
 And if he'd be growing as tall as he's fat,  
 You'd see master Cupid brought up to the army.  
 Then heigh for the petticoat, &c.

---

### *Song.*

Oh ! take me to your arms, my love,  
 For bright the moon doth shine ;  
 Oh ! take me to your arms, my love,  
 Or I'll take you to mine.  
 She left her bed, popp'd out her head,  
 " Begone, you rogue," says she ;  
 " Come down, (says I,) or here I'll lie,  
 " Beneath this apple tree."

My love had wealth and beauty,  
 But soon her cash ran shy ;  
 My love had wealth and beauty,  
 But she had lost one eye.

Her foot, so fair, tript down the stair,  
 Her auburn locks so red ;  
 Then in I crept, where Judy slept,  
 Beneath her tester bed.

Next morn I woke quite early,  
 And set me up on end ;  
 Next morn I woke quite early,  
 And thought to seek my friend.  
 My wife was gone—my friend was flown,  
 My love he stole so snug :  
 So down I lay, in bed all day,  
 Beneath the worsted rug.

---

*The Irishman's Theatrical Description ;  
 Or, An Apology for a Song.*

WITHOUT the help of gamut, note, demi-semi-quaver,  
 crotchet, or minum,  
 Or any other sort of sounds that have no meaning  
 in 'em ;  
 Without going round the bush and round the bush,  
 playing at hide-and-go-seek ;  
 A man, without any time at all at all, may sing just as  
 well as he can speak.

Tiddy ti tol lol lay, tiddy ti tol lol lay,  
 Phillelu drimandru ;  
 Subbaboo mushagrah.

When singing and speaking was such a sort of undertaking, as was executed according to nature, He or she, who attempted to execute either, was something like a rationable creature, And your stage-players of old, to be sure we are told, they would strut like a turkey or bustard ; But they knew no more about grinning, and grunting, and making faces at one another, than they did about making of mustard.

Sing tiddy, &c.

The great Turk, in a pet, I mean Bajazet, when by Tamerlane was taken in battle, Like a bear, with head sore, blood and turf ! how he'd roar, while his chains did melodiously rattle ; And old Shylock, the Jew, his long knife he drew, to be sticking in the poor merchant's beef ! But devil a Christian soul but what said to him in their hearts, bad luck to you, you butch'ring old thief.

Sing tiddy, &c.

Then thick-lipp'd Othello, that sooty-fac'd fellow, that choak'd his poor wife in her bed, Sir, Wou'd have made all the blood in your body run cold, and the hair almost stand an end on your head, Sir ;

And when crooked King Dick bid his kingdom for a  
 horse, it's true upon my life, it's no fable ;  
 The devil a one in the whole place would lend him a  
 jack-ass, though they'd half a score in the stable.  
 Sing tiddy, &c.

Then Macbeth stuck the poor King in his sleep with  
 a pair of damn'd French-looking daggers,  
 Struck the folk with his guilt, and the blood that he  
 spilt, like a horse, when he's struck with the  
 staggers :

And Macheath sung, when he was going to be hung,  
 a man can die bolder by brandy ;

And the ladies in the boxes, from the duchess to the  
 doxies, would be saying, to be sure he's quite  
 the tippy, and the dandy.

Sing tiddy, &c.

Now, to make an end of my song, to be sure, it's  
 rather long ; but then, as to words and the tune,  
 You're not only welcome as the flowers in May, but  
 welcome as the roses in June.

Now, don't take it in your noddle, to say it is the  
 twaddle, nor let any of it put you in a passion ;  
 Because, upon my conscience, a little bit of nonsense,  
 now a-days, it is the very tippy, and pink of the  
 fashion.

Sing tiddy, &c.

---

*A Sup of good Whisky.*

A SUP of good whisky will make you glad,  
Too much of the creature will set you mad ;  
If you take it in reason 'twill make you wise,  
If you drink to excess it will close up your eyes ;  
    Yet Father and Mother,  
    And Sister and Brother,  
They all love a sup in their turn.

Some Preachers will tell you to drink is bad ;  
I think so too— if there's none to be had :  
The Swadler will bid you drink none at all,  
But while I can get it, a fig for them all :  
    Both Layman and Brother,  
    In spite of this pother,  
Will all take a sup in their turn.

Some Doctors will tell ye 'twill hurt your health,  
And Justice will say, 'twill reduce your wealth ;  
Physicians and Lawyers will both agree,  
When your money's all gone, they can get no fee ;  
    Yet Surgeon and Doctor,  
    And Lawyer and Proctor,  
Will all take a sup in their turn.

If a soldier is drunk on his duty found,  
 He soon to the three-leg'd horse is bound,  
 In the face of his regiment oblig'd to strip,  
 A naggin will soften the nine-tail'd whip!

For Serjeant and Drummer,  
 And likewise his Honour,  
 Will all take a sup in their turn.

The Turks who arriv'd from the Porte Sublime,  
 All told us that drinking was held a great crime:  
 Yet after their dinner away they slunk,  
 And tippled their wine till they got quite drunk.

The Sultan and Crommet,  
 And even Mahomet,  
 They all take a sup in their turn.

The Quakers will bid you from drink abstain,  
 By yea, and by nāy, 'tis a fault in the vain:  
 Yet some of the broad-brims will get to the stuff,  
 And tipple away till they've tippled enough;

For Stiff-rump and Steady,  
 And Solomon's Lady,  
 Would all take a sup in their turn.

The Germans will say they can drink the most,  
 The French and Italians will also boast;  
 Hibernia's the country (for all their noise)  
 For generous drinking and hearty boys;

There each jovial fellow  
 Will drink till he's mellow,  
 And take off his glass in his turn.

---

*Love and Whisky.*

Love and whisky both, rejoice an honest fellow :  
Unripe joys of life, love and whisky mellow.  
Both the head and heart, set in palpitation ;  
From both I've often found a mighty sweet sensation.

Love and whisky's joys ! let us gaily twist 'em  
In the thread of life,---Faith we can't resist 'em !

But love's jealous pang ! in heart-ache oft' we find it ;  
Whisky in its turn, a headache leaves behind it.  
Thus of love or drink we curse th' enchanted cup, Sir,  
All its charms forswear, then take another sup, Sir.  
Love and whisky's, &c.

Love and whisky can to any thing persuade us ;  
No other power we fear, that ever can invade us.  
Should others dare intrude, they'll find our lads so  
frisky,  
By none can be subdued, excepting love and whisky.



May the smiles of Love cheer our lads so clever;  
 And with whisky, boys, we'll drink King George  
 for ever!

---

### *The Wedding of Ballyporeen.*

DESCEND ye chaste Nine to a true Irish Bard,  
 You're old maids to be sure, but he sends you a  
 card,

To beg you'll assist a poor musical elf,  
 With a song ready made, he'll compose it himself,  
 About maids, boys, a priest, and a wedding,  
 With a crowd you could scarce thrust your head in,  
 A supper, good cheer, and a bedding,  
 Which happen'd at Ballyporeen.

'Twas a fine summer's morn, about twelve in the  
 day,

All the birds fell to sing, all the asses to bray,  
 When Patrick the bridegroom, and Oonagh the  
 bride,

In their best bibs and tuckers set off side by side:

Oh! the piper play'd first in the rear, sir,

The maids blush'd, the bridesmen did swear, sir,

Oh! lord, how the spalpeens did stare,  
At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

They were soon tack'd together, and home did re-  
turn,  
To make merry the day at the sign of the Churn,  
When they sat down together, a frolicsome troop,  
Oh, the banks of old Shannon ne'er saw such a group!  
There were turf-cutters, threshers, and tailors,  
With harpers, and pipers, and nailers,  
And pedlers, and smugglers, and sailors,  
Assembled at Ballyporeen.

There was Bryan Macdermot, and Shaughnessy's  
brat,  
With Terence, and Triscol, and platterfaced Patt,  
There was Norah Macormick, and Bryan O'Lynn,  
And the fat red-hair'd cook-maid who lives at the  
inn;  
There was Sheelah, and Larry the genius,  
With Patt's uncle, old Darby Dennis,  
Black Thady, and crooked Macgennis,  
Assembled at Ballyporeen.

Now the bridegroom sat down to make an oration,  
And he charm'd all their souls with his kind bother-  
ation,  
They were welcome, he said, and he swore, and he  
curs'd,  
They might eat till they swell'd, and might drink  
till they burst.

The first christening I have, if I thrive, sirs,  
 Here again I do hope you'll all drive, sirs,  
 You'll be welcome all dead or alive, sirs,  
 To a christening at Ballyporeen.

Then the bride she got up to make a low bow,  
 But she twitter'd and felt so—she could not tell  
 how—

She blush'd and she stammer'd—the few words she  
 let fall,

She whisper'd so low, that she bother'd them all—

But her mother cry'd, “What, are you dead,  
 child,

“Oh, for shame of you, hold up your head, child,

“Tho' I'm sixty, I wish I was wed, child,

“Oh, I'd rattle at Ballyporeen.”

Now they sat down to meat, Father Murphy said  
 grace ;

Smoaking-hot were the dishes, and eager each face,  
 The knives and forks rattled, spoons and platters did  
 play,

And they elbow'd, and jostled, and wallop'd away :

Rumps, chines, and fat sirloins did groan, sirs,

Whole mountains of beef were cut down, sirs,

They demolish'd all to the bare bone, sirs,

At this wedding of Ballyporeen.

There was bacon and greens, but the turkey was  
 spoil'd,

Potatoes dress'd both ways, both roasted and boil'd ;  
 Hogs' puddings, red herrings, the priest got the  
 snipe ;

Culcannon, pies, dumplings, cods, cow-heels and  
 tripe !

Then they ate till they could eat no more, sirs,  
 And the whisky came pouring *galore*, sirs,  
 Oh, how Terry Macmanus did roar, sirs,  
 Oh, he bother'd all Ballyporeen.

Now the whisky went round, and the songsters did  
 roar,

Tim sung " Paddy O'Kelky", Nell sung " Molly  
 Astore ;"

Till a motion was made that their songs they'd for-  
 sake,

And each lad take his sweetheart their trotters to  
 shake ;

Then the piper and couples advancing,  
 Pumps, brogues, and bare feet fell a-prancing,  
 Such piping, such figuring, and dancing,  
 Was ne'er known at Ballyporeen.

Now to Patrick the bridegroom, and Oonagh the  
 bride,

Let the harp of old Ireland be sounded with pride,

And to all the brave guests, young or old, grey or  
green,

Drunk or sober, that jigged it at Ballyporeen.

And when Cupid shall lend you his wherry,

To trip o'er the conjugal ferry,

I wish you may be half so merry,

As we were at Ballyporeen.

### *Molly Malone.*

By the big hill of Howth,

That's a bit of an oath,

That to swear by I'm loth,

To the heart of a stone ;

But be poison my drink,

If I sleep, snore, or wink,

Once forgetting to think,

Of your lying alone.

Och ! it's how I'm in love

Like a beautiful dove,

That sits cooing above,

In the boughs of a tree ;

Its myself I'll soon smother,  
 In something or other,  
 Unless I can bother,  
     Your heart to love me,  
 Sweet Molly, sweet Molly Malone,  
 Sweet Molly, sweet Molly Malone.

I can see if you smile,  
 Though I'm off half a mile,  
 For my eyes all the while,  
     Keep along with my head :  
 And my head you must know,  
 When from Molly I go,  
 Takes his leave with a bow,  
     And remains in my stead,  
     Och ! its how, &c.

Like a bird I cou'd sing,  
 In the month of the spring,  
 But it's now no such thing,  
     I'm quite bother'd and dead ;  
 Och ! I'll roar and I'll groan,  
 My sweet Molly Malone,  
 Till I'm bone of your bone,  
     And asleep in your bed.  
     Och ! its how, &c.

---

## *The Irish Wedding.*

SURE won't you hear  
What roaring cheer  
Was spread at Paddy's wedding, O,  
And how so gay,  
They spent the day,  
From the churching to the bedding, O:  
First, book in hand, came father Quipes,  
With the bride's dad, the bailie, O,  
While all the way to church the pipes  
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

Then there was Mat,  
And sturdy Pat,  
And merry Morgan Murphy, O;  
And Murdock Maggs,  
And Tirlogh Skeggs,  
Maclochlán, and Dick Durfey, O.  
And then the girls, dress'd out in whites,  
Led on by Dad O'Reily, O,  
All jigging as the merry pipes  
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

When Pat was ask'd  
 Would his love last ?  
 The chancel echo'd with laughter, O !  
 Arrah fait, cried Pat,  
 You may see dat,  
 To the end of the world and after, O.  
 Then tenderly her hand he gripes,  
 And kisses her genteelly, O,  
 While all in tune the merry pipes  
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

Now a roaring set,  
 At dinner are met,  
 So frolicsome and so frisky, O,  
 Potatoes galore,  
 A skirraig, or more,  
 And a flowing madder of whisky, O.  
 To the bride's dear health round went the swipes,  
 That her joy might be nightly and daily, O,  
 And as they guttled, the merry pipes  
 Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

And then at night,  
 Oh ! what delight,  
 To see them footing and prancing, O,  
 An opera or ball,  
 Were nothing at all,  
 Compar'd to the style of their dancing, O ;  
 And then to see old father Quipes  
 Beat time with his shelaly, O ;



While the chanter, with his merry pipes  
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O,

And now the knot,  
So tipsy got,  
They'll go to sleep without rocking, O ;  
So the bridemaids fair  
Now gravely prepare  
For throwing of the stocking, O.  
And round to be sure did not go the wipes,  
At the bride's expence so freely, O ;  
While to wish them good night the merry pipes  
Struck up a lilt so gaily, O.

---

### *Blinking Barney.*

I LISTED with old Blinking Barney,  
A patriot loyal and stout,  
Who being the clerk of Killarney,  
One Sunday in church he bawl'd out :  
" Good people, to-day, all *togidder*,  
Since all minds volunteering *absorpe*,

In the church-yard we'll meet to consider,  
The best way of raising a *corps* !"

Sing whack, and sing doraloo, &c.

From a wooden tomb-stone he harangu'd 'em,  
" The French say they'll come, but not when,  
When they do, as so often we've bang'd 'em,  
The best way's to do it again.

For our Captain, there's Doctor M'Larish,  
He'll soon bad enough make their case,  
For since he first physic'd this parish,  
He's kill'd ev'ry soul in the place.

Sing whack, &c.

" Come, enter then every son's mother;  
For hanging back now were a crime ;  
Your names I'll take down without bother,  
All together just one at a time.

If you conquer, success to your capers,  
And, if you are *kilt*, with what pride  
You'll see your own names in the papers,  
And read how like soldiers you died !"

Sing whack, &c.

---

## *Description of the Play of Pizarro.*

FROM the county of Cork, you see I lately came,  
 The harvest to reap—Mr Doodey's my name ;  
 I my cousin Shaun Shaughnessy met t'other day,  
 And says he, will you go to that thing call'd a play ?  
                     With my loorel lol loo.

“ Is't the play that you mean ? arrah Doodey, you're  
     right,  
 For they treat the whole town with Pizarro to-night ;  
 Oh, says I, if I'm treated, the thing's neat and clean :  
 But this treat, as they call'd it, cost me a thirteen.

The green thing drew up, and a lady I spied,  
 A man came to kiss her—she scornfully cried,  
 “ Get out, you blackguard, or I'll bother your gig ;”  
 Then in came Pizarro, who growl'd like a pig.

the ould gowry people's time, long—long ago,  
 The Spaniards all walk'd to Peru, you must know ;

Says they, "you must give up your cash and your  
kays ;"

But one Captain Rolla said, "No, if you please."

Then Rolla a speech made about swords and guns,  
And he moved like a comet amongst moons and suns ;  
Says he, "bate the Spaniards, or else you'll all starve,  
So his majesty here are you willing to sarve?"

Then what a confusion, a hubbub, and holla !  
'Twas fire away Spaniards, and leather away Rolla ;  
Poor Murphy Alonzo like a thief went to jail,  
But his neck is sav'd somehow, without giving bail.

Next Pizarro came in with a little garsoon,  
Who was handl'd by Rolla, as I wou'd a spoon ;  
But whilst he was making a bridge, smithereens !  
He was shot by a villain behind all the scenes.

Then he gave to its mother this sweet little child,  
And he next look'd about him as if he was wild ;  
"Take the boy, my dear cratur, 'tis my blood that  
is spilt ;  
To save him, oh blood and 'ounds ! see how I'm kilt."

Then Alonzo gave Paddy Pizarro a blow,  
That kill'd him as dead as ould Brien Boreau :  
At last on a boord Rolla's body they take,  
And twenty nate virgins all join'd at his wake.

---

*Judy O' Flannikin.*

Oh, whack ! Cupid's a mannikin ;  
Smack on my back he hit me a polter ;  
Good lack ! Judy O'Flannikin ;  
Dear she loves neat Looney Mactwolter.  
Judy's my darling ; my kisses she suffers ;  
She's an heiress, that's clear,  
For her father sells beer ;  
He keeps the sign of the Cow and the Snuffers.  
She's so smart,  
From my heart  
I cannot bolt her !  
Oh, whack ! Judy O'Flannikin ;  
She is the girl for Looney Mactwolter.

Oh, hone ! good news I need a bit ;  
We'd correspond, but learning would choak her ;  
Mavrone ! I cannot read a bit ;  
Judy can't tell a pen from a proker.  
Judy's so constant I'll never forsake her ;  
She's as true as the moon ;  
Only one afternoon

I caught her asleep with a hump-back'd shoe-maker ;

Oh, she's smart !

From my heart

I cannot bolt her :

Oh, whack ! Judy O'Flannikin ;

She is the girl for Looney Mactwoiter.

### *At the Dead of the Night.*

At the dead of the night, when by whisky inspir'd,  
And pretty Katty Flannigan my bosom had fir'd,  
I tapped at her window, when thus she began,  
" Oh ! what the devil are you at ? begone you naughty man."

I gave her a look, as sly as a thief,  
Or when hungry I'd view a fine surloin of beef :  
" My heart is red hot," says I, " but cold is my skin,  
" So pretty Mrs Flannigan, oh, won't you let me in ?"

She opening the door, I sat down by the fire,  
And soon was reliev'd from the wet, cold, and mire,

And I pleased her so mightily, that, long e'er it was  
 day,  
 I stole poor Katty's tender heart, and so tripp'd away.

---

### *O Love! what the Duce.*

O LOVE! what the duce do you want in my bosom?  
 Get out of my sight, and my heart let alone;  
 For had I score I should certainly lose 'em,  
 As that I possess is no longer my own.  
 What means all this thumping, this flutt'ring and  
 beating?

O good master Cupid, be easy now!  
 I long every morn for the next village meeting,  
 Tho' it adds to my pain, but I cannot tell how.  
     Sing, lara la, lara la, lara,  
     Lara la, lara la, lara.

I can't, for the life of me, make out the reason  
 Why Love is the only thing ne'er out of season.  
 Och! when on the green we were all of us dancing,  
 'Twas there I first felt the effect of his eyes.  
 Each moment she'd seize to be privately glancing,  
 Fond looks at a heart she had caught by surprise.

She shot thro' and thro' like a loud clap of thunder,  
 My heart a large hole in my bosom did burn,  
 And fled to her arms ; then pray where is the wonder,  
 That her own, the dear crater, should send in return ?

Sing lara la, &c.

O Cupid, you're surely of Irish extraction,  
 O help your poor countryman now at a pinch !  
 If you'll stand my friend in the heat of the action,  
 May I ne'er see Kilkenny again, if I flinch.  
 I'm not one of those who are given to lying,  
 I promise no more then I'm able to give ;  
 I hate all your nonsense, your kneeling and dying,  
 But I'll love her as long as she chooses to live.

Sing lara la, &c.

### *The Irish Gardener.*

Of all trades, my dear crature, a gard'ner's the best ;  
 Och he bothers your hearts, and he gives you no rest,  
 Till he makes you both jolly and gay.



With his raking he ne'er can disturb his wife's head,  
 Though faith, painted ladies are found in his bed,  
 Who with sweetness add joy to the day.

Then a gard'ner so rare  
 Is the lad for the fair,  
 With a rigdum, jigdum, rake about ho!  
 Dig away, delve away, drive away care;  
 A gard'ner's the lad for the lasses.

No sad losses or crosses in trade he can rue,  
 For hasn't he balsam and balm in his view?

Of his riches I'll give you a hint;  
 If he husbands his thyme well, a plumb he can raise;  
 To be sure he can't manage the stocks if he please,  
 Nor draw as he likes on the mint.

Then a gard'ner so rare  
 Is the lad for the fair, &c.

" Then listen, dear girls, and my story believe,  
 " All the comforts of life a brisk gard'ner can give;  
 " His strong-box is a source of delight!  
 " While his honesty thrives he no medlars need fear,  
 " Then ne'er leave such worth the green willow to  
 wear,

" But let lad's-love all pleasures unite."  
 For a gard'ner so rare  
 Is the lad for the fair, &c.

---

*A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend.*

AN Irish lad's a jolly boy,  
Full of frolic, mirth and fun;  
Wine and women all his joy,  
And from a foe he'll never run.  
And whether he is rich or not,  
He ne'er feels discontent at all,  
For when he cash in store has got,  
Ne'er rests till he has spent it all.  
Och so frisky,  
Fond of whisky,  
Joy is never at an end;  
Love's his boast,  
And this his toast,  
A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend.

“ How free from care's an Irish boy !  
“ A foe to all formality,  
“ A social life his only joy,  
“ His motto—Hospitality.  
“ His monarch too he'll dearly love,  
“ His measures, 'faith he'll back 'em all ;

- “ And as for foes, he’ll quickly prove  
 “ How naitly he can whack ’em all :  
 “ He’ll dance and sing,  
 “ God save the King,  
 “ Success the noble crown attend ;  
 “ All cares deride,  
 “ No wish beside  
 “ A Girl, a Bumper, and a Friend.”

In me you see an Irish lad,  
 Content to please, and willing, Och,  
 Who laughs when comfort’s to be had,  
 And pays while he’s a shilling, Och.  
 Then take my hand, Oh, Fanny, love,  
 And make no further pother, Och ;  
 My heart is your’s—Things clearly prove  
 We’re made for one another, Och.  
 We’ll sing and play,  
 No larks more gay,  
 Our joy shall never have an end ;  
 No wish beside  
 Our fireside,  
 My Wife, a Bumper, and a Friend.

---

---

*Pat Holloway.*

ARRAH, what a big nose had the bold Captain No-  
raghon,

Pat Holloway he pull'd it—till he made him to roar  
again,

Whack fal de diddle—shoot him through the mid-  
dle.

Whack fal de diddle—Well-a-day,

Whack fal de diddle—Captain thro' the middle.

Och, shoot Paddy Holloway.

Both they chose me their seconds, and I gave my  
word to both,

For seconds man to two men, is one man that's third  
to both.

Whack fal de diddle, &c.

We all met by duck pound—cries bold Captain No-  
raghon,

Pat Holloway I'll shoot you, you never shall snea  
again.

Whack fal de diddle, &c.

The Captain miss'd Pat—for it was not a lucky shot,  
 Pat Holloway fired next, and a very fine duck he  
 shot.

Whack fal de diddle, &c.

Then I stepp'd in between 'em—'twas full time to  
 take it up,

For a duel now is one shot a piece—and then make  
 it up.

Whack fal de diddle—shot him thro' the middle,  
 Whack fal de diddle—Well-a-day,

Whack fal de diddle—shake each other's daddle,  
 And fast friends they walk'd away.

---

### *The Night before Larry was stretch'd.*

THE night before Larry was stretch'd,

The boys they all paid him a visit ;

And bit in their sacks too they fetch'd,

They sweated their dads 'till they riz it ;

For Larry was always the lad,

When a friend was condemn'd to the squeezer,

But he'd fence all the togs that he had,  
 To help a poor friend to the sneezer,  
 And moisten his gob 'fore he dy'd.

I'm sorry now, Larry, says I,  
 To see you in this situation ;  
 'Pon my conscience, my lad, I don't lie,  
 I'd rather it had been my own station.  
 Och hone ! it's all over, says he,  
 For the neckcloth I'm forc'd to put on ;  
 And by this time to-morrow you'll see,  
 Your Larry will be dead as mutton.  
 Bekays why, my dear, my courage was good.

The boys they came crowding in fast,  
 They drew all their stools round about him ;  
 Six glims round his trap-case were plac'd,  
 He couldn't be well wak'd without them.  
 I ax'd if he was fit for to die,  
 Without having first duly repented,  
 Says Larry, that's all in my eye,  
 It's only what gownsmen invented,  
 To get a fat bit for themselves.

The cards being call'd for, they play'd,  
 Till Larry found one of them cheated ;  
 He made a smart stroke at his head ;  
 (The boy being easily heated),  
 Oh ! by the holy, you teef,  
 I'll scuttle your nob with my daddle :

You cheat me because I'm in grief,  
 But soon I'll demolish your noddle,  
 And leave you your claret to drink.

Then in came the priest with his book,  
 He spoke him so smooth and so civil ;  
 Larry tip'd him a Kilmainham look,  
 And pitch'd his big wig to the devil :  
 Then stooping a little his head,  
 To get a sweet drop of the bottle,  
 And pitiful sighing, he said,  
 Oh ! the hemp will be soon round my throttle,  
 And choke my poor windpipe to death.

So moving these last words he spoke,  
 We all vented our tears in a shower ;  
 For my part, I thought my heart broke,  
 To see him cut down like a flower.  
 On his travels we watch'd him next day ;  
 Oh ! the hangman I thought I could kill him ;  
 Nor one word poor Larry did say,  
 Nor chang'd till he came to King William,  
 Then, my dear, his colour turn'd white.

When he came to the nubling chit,  
 He was tuck'd up so neat and so pretty ;  
 'The rumbler jogg'd off from his feet,  
 And he died with his face to the city !  
 He kick'd too—but that was all pride,  
 For soon you might see 'twas all over ;

Soon after the noose was united,  
 And at darkee we wak'd him in clover,  
 And sent him to take a ground sweat.

---

### *Sprig of Shelalah.*

I'm a comical fellow, I tell you no fib,  
 And I come from the bogs of Killaley :  
 You may see I'm the thing, by the cut of my jib,  
 And they christened me Teddy O'Reilly.  
 I ask'd dad for a fortune. He answered so smart,  
 He'd got none for himself; so none could he part.

*(Spoken)*

And so d'ye see I began the world  
 With an Irish estate—that's a true honest heart,  
 And a snug little sprig of Shelalah.

Dad's blessing along with me, off then I goes :  
 Success to the bogs of Killaley ;  
 And *Erin go bragb* was the motto I chose,  
 Like a sound-hearted Teddy O'Reilly.



For if she did not flourish, what good could I do?  
 Och, and then for her friends, I've a heart firm and  
 true.

*(Spoken.)*

And as for her enemies, och, to be sure now, and  
 I wouldn't give them a hand!  
 Och, yes, but I would, and along with it too,  
 A nate little sprig of Shelalah.

Then I came to this town, where the world's all  
 alive:

Success to the bogs of Killalee;  
 And soon I learnt how many beans go to five;  
 What a wonderful Teddy O'Reilly!  
 My pockets were empty, my heart full of glee:  
 Och, that was meat, drink, washing, lodging to me.

*(Spoken.)*

And then the young vargins! Och, to be sure, and  
 I didn't make a few conquestesses; and the lau-  
 rels, my dear jewels, the laurels; arrah, and is  
 it the laurels you're after meaning now?  
 Och, the laurel that bangs all creation for me,  
 Is a tight little sprig of Shelalah.

---

*Paddy's Trip from Dublin.*

'Twas business requir'd I'd from Dublin be straying,  
I bargain'd the captain to sail pretty quick ;  
But just at the moment the anchor was weighing,  
A spalpeen, he wanted to play me a trick.  
Says he, Paddy go down stairs and fetch me some  
beer now—

Says I, by my shoul you're monstratious kind ;  
Then you'll sail away, and I'll look mighty queer  
now,

When I come up and see myself all left behind.

A storm met the ship, and did so dodge her :  
Says the captain, we'll sink, or be all cast away ;  
Thinks I, never mind, 'cause I'm only a lodger,  
And my life is insur'd, so the office must pay.  
But a taef who was sea-sick kick'd up such a riot,  
Tho' he lay quite sea-sick and speechless, poor  
elf,  
I could not help bawling, you spalpeen, be quiet,  
Do you think that there's nobody dead but your-  
self?

Well, we got safe on shore every son of his mother,  
 There I found an old friend, Mr Paddy Macgree;  
 Och Dermot, says he, is it you or your brother?

Says I,—I've a mighty great notion it's me.  
 Then I told him the bull we had made of our Journey;

But to bull-making, Irishmen always bear blame;  
 Says he,—my good friend, tho' we've bulls in Hibernia,  
 They've cuckolds in England, and that's all the same.

But, from all cuckoldom heaven preserve us,  
 For John Bull and Paddy Bull's both man and wife;

And every brave fellow who's kill'd in their service,  
 Is sure of a pension the rest of his life.

Then who, in defence of a pair of such hearties,  
 'Till he'd no legs to stand on, would e'er run away.

Then a fig for the war, and d—n Bonaparte,  
 King George and the Union shall carry the day.

---

*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 and ouns ! what can the matter be ?  
 Och, gramachree, what can the matter be ?  
     Bother'd from head to the tail !

I went to confess me to father O'Flannagan ;  
 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 and ouns ! can you tell what the mat-  
     ter be ?

Both cried---what can the matter be ?  
     Bother'd from head to 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, &c.

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 ! says she, &c.

### *I'm an Irishman Born.*

I'M an Irishman born, and as pretty a youth  
 As ever bawl'd whack, or the sweet gramachree,  
 In a drop of the crature I always found truth,  
 And the drop of the crature's the true drop for me :  
     Whatever you think,  
     Then drink, honey, drink,  
 In our cups though we quarrel, we always agree.

In a hard gale of wind when our canvas goes crack,  
 And our masts just like carrots, are snapt short  
 in two ;  
 And sorrows would swell out an old pedlar's pack,  
 Or approach to swamp us, pray what should we  
 do ?

Why, what do you think ?

Why, drink, honey, drink,

And, blind to all sorrow, we have none in view.

Friends and friendship most sweetly the bottle ap-  
 prove,

It ne'er bids the eye of misfortune go weep ;  
 To be sure and it an't a sweet comfort to love,  
 And floats the fond heart like the ship in the deep :

Then, joy, never think,

But drink, honey, drink,

Till ill-humour's dead drunk, and suspicion asleep.

---

## *Mr Mullins and Miss Whack.*

ON Ireland's ground, seat of true hospitality,  
 One Pat Mullins liv'd, till he died—poor man!  
 A martyr he fell to his conviviality,  
 And the last thing he grasp'd was a flowing can!  
     " 'Tis the spirit, my dear,  
     " Of whisky that's here;  
 " Then take Paddy Mullins by the hand!  
     " Let my own spirit move  
     " With the spirit I love;  
 " And Mullins is at your command,  
 " Mister Death—at your command!"  
 Sing roughinsha stockingsha rond leum whack.

Poor Pat left behind him, in grief's formality,  
 One ugly smali boy, and his name it was Jack;  
 And he was in love to all dismality  
 With an ugly old maid, they call'd Noreen Whack!  
     Ogh this pretty brown fair,  
     With her sooty black hair,  
 Took little Jacky Mullins by the hand;  
     But how the folks all star'd,  
     When this couple were pair'd!

And old Fogerty strok'd his band,  
 Mr Mullins touch'd the priest's hand.  
 Sing roughinsha, &c.

Then poor Jacky's eye (for Nature's nigg'rality  
 Had stinted poor Mullins, and he had but one)  
 Like a gooseberry sparkled, and Nature's liberality  
 Stretch'd his mouth like a horse-shoe : his nose it  
 was long.

But then little Miss Whack  
 Had a hump on her back ;  
 And her joints loop'd together on slings ;  
 For between you and I,  
 She was like a goose-pie ;  
 All giblets, and gizzards and wings !  
 Miss Whack all giblets and wings.  
 Sing roughinsha, &c.

This ugly sweet pair, join'd in connubiality,  
 So nate they agree, like the dog and the cat ;  
 Yet the quarrels are manag'd with such mutuality,  
 If she raises her fist, he knocks her down flat.

Cups, saucers, joint-stools,  
 Pots, pans, working-tools,  
 Mrs Mullins whacks at the head of poor Jack !  
 So let them fight it out,  
 Break an arm, bruise a snout ;  
 Good night Mr Mullins and Miss Whack.  
 Sing roughinsha, &c.



## *Captain Megan.*

THE face of brave Captain Megan  
Was as broad as a big frying-pan :  
Just over his snout  
One eye was snuff'd out,  
But the other burnt bright upon Nan—Sweet Nan!  
Oh, it bother'd the heart of poor Nan.

I'm no beauty, sigh'd Captain Megan,  
But 'tis manners alone ~~that~~ make the man ;  
And though my long nose  
Should hang over my toes,  
Wou'd you like me the worse for it, Nan?—sweet  
Nan !  
Wou'd you, &c.

Nan leer'd upon Captain Megan :  
His skin was the colour of tan :  
But the Captain, she saw,  
Had a *je ne sçai quoi* ;  
So the Captain he conquer'd sweet Nan—sweet Nan !  
Oh, long life to brave Captain Megan.

---

*Smallilou.*

In Dublin city lived a youth,  
Beyond all others charming,  
And when he pledg'd his love and truth,  
I vow it was alarming;  
For Patrick acts a soldier's part,  
His country's brave defender,  
And when the lad besieg'd my heart,  
He forc'd it to surrender.

Och, he sings so sweetly,  
With his smallilou, smallilou;  
Och, he sings so sweetly, sweetly,  
With his smallilou, smallilou.

Ye Dublin lasses, cease to mourn,  
Nor dim the eye of beauty,  
The gentle youth to me has sworn  
Eternal love and duty:  
The manly, graceful volunteer,  
Young Pat of Dublin city,

Is always whisp'ring in my ear  
 His tender love-sick ditty.  
 With his smallilou, &c.

Saint Patrick bless the Irish boy,  
 That bears his name in Dublin,  
 And fill his breast with ev'ry joy,  
 Where grief shou'd ne'er be troubling.  
 And when the priest shall join our hands,  
 And nought can ever sever,  
 By Hymen dear, and holy bands,  
 He'll please me then for ever.  
 With his smallilou, &c.

---

### *Patrick Casey.*

WOMEN are partners at cards :  
 Love's the best trump, so please ye ;  
 But they cry, if you slack your regards,  
 ' You don't follow suit, Mr Casey ;'  
 Casey, Casey, neat as a daisy—  
 But they cry, if you slack your regards,  
 ' You don't follow suit, Mr Casey.

Widow Tabby, with money galore,  
 Saw my tricks, so I lost all my labour,  
 For she beat 'the knaves out o' doors,'  
 Finding I was for 'beggar my neighbour.'

Days of love with my Norah are done—  
 Wou'd she grant me one hour more, I'd resign'd it;  
 And if Norah now said, 'Can you one!'  
 By my soul, I'd be forc'd to decline it.

From Ireland determin'd to steal,  
 Oh, the girls, of what joy I bereft 'em?  
 Dear creatures! they 'miss'd a good deal,'  
 When I threw up my cards, and I left 'em.

### *None can love like an Irishman.*

THE turban'd Turk, who scorns the world,  
 May strut about with whiskers curl'd,  
 Keep a hundred wives under lock and key,  
 For nobody else but himself to see;  
 Yet long may he pray with his Alcoran  
 Before he can love like an Irishman,  
 Like an Irishman, &c.

The gay Monsieur from Gallia's shore,  
 The haughty Don, and the soft Signor,  
 The Dutch Mynheer so full of pride,  
 The Russian, Prussian, Swede beside,  
 They all may do whatever they can,  
 Before they can love like an Irishman,  
                     Like an Irishman, &c.

The finikin fops themselves beguile,  
 And think they please in a capital stile,  
 Yet let them ask, as they roll the street,  
 Of any young virgin they happen to meet,  
 And I know she'll say from behind her fan,  
 That there's none can love like an Irishman,  
                     Like an Irishman, &c.

### *Corporal Casey.*

WHEN I was at home, I was merry and frisky,  
 My dad kept a pig, and my mother sold whisky;  
 My uncle was rich, but wou'd never be easy,  
 'Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey.  
 Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!  
 My dear little Shelah, I thought would run crazy,  
 When I trudg'd away with tough Corporal Casey.

I march'd from Kilkenny, and as I was thinking  
 On Shelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking ;  
 But soon I was forc'd to look fresh as a daisy,  
 For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.  
 Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey !  
 The devil go with him ! I ne'er could be lazy,  
 He stuck in my skirts so, ould Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly  
 That fell on my pate, but they bother'd me rarely ;  
 And who should the first be that dropt ? why, an't  
 please ye,

It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey.  
 Och ! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey !  
 'Thinks I, you are quiet, and I shall be easy ;  
 So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.

### *Between Fear and Courage.*

BETWEEN fear and courage, Lord ! what can be done ?  
 By magical monsters cross'd ;  
 Between fear and courage, Lord ! what can be done ?  
 I'm like a noun adjective, can't stand alone,

With quivering, quaking,  
 Shivering, Shaking ;  
 Dreadful disaster,  
 To give up my master ;  
 I'd much rather give up the ghost.

From mere flesh and blood, honey, nothing I dread ;  
 To face a whole army dare post ;  
 From mere flesh and blood, honey, nothing I dread,  
 But sprites lift my hat half an inch from my head,  
 With their rumbling, jumbling,  
 Thunder-like grumbling,  
 Neck breaking, shin cracking,  
 Over straws stumbling,  
 Lard ! I shall give up the ghost !

A beautiful head, in its place, has a charm,  
 To kiss its sweet lips be my host ;  
 A beautiful head, in its place, has a charm,  
 But, Lard ! ta'en the thing, when worn under the  
 arm,  
 With its glaring, flaring,  
 Grim-like appearing,  
 Nightful, spitefully, frightfully staring,  
 Yes, I shall give up the ghost.

When I raise my spirits, I quaff the full bowl,  
 A sweet little charmer the toast ;  
 When I raise my spirits, I quaff the full bowl,  
 For good sp'rits ever attend a good soul,

So May-ful, playful,  
 Sprightly the day-ful,  
 Laugh away, quaff away, merry and gayful,  
 'Sdeath ! I shall give up the ghost !

*(a groan heard.)*

A groan !—I'll depart : grave-like orators cease,  
 Your dumb admonition's not lost :  
 A groan !—I'll depart : grave-like orators cease,  
 For 'till I'm departed, I sha'n't rest in peace,  
 With quivering, quaking,  
 Shivering. shaking ;  
 Dreadful disaster,  
 To give up on one's master,  
 Or mournfully give up the ghost !

---

### *The Hibernian in Love.*

OH ! what a great flutter is here in my heart,  
 And a queer sort of feel runs through every part,  
 With a heigho ! dear me ! well-a-day !  
 I so shiver, that surely an ague I've got,  
 But 'tis sometimes a cold one, and sometimes a hot :  
 With a heigho ! &c.



My nerves all so friskily caper and prance ;  
 They're certainly learning St Vitus's dance :

With a heigho ! &c.

With labour I force up each tremulous note,  
 For the words I would utter they stick in the throat.

With a heigho ! &c.

As sure as I live, I'm in danger of death,  
 For no sign so sure as the stoppage of breath :

With a heigho ! &c.

My pulse comes and goes too, so strangely, good  
 lack !

I fear it will go, and will never come back.

With a heigho ! &c.

But when I my charmer shall see,  
 Soon will vanish all sorrow and pain ;

Oh ! let her bright eyes beam on me,  
 Then pleasure will flow in each vein.

And once let me call her my own,  
 Rapture will crown me each night ;

Joy then will so mighty be grown,  
 Oh ! I shall die with delight !

---

*Drop of a Dram.*

SEARCH all the world over, through all times and ages,  
And if you read history, you're right,  
You'll find that great men, from the kings to their  
pages,

Would as lief go to drink as to fight.

Now be easy, dear crature, have done with complaining,

Your troubles are all but a flam ;

To be sure, there's no sports like the toils of campaigning,

When cheer'd with a drop of a dram.

(*Spoken.*) Oh ! my dear crature, if you was in the heart of a battle ;—arraah, just suppose yourself in the midst of it now, and had lost three of your legs and two of your arms, and had a little drop of the crature in your third arm, it would cheer your old heart, and make you sing

Tooral lal lural lal la.

They say the Grand Turk swallows oceans in private,  
 And faith, I believe it that same,  
 For he's drain'd his whole kingdom so terrible dry,  
 That his capital's all in a flame.  
 Then be easy, &c.

There was a great empress, call'd Rusti Fusti,  
 A b——h of a queen to be sure ;  
 They say the old devil got wonderful busky,  
 And all of a thirst after power.  
 Then be easy, &c.

There's another great emperor, call'd King of Ger-  
 many,  
 Good faith, and he's none of the least ;  
 He hobnobs with his friends for to keep peace and  
 harmony,  
 And drinks with his sword in his fist.  
 Then be easy, &c.

---

*Teague.*

By Chreesht and shaint Patrick, going home late last  
night,

About two in the morning, I was put in a fright ;  
Comes a dog in a doublet, stripp'd all to his shirt,  
And throws down poor Teague very clean in the dirt.

Then firing his pishtol direct on my faish,  
Stand still, you damn'd dog, or you're dead on the  
plaish.

De'il tauke him for me, for his favour and graish,  
For ne'er was dear joy in more sorrowful caish.

Confounded and speechless, bold as hero I cried,  
Your rogueship one day will at Tyburn be tried :  
If Teague catch you again at such vile tricks as these,  
He will swear, joy, upon you his Majesty's peash.

Thus threaten'd, he shivilly cried, my dear honey,  
I'll not hurt thee at all, but present me thy money :  
My money, dear joy, 'tis Teague's soul—he's undone ;  
Well, e'en take it all—for by Chreesht I have none.

---

## *The Twig of Shillelah.*

MULROONEY's my name, I'm a comical boy,  
 A tight little lad at shillelah ;  
 St Paddy wid whisky he suckled me, joy,  
 Among the sweet bogs of Kilalah !  
 The world I began with a prospect so fair,  
 My dad was worth *nothing*, and I was his heir ;  
 So all my estate was a heart free from care,  
 And a tight little twig of shillelah.

“ Turn Captain,” cried dad, “ and if kilt in de strife,  
 Success and long life to shillelah !

Your fortune is made all the rest of your life,  
 As sure as there's bogs in Kilalah.”

But thinks I, spite of what fame and glory bequeath,  
 How conceited I'd look in a fine laurel wreath,  
 Wid my head in my mouth to stand picking my  
 teeth,

Wid a tight little, &c.

Yet firmly both Ireland and England I'll aid,  
 The lands of oak-stick and shillelah ;

For now these two sisters are man and wife made,  
 As sure as there's bogs, &c.  
 I'll still for their friends have a heart warm and true;  
 To their foes give my hand, for what else can I do?  
 Yes, I'll give 'em my hand—but, along wid it too,  
 A tight little bit, &c.

---

### *Paddy O'Blany.*

SURE never a lad lov'd like Paddy O'Blany,  
 Whose heart was pierc'd thro' by sweet Sally De-  
 lany;  
 Och, she was a lass of the first kind of breeding,  
 That ne'er spoke a word all the time she was feed-  
 ing;  
 And when she was thirsty, perhaps you may think,  
 She'd just the same way when she happen'd to drink:  
 Oh, the De'il, may he bless the bright eyes of De-  
 lany,  
 For piercing the heart of poor Paddy O'Blany.

'Twas by day-light one night, as she happen'd to  
pass,

As I fast asleep lay awake on the grass;  
She look'd like an angel, I thought to my sorrow;  
So I pull'd off my cap to bid her good-morrow;  
When she bade farewell, without saying a word,  
Which made both my cheeks look as red as a curd.  
Och, the De'il may thank you, said I, Sally De-  
lany,

You have cut in three halves [the poor heart of  
O'Blany.

I told her for grunterns I'd got a good sty,  
And a field of potatoes, far off, just hard by;  
But if to the church she wont willingly go,  
To answer me yes, she need only say no.  
So against both our wills, faith, I gain'd our consent,  
And wrangling from morning to night live content.  
Surely now I must love my sweet Sally Delany,  
Who first broke, then mended, the heart of O'Blany.

---

---

*Epilogue Song to John Bull.*

SINCE Epilogue speaking to me is quite new,  
Pray allow me the help of a fiddle or two ;  
I'm as strange to this job as the man in the moon,  
But I think if I sing, I shall speak to some tune.

Fal, lal, lal, la, &c.

Now touching this comedy, critics may say,  
'Tis a trumpery, Bartlemy fair kind of play ;  
It smells, faith, of Smithfield, we all must allow,  
For 'tis about Bull, and the scene's a Red Cow.

Yet not without moral the author indites,  
For he points to the blessings of Englishmens'  
rights ;

Let a duke wrong a brazier, the barristers all  
Know that brass can do wonders at Westminster  
Hall.

But was ever a tale so improbable told,  
As Peregrine swimming with huge bags of gold ?



Should a man who sinks cash, with his cash wish  
to swim,  
For a pound to a shilling his cash will sink him.

Let us find some excuse for this strange oversight,  
Let's suppose that his guineas were most of 'em  
light ;

Nay, the guineas for grappling the shore he must  
thank,

'Tis amazing, of late, how they stick in the Bank.

Now in art, if not nature, Tom Shuffleton's found ;  
He's one of those puppies who better were drown'd,  
Of the worst Bond-street litter, such whelps none  
admire,

Chuck 'em all in the Thames, they wont set it on  
fire.

Now I've touch'd on the principal points of the play,  
Shall it run a few nights, or to night run away ?  
Your votes, friends and critics, we now rest upon ;  
The eyes have it, I think—though it mayn't be  
*nem con.*

Oh ! Mr Dennis Bulgruddery lives with his dear,  
They're in stile, and agree just like thunder and  
beer ;

An Irishman's blunders are pretty well hack'd,  
But how charmingly, sure, Mister Noble did act !

Then success to John Bull, let his toast be his pride,  
 Bless the king of John Bull, and John Bull's fire-  
 side ;

At John Bull's fire-side should a foe dare to frown,  
 May John ne'er want a poker to knock the foe  
 down.

---

### *Dennis Bulgruddery.*

I WAS once born at home when my mother was out,  
 In her reck'ning an accident brought it about,  
 As for family honours, and such kind of fun,  
 Tho' some boast of forefathers, yet I had but one.

Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Our cottage was fill'd, tho' 'twas not very big,  
 With poultry and pictures, three chairs and a pig:  
 Our dog was call'd Dennis: our cow Paddy Whack;  
 But, till christen'd, I had'nt a name to my back.

Derry down, &c.

When I came to be christen'd, my poor mother saw  
 On my face our dog Dennis was setting his paw,  
 What's his name, says the priest? Down, Dennis,  
 says she;

So Dennis Bulgruddery he christen'd me.

Derry down, &c.

I grew up, I got married, and left in the lurch,  
 For my wife died before I could get her to church;  
 I with her was too late; with my second too soon,  
 For she brought me a son in the first honey-moon.

Derry down, &c.

I was vex'd; and says I, Not to make a great fuss,  
 Three months the priest reckons since he coupled  
 us,

That's right reck'ning, (says she) for 'tis three  
 months by mine,

And three by your own, which together makes nine.

Derry down, &c.

To bury this lady came next in my head,  
 For no other cause but because she was dead;  
 So I married once more, (I suppose you guess now)  
 The beautiful crater that keeps the Red Cow.

Derry down, &c.

My lambkin she scolds when the brandy I sup,  
 Till some husbands would foolishly tuck themselves  
 up;

But tho' in a noose I am fast with a wife,  
 Yet, thank Fortune, I never was hang'd in my life.  
 Derry down, &c.

But away with complaint, for myself ne'er intends  
 To grieve, while my house holds such bushels of  
 friends ;  
 So my fortune I'll pocket, wherever it be,  
 And cry, ' Ladies and Gentlemen, thank ye for me.'  
 Derry down, &c.

---

### *Ballinamona Oro.*

You know I'm your priest, and your conscience is  
 mine,  
 But if you grow wicked, 'tis not a good sign ;  
 So leave off your raking, and marry a wife,  
 And then, my dear boy, you are settled for life.  
 Sing Ballinamona oro,  
 A good merry wedding for me.

The banns being publish'd, to chapel we go,  
 The bride and bride's maidens in robes white as  
 snow ;

So modest her air, and so sheepish your look,  
You out with your ring, and I pull out my book.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

A good merry wedding for me.

I thumb out the place, and I then read away—  
She blushes at love, and you whisper obey ;  
You take her dear hand for to have and to hold,  
I shut up my book, and I pocket your gold.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

The snug little guinea for me.

The neighbours wish joy to the bridegroom and  
bride ;

The pipers before us, you march side by side ;

A plentiful dinner gives mirth to each face ;

The piper plays up, and myself I say grace.

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

A nice wedding dinner for me.

The joke now goes round, and the stocking is  
thrown ;

The curtains are drawn, and you're both left alone :

'Tis then, my dear boy, I believe you at home ;

And hey for a christ'ning in nine months to come !

Sing Ballinamona, &c.

A good merry christ'ning for me.

---

*Tho' Leixlip is proud.*

THO' Leixlip is proud of its close shady bowers,  
 Its clear falling waters and murmuring cascades,  
 Its groves of fine myrtles, its beds of sweet flow'rs,  
 Its lads so well dress'd, and its neat pretty maids;  
 As each his own village must still make the most of,  
 In praise of dear Carton, I hope I'm not wrong :  
 Dear Carton ! containing what kingdoms may boast  
 of !

'Tis Norah, dear Norah ! the theme of my song.

Be gentlemen fine, with their spurs and nice boots on,  
 Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildare ;  
 Or to dance at a ball with their Sunday's new suits  
 on,  
 Lac'd waistcoat, white gloves, and their nice  
 powder'd hair :

Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble station,  
 For gold and for acres he never shall long ;  
 One sweet smile shall give him the wealth of a nation,  
 From Norah, dear Norah ! the theme of my song.

---

*The Exile of Erin.*

**THERE** came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,  
The dew on his robe it was heavy and chill :  
**For** his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing  
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.

**But** the day-star attracted his eyes sad devotion,  
**For** it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,  
**Where** once, in the flow of his youthful emotion,  
He sung the bold anthem of Erin go Bragh.

**O!** sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,  
The wild-deer and wolf to a covert can flee,  
**But** I have no refuge from famine and danger,  
A home and a country remain not for me.  
**Ah!** never again in the green shady bowers,  
**Where** my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet  
hours,

**Or** cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,  
And strike the sweet numbers of Erin go Bragh.

**Oh,** Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,  
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore ;

But, alas ! in a far foreign land I awaken,  
 And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more.  
 And thou, cruel Fate ! wilt thou never replace me  
 In a mansion of peace, where no peril can chace me ?  
 Ah ! never again shall my brothers embrace me,  
 They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where now is my cabin door, so fast by the wild wood ?  
 Sisters and sire did weep for its fall :  
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood ?  
 And where is my bosom friend, dearer than all ?  
 Ah, my sad soul ! long abandon'd by pleasure,  
 Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure ?  
 Tears, like the rain, may fall without measure,  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.

But yet all its fond recollections suppressing,  
 One dying wish my fond bosom shall draw :  
 Erin, an exile, bequeaths thee his blessing,  
 Land of my forefathers,—Erin go Bragh !  
 Buried and cold, when my heart stills its motion,  
 Green be thy fields, sweetest isle in the ocean !  
 And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,  
 Erin ma vourneen, sweet Erin go Bragh !



---

*The Irish Maniac.*

As I stray'd o'er the common on Cork's rugged border,

While the dewdrops of morn the sweet primrose array'd,

I saw a poor female, whose mental disorder

Her quick-glancing eye and wild aspect betray'd :  
On the sward she reclin'd, by the green fern surrounded,

At her side speckl'd daisies and wild-flow'rs abounded :

To its inmost recesses her heart had been wounded ;  
Her sighs were unceasing—'twas Mary le More.

Her charms by the keen blast of sorrow were faded ;

Yet the soft tinge of beauty still play'd on her cheek :  
Her tresses a wreath of pale primroses braided,

And strings of fresh daisies hung loose on her neck.  
While with pity I gaz'd, she exclaim'd, " O my mother !

" See the blood on that lash, 'tis the blood of my  
" brother ;

“ They have torn his poor flesh, and they now strip  
 “ another ;

“ ’Tis Connor, the friend of poor Mary le More.

“ Though his locks were as white as the foam of the  
 “ ocean,

“ Those wretches shall find that my father is brave ;

“ My father !” she cried, with the wildest emotion,

“ Ah ! no, my poor father now sleeps in the grave :

“ They have told his death-bell, they’ve laid the turf  
 “ o’er him ;

“ His white locks were bloody, no aid could restore  
 “ him ;

“ He is gone ! he is gone ! and the good will de-  
 “ plore him,

When the blue wave of Erin hides Mary le More.”

A lark, from the gold-blossom’d furze that grew near  
 her,

Now rose, and with energy caroll’d his lay ;

“ Hush, hush !” she continued, “ the trumpet sounds  
 “ clearer ;

“ The horsemen approach : Erin’s daughters, a-  
 “ way !”

Ah ! soldiers, ’twas foul, while the cabin was burning,  
 And o’er a pale father a wretch had been mourning—  
 Go, hide with the sea-mew, ye maids, and take  
 warning,

Those ruffians have ruin’d poor Mary le More,

“ Away ! bring the ointment ! O God ! see those  
 “ gashes !

“ Alas ! my poor brother, come dry the big tear ;  
 “ Anon we’ll have vengeance for these dreadful lashes ,  
 “ Already the screech-owl and ravens appear.  
 “ By day the green grave, that lies under the willow ,  
 “ With wild flowers I’ll strew, and by night make  
 “ my pillow,  
 “ Till the ooze and dark sea-weed, beneath the curl’d  
 “ billow,  
 “ Shall furnish a death-bed for Mary le More.”

Thus rav’d the poor maniac in tones more heart-rend-  
 ing

Than sanity’s voice ever pour’d on my ear,  
 When lo ! on the waste, and their march tow’rds he r  
 bending,

A troop of fierce cavalry chanc’d to appear.  
 “ O the fiends !” she exclaim’d, and with wild hor-  
 ror started,

Then through the tall fern, loudly screaming, she  
 darted :

With an overcharg’d bosom I slowly departed,  
 And sigh’d for the wrongs of poor Mary le More .

---

*The Soldiers of Erin.*

WE soldiers of Erin, so proud of the name,  
We'll raise upon rebels and Frenchmen our fame ;  
We'll fight to the last in the honest old cause,  
And guard our religion, our freedom, and laws ;  
We'll fight for our country, our King, and his crown,  
And make all the traitors and croppies lie down.

The rebels, so bold when they've none to oppose,  
To houses and hay-stacks are terrible foes ;  
They murder poor parsons, and likewise their wives,  
At the sight of a soldier they run for their lives :  
Whenever we march through country and town,  
In ditches and cellars the croppies lie down.

United in blood to their country's disgrace,  
They secretly shoot those they dare not to face ;  
But whenever we catch the sly rogues in the field,  
A handful of soldiers made hundreds to yield :  
The cowards collect but to raise our renown,  
For as soon as we fire the croppies lie down.

While thus in this war so unmanly they wage,  
 On women, dear women ! they turn their damn'd  
     rage ;

We'll fly to protect the dear creatures from harms,  
 They'll be sure to find safety when clasp'd in our  
     arms :

On love in a soldier no maiden will frown,  
 But bless the brave troops that made croppies lie  
     down.

Should France e'er attempt, by force or by guile,  
 Her forces to land on old Erin's sweet isle,  
 We'll show that they ne'er can make free soldiers  
     slaves ;

They shall only possess our green fields for their  
     graves :

Our country's applauses our triumphs will crown,  
 Whilst with their French brothers the croppies lie  
     down.

When wars, and when dangers again shall be o'er,  
 And Peace, with her blessings, revisit our shore ;  
 When arms we relinquish, no longer to roam,  
 With pride will our families welcome us home ;  
 They'll drink in full bumpers past troubles to drown  
 A health to the lads that made croppies lie down.

---

*Smalilou.*

THERE was an Irish lad,  
Who lov'd a cloister'd nun,  
And it made him very sad  
For what was to be done.  
He thought it was a big shame,  
A most confounded sin,  
That she could not get out at all,  
And he could not get in ;  
Yet he went every day, he could do nothing more,  
Yet he went every day unto the convent door,  
And he sung sweetly, Smalilou, smalilou, smalilou ;  
And he sung sweetly, Smalilou, gramachree, &c.

To catch a glimpse of her  
He play'd a thousand tricks ;  
The bolts he tried to stir,  
And he gave the walls some kicks ;  
He stampt, and rav'd, and sigh'd, and pray'd,  
And many times he swore,  
The devil burn the iron bolts,  
The devil take the door :

Yet he went every day, he made it a rule ;  
 Yet he went every day, and look'd like a fool ;  
 Though he sung sweetly, Smalilou, &c.

One morn she left her bed,  
 Because she could not sleep,  
 And to the window sped,  
 To take a little peep ;  
 And what did she do then ?  
 I am sure you'll think it right ;  
 She bade the honest lad good day,  
 She bade the nuns good night :  
 Tenderly she listen'd to all he had to say,  
 Then jumpt into his arms, and so they ran away,  
 And they sung sweetly, Smalilou, &c.

---

### *One Bottle more.*

Assist me, ye lads, who have hearts void of guile,  
 To sing in the praises of old Ireland's isle,  
 Where true hospitality opens the door,  
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more :  
 One bottle more, arrah, one bottle more,  
 And friendship detains us for one bottle more,

Old England, your taunts on our country forbear ;  
 With our bulls and our brogues we are true and sincere ;

For if but one bottle remain in our store,  
 We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.

At Candy's in Church-street, I'll sing of a set  
 Of six Irish blades, who together had met :  
 Four bottles a-piece made us call for our score,  
 And nothing remained but one bottle more.

Our bill being paid, we were loath to depart,  
 For friendship had grappled each man by the heart,  
 Where the least touch, you know, makes an Irish-  
     man roar ;  
 And the whack from shelelah brought *six* bottles  
     more.

Now Phœbus had shone through our windows so  
     bright,  
 Quite happy to view his blest children of light ;  
 So we parted, with hearts neither sorry nor sore,  
 Resolving next night to drink *twelve* bottles more.



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