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# Paddy's Rambles,

To which is added,

## LAWRIE O'BROOM,

### The Banks of Clyde,

AND


Donald o' Dundee.

33



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FADDY'S RAMBLES FROM DUBLIN  
TO LONDON

FROM Dublin to London I came,  
and that, by my soul, was a blunder,  
I heard such account of its name,  
I thought I would see a great wonder;  
I star'd, as I hope to be sav'd,  
when I heard them like Irishmen talking;  
Like Dub in the streets were all pay'd,  
and the seamen and women were walking.  
Fal de dal, &c.

They seem'd to be making great fun,  
when I quickly did ask information;  
They laugh'd all aloud as I run,  
and they swore that my brogue told my nation,  
For Ireland say I, with a bull,  
bad luck to the day I did leave it,  
For brogue sure I have none at all,  
if I had I never perceiv'd it.  
Fal de dal, &c.

Aloud they all shouted a bull,  
and swore they did none of them doubt me;  
I found I should have my hands full,  
I prepared to lay finely about me,

I caught one and broke his hard head,  
 he crying, went home to his daddy,  
 Tho' kill'd every one as they stood,  
 still they cry'd out a bull and a Paddy.  
 Fal de dal, &c.

O! at length I got rid of the throng,  
 for I clear'd them all like a victor,  
 I stood, as I walk'd along,  
 at a paint shop, to look at a picture,  
 Six Irishmen riding on bulls;  
 for the painter, I think it would really  
 Just fit to reward his thick skull,  
 with a wreath of old Irish shillella.  
 Fal de dal, &c.

Och, honest Pat, never mind,  
 no 'casion we have to distinguish,  
 Your comrade Jack Bull is so kind,  
 so fain would he make you his name sake;  
 But we will be brothers and friends,  
 and why should our enemies sunder,  
 United complete all our minds,  
 and united we'll cause men knock under.  
 Fal de dal, &c.

Come fill us a full flowing glass  
 since now we are on the finish;  
 May our happiness all around pass,  
 may our happiness never diminish;

Good luck to our good King and Queen,  
 victorious may they reign for ever,  
 United complete all their ends,  
 and united we will be for ever.

Fal de dal, &c.



## LAWRIE O'BROOM'S RAMBLES FROM IRELAND TO SCOTLAND.

THE trade it is bad, now good people I hear;  
 and my name it is Lawrie O'Broom, Sir,  
 My father he died, left me all that he had,  
 t'was a good breeding sow and a loom, Sir.

I lived quite happy a very short space,  
 Till I married a wife, who soon alter'd the case,  
 She blackened my eyes, and spat in my faces,  
 It was tight times for Lawrie O'Broom, Sir.

I thought to myself this would not long do,  
 my passion no longer could smother;  
 I instantly sold off my loom and my sow,  
 and sent the jade home to her mother.

And then for old Scotland I straightway did steer;  
 To leave that sweet place I once lov'd so dear,  
 With grief in my bosom, was ready to tear  
 The heart out of Lawrie O'Broom, Sir.

I shoulder'd my cudgel and bundle again,  
 my figure being one of the oddest;  
 I did not weel ken the right road frae the wrang,  
 but held to the road that was broadest.

Till at length I arriv'd at Donaghadee,  
 And to my surprise laid me close on the sea,  
 I wish'd for the wings of a swallow to flee;  
 What a tight bird was Lawrie O'Broom, Sir.

They hois'd me on board of a tight little smack,  
 amongst a parcel of jovial gay fellows;  
 I rous'd up my heart, and I sang Paddy Whack,  
 as we steer'd o'er the turbulent billows.

Till at length I got sea-sick, was ready to die,  
 And the meat in my belly was spung'd quite dry  
 Whilst I lay besmear'd like a pig in a sty;  
 For a doctor cryed Lawrie O'Broom, Sir.

I bounc'd up on deck, to view Ireland once more,  
 which was a dangerous risk of my neck, Sir.  
 I ran up the mast ladder to view Hibernia's shore,  
 and then I was far above deck, Sir.

When I found that old Ireland was out of my view,  
 I was forced to come down by the captain and crew,  
 I thought on my wife, my loom, and my sow,  
 But far distant was Lawrie O'Broom, Sir.

At four in the morning we came to Stranraer,  
 when the people were all fast asleep, Sir,  
 The streets I rambled all up and down,  
 till a centry I chanc'd for to meet, Sir.

He ask'd me my name, trade, and place of abode,  
 I told him I was a weaver just travelling the road;  
 And the name that my father had on me bestow'd,  
 I told him was Lawrie O'Broom, Sir.

The Sportsman he took a light peep at my dress,  
 and then he began for to prate, Sir,  
 Saying how does the cropies in Ireland now do,  
 And whether the number got many or few,  
 The d-v-l a cropie nor Ireland I knew,  
 I am a Scotchman, said Lawrie O'Broom, Sir.

O he said I was a cropie by the cut of my hair,  
 Which left me in tears for to wander;  
 I instantly tost up his heels in the air,  
 And laid him as flat as a flounder.

Whilst he like a paddock did sprawl on the ground,  
 I ran like a hare in front of a hound,  
 While the hills and the valleys did echo around,  
 with the people crying Lawrie O'Broom, Sir.

*A farewell to the banks of Clyde.*

ADIEU, the bonny banks of Clyde,  
 adieu to her that's young and fair,  
 I must you leave, what may betide,  
 to part with you my heart is sair.

Upon yon banks aft have I walk'd  
 your turns and windings a' to view,  
 With my sweet lass, I've often talk'd,  
 and tread the gowan wet wi' dew.

O Mary, fairer far to me,  
 than a' the flow'rs that round me blaw;  
 Thy lovely face methinks I see,  
 my chief companion far awa'.

May truth and virtue lovely stream,  
 for ever on your banks abide,  
 The bursting tear doth fill my een,  
 to leave the bonny banks of Clyde.

Tho' I to foreign lands must go,  
 fortune's sliddery track to find,  
 My tender heart is rent with woe,  
 for love to you that's left behind.

These rural scenes I leave awhile,  
 I'm bound to march at fortune's ca',  
 May peace and plenty round you smile,  
 shall be my prayer, when far awa'.

*Young Donald o' Dundee.*

YOUNG Donald was the blythest lad  
 that e'er made love to me,  
 Whene'er he's by my heart is glad,  
 he looks so gay and free.

While on his pipe he plays so sweet;  
 and in his plaid he looks so neat,  
 He charms my heart whene'er I meet  
 young Donal' o' Dundee, &c.

Whene'er I gang down to yonder grove,  
 young Sandie follows me,  
 And fain he wants to be my love,  
 but that he cannot be.

Tho' mother fret both soon and late;  
 for me to wed this youth I hate;  
 There's nane may think to gain young Kate,  
 but Donal' o' Dundee.

When last I rang'd the banks of Tay,  
 the ring he show'd to me,  
 And had me name the bridal day,  
 and happy would he be.

Then the laddie will prove kind,  
 nae mair my mother will I mind,  
 Jess John to me will quickly bind,  
 young Donal' o' Dundee, &c.

FINIS.