

— Revised —

BALLADS OF

B U N G

and Other Verses



GREYMOUTH,
Easter, 1921.

FOREWORD

The success which attended the first edition of the Ballads of Bung was not anticipated, and as only a limited number of copies were printed the demand was greater than the supply. Now, at the request of numerous friends I issue this revised edition, which includes several new verses of which **Stunology** is the "star" item.

I might add in passing that this particular effort (I nearly wrote poem) should be valuable to Judges, Magistrates, Solicitors, Parsons, Doctors, Reporters, Wowers and the professions generally, and could be made the nucleus of a dictionary and be accepted as an authority on the subject to which it applies.

E. IVEAGH LORD.

Greymouth,
Easter, 1921.

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DEDICATION



To those English, Irish, Scotsmen, Ex-soldiers, Sinn
Feiners, and Red Feds;
To those men without religion to those labourers and
those "heads,"
Who stand and drink together, when all hands are piped
on deck
At a tangi, at a send-off, at the flagship at the "Rec."

They have their little quarrels (they are only great big
kids),
And they "shake" and make it up again as soon as
someone bids.
Travel the wide world over, blow in where you may,
There's not a bigger-hearted, kinder, better mob than
they.

To those English, Irish, Scotsmen, Ex-soldiers, Sinn
Feiners, and Red Feds;
To those men without religion, to those labourers and
those "heads,"
Who stand and drink together, when all hands are
piped on deck,
I write this little volume of the Flagship of the "Rec."



Recreation Reminiscences

Pray let me introduce to you
Citizens of the village who
Frequent the Recreation.
The Recreation is a place run on model lines,
Superb are its appointments—most excellent it's wines.
Here when ail is going well
And worries are consigned to hell
Citizens meet and with toast and debate,
Settle affairs of country and State.
No question too big or yet too small,
'They discuss the lot and settle them all,
And foremost ever 'midst the throng,
Is **Casey**, comedian, running along.

Now **Casey** was smacked at Armentieres,
Where lived the lady who for forty years
Hadn't been kissed till he came along—
You know the rest, you've heard the song.

One day in the midst of a keen debate,
One **Thomas Ryan** he dared to state—
"The Green and Yellow will never entwine
No more than shandy and bubbly wine,
An' **Ulster's** handy, you'll want one yet
To keep Old Ireland out of the wet."
Then **Casey** he rose in rightful wrath,
And from his lips these words burst forth—
"The Green and Yellow will never entwine?
I give you the live the facts are mine!
And here and now I'll prove to you
That Nature's made provision to
Entwine the Yellow and the Green—
The finest combine ever seen.
Here, **Thomas Ryan**, how can you pass
The fact that green it grows the grass?
The fact that cows consume the same?
The fact that from cows butter came?
The fact that butter's Yellow you
Admit? Ah, yes!! Of course you do!

Then if green the grass it grows,
And this to yellow butter goes,
It's plain to all and easily seen
How yellow mixes with the green."
Ryan collapsed—but see a new star!
A dinkum Sinn Feiner—**Joseph McGrath!**

“What time was it then?” said he.
“Did Tommy Campbell there present be?
Was Martin Kennedy’s cab in view?
Was it a minute past, or a minute to?
Did Jimmy Kent to Bill Joyce say
I got six marks in the Chows to-day?
Did Tom Barry and Fred Johnston meet,
Right in the middle of the street?
Did H. H. Smith have a thirty-pound ham,
Asparagus, peas, and a side of lamb?
Had Tommy Ryan had a booze?
Had Lloyd Lord on his boots or shoes?
Did Stace Oxenham go to have some tea?
Had he with him ladies two or three?
Did Harry James in his trap past drive?
Was a Chow selling whitebait ‘All Alive?’
Did Billy Williamson cross the road
Carrying a decent sort of load?
Did Tom Pollard to Peerless Pictures go?
Did Art Beban go to Pollard’s show?
Did Jimmy Brown get a fare of five?
Did Old George Webster just arrive?
Was Billy Parfitt wording a tart?
Did the bus for High Street start?
Did Tim Mullins get from a tabby a smile?
Were he and Jim Conaghan talking a while?
Was Suey the Chinkie passing by?
Did Tom Burke at him ‘Monkey’ cry?
Did you Checker Weenink and Casey see?
Did Charlie Rose wave his hand to me?
Did “Chalkie” and “Locker” pass in a car?
Each of them smoking a big cigar?
Was Disher Jones riding the mare?
Was Charlie Bignell and Sully there?
Was Jimmy Lynch?——But see over the way
Leaps to his feet **George Mitchell McKay.**
“Don’t rub the dirt in South Beach Bull,
I’ve given you latitude good and full,
I’ll prove right now I played the game.

A minute, Citizens—I'll explain—
 'The Bull is talking through his hat,
 As sure as I stand on this mat.
 In only tried to prove the time.
 I wired Fred Tilly—trainer mine—
 To know how all our horses are,
 Nova and Bunyan—he's the star—
 To instruct him anent their work,
 So he'd not his duty shirk,
 To tell him not to have a go
 Till I put in my good dough.
**Don't think me insulting, but pray be less terse
 Unless you're prepared to ride in a hearse!"**

* * * *

The Bull gets the wind up,
 But look, who arrives!
 See, right in the picture,
 Is 'Chummy'—**Ed Shrives!**

* * * *

Turn your faces to the west and have a spot with me
 Kindly fill the glasses up! Boys what are they to be?
 Disher, beer and soda? Locker yours a stout.
 Bull, you're drinking whiskey. Better mind what you're
 about.

Burke a pint of shandy. "Catch," a pot of beer.
 Rose, a drop of Crawford's. Do you keep that here?
 Motor Smith a brandy. Ryan a glass of ale,
 Conaghan, sarsaparilla! No wonder you are stale,
 Tim, a pony bottled. Mine's a good stiff gin,
 And one for Bung the Bookie, will you please bring in?
 All set! The toast I give you, is health, is wealth untold,
 And now with your kind permission, my story, I'll
 unfold—

* * * *

A fly push ran a double—Bung and Tim and Jim—
 On the October Meeting, you bet that I got in.
 Sir Henry landed for me, and so did Bluedrift, too.
 And they paid me over a fiver, and they wondered
 how I knew.

Then they produced another, the Cup and Stewards
 no less.

Twenty pounds to a dollar! Betchyerlife I had a guess.
 Oratress and Chimera were good enough for me.
 I got a first and second—and for spite got on the spree,
 And a bull dog bowled me over, that afternoon in town,

And a lovely lady helped me, when she saw me down,
Next day when in the village I met one Bookie Lung,
And tried to get him shicker, I might as well have flung
My silver in the ocean—he kept as right as pie.

Only one of us was shicker, and the one of us was I,
So I decided to go to by-bye—I decided to go to bed
Anywhere ever so lowly, to lay my buzzy head.

So I pulled myself together as well as I was able,
And then I went to bye-bye—in a manger—in a stable.
And as I slept some beautiful dreams, came floating down
to me—

I was all alone in a Brewery, with nobody there to see.
I'd landed a thousand doubles. On each knee an angel
sat!

I dreamt—here what's the matter? God, I thought that
was a rat!

But 'twas only Bung, the Bookie, saying, "Chummy
arise!"

"Of all the boobs in the vineyard, you'll surely get the
prize."

I answered him straight and even, "There's better men
than me,

Slept asleep in a stable—but never a word said he."
He looked at me sort of reproachful, and sadly shook
his head,

I don't mind roaring, but silence! That gets me seeing
red.

So I blurted straight out at him, "God in a stable
was born!"

And he crumpled up with laughter. But he I want
to warn

That I've readied Sexton McDiarmid to dig a hole wide
and deep

And I'm going to put him to bye-bye—I'm going to
put him to sleep.

Citizens, cheer and loudly applaud—

Next, Bung the Bookie—**Iveagh Lord!**

* * * *

And now kind Citizens let me tell, the story of a great
farewell,

How the old mob honoured a man they knew—knew to
be dinkum through and through—

A man who'd gone right thro' the mill, yet was laughing
and fighting still—

They honoured him not for position or fame, they
honoured him not for hope or gain,
They honoured him but for this alone, he was a man—
and one of their own.

* * * *

November, nineteen twenty, was the send-off to McKay,
At the Recreation in the good old West Coast way,
Bung, the Bookie, held the chair. The Bull he held
the cash,

And did "Italiano" with vim and fire and dash.

Chalkie at the piano—a written guarantee,

"That everything's in order"—just as it should be.

We drank the King (God bless him) then Chummy
sang a song,

And then the good old toast of Sport, Host Doogan
sent along,

Jack Parfitt answered "Footie," well knew he the good
old game,

Chummy stood for Trotting, and "Ogie" at Tennis came.

"All the World Over" Host Doogan sang and made
the rafters ring,

And then Tom Barry's "Hard Head" toast was duly
fitted in.

He told some queer and curious facts this human
gramophone

(As an artist at an evening he's on his Pat Malone)

"Shot's Eye," cried he, "is our national game, who
wouldn't the dice beguile?"

A Big Six on the table would make a Wowser smile;
Big Tim and Cullen, Chairman excuse, Matheson, Kettle,
and Beban, too—

Tim Mullins, Bloss, Disher Jones I couple the toast
with you."

The Bookie here the boys obliged, the "Yellow to Green"
read he.

McDiarmid sang "Johnny Brannaghan" of "The Irish
Spree."

* * * *

And now the toast of the evening, the dinkum drink
with McKay.

Bung, the Bookie, proposing, hear what does he say!

"Gentlemen, all charged your glasses? I stand on my
feet to-day,

Claiming the longest acquaintance with our guest, our
friend, McKay.

I knew him when he couldn't walk—you saw him like
that—maybe?

That's an apprenticeship, that all men serve in this
village by the sea.

I saw him playing football, 'against Anglo-Wales, I ween,
Every man a chamipon, and only he between

Our line and certain disaster, he stopped them as fast
as they came;

Always taking his man, sirs, playing a wonderful game.
I knew him as the years rolled on, all things we did
not see

From the self-same viewpoint—and those things we
let be.

We've been good cobbers all our lives—we've had our
ups and downs;

We've had our smiles and laughter, our sorrows and
our frowns;

And now, old pal, please accept, this token from your
friends.

Be sure we'll all be with you, until the journey ends.
Make good? We know you surely will for you are built
that way.

Gentlemen, the toast I give—a white man, George
McKay."

McGrath, Doogan, Parfitt, Barry; Milne, and others all
convey

Hopes of health and wealth and plenty to our guest, to
George McKay.

Then Locker sang a little ditty, "I am a Bachelor Gay,"
Story of a dark-eyed maiden, a buster clip and hay.

And now McKay replying: "I thank you one and all
For the kind things sopken, 'tis pleasant to recall
The happy days together we've sepnt both you and I.
Distance lends enchantment—au revoir—but not
good-bye."

(Here a man put in a fiver, and said in a quiet way—
"Chairman, it would give me pleasure to help old
George McKay.

Just put it in his wallet, with all good wishes and
Don't tell him where it came from. Keep quiet, **You
Understand!**")

Now "Chalkie" "stopped and looked and listened," but
didn't tell all he knew

Then "Ogie" proposed the "Ladies," with well-chosen words and few.

Then we had Madam Melba (this was a surprise)

Singing "Mollie Malone," 'twas Chummy in disguise.

Here McKay cries: "Charge your glasses, I've a most important toast,

So drink in a fitting manner 'Our Hostess and our Host.'
I've never wanted a dollar, I've never been short of a beer.

Than I blew right in and got it, and a word of kindly cheer.

Health to our Host and Hostess—good luck may theirs ever be.

The 'Rec' is sure the 'Flagship' of this village by the sea."

Frank Doogan did a monologue. Young Locker he sang, too;

And Chummy told some stories, as only he can do.

"Old Lang Syne" we sang it then in the good old village way.

It was an exhilarating evening, the send-off to McKay.

* * * *

How Jack Tunnell rode Frank Milne's bull a la Hector Gray,

Of Chummy and his circus, some more another day.

How the Bull he froze a quart of beer, to use in tabloir form;

How Barry kissed the Chinese cook, and called him Colleen Bawn;

Of Bung the Bookie's Di Ming Shop; of Locker's doleful state;

Of "Chalkie's" "bed" adventure—I'll later on relate.

How Casey fixed his cycle tyre with a stick of shaving soap;

Of "Who was the Devil's Mother?" the question Mullins spoke.

All these things they happened it's passing strange to say 'Bout the time we celebrated the send-off to McKay.

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Since the study of Stunology, a Super Science became,
There are many sorts of students studying the same.
Here are a few expressions, which range from Z to A;
which have the self-same meaning, the same idea convey.

* * * *

We say a man is "addled," "aled," "alcoholed," or "on
the booze,"
Is a "Bacchanalian Buster," "bottled," "blithered,"
"beered," excuse,
I nearly forgot to mention, "blue blind," "bunkered,"
and brimful,"
As well as on "a bender," "in the bats," if he don't pull
his heroic self together, and stopped being "cupped"
or "canned,"
He'll get "chloroformed" in "celebrating" something
great you understand.
"Dingbatitis," "drinking," "doped," "dizzy," "dazed,"
or on "the drunk,"
As "full as an egg," "ethered," and likewise "elephant's
trunk,"
As well as "fizzled," "fumed," "floored," "fizzed";
"full," and, ah yes, "fixed,"
Have the self-same meaning, tho' the metaphor is mixed.
On the "go," "gone," "groggy," "gassed," "hipped,"
or "half seas o'er,"
"Hors de combat," "hiccoughed," "helpless" (on the
floor),
Again "inebriated," "inked," and, ah, "intoxicated,"
too,
Mean quite the same as "jamboreed," now is that plain
to you?
"On the jag," "juiced," "joyed," "jargozzled," and
oh, "as full as a kite,"
"Liquored," "loose kneed," "as full as a Lord" (get
my meaning right?)
Are just the same as "muzzic," "muddled," "mugged,"
and also "mixed,"

While "mental aberration" is the term the doctors
fixed

(They charge you half-a-guinea, but it keeps your
conscience clear,

And the boss is not supposed to know that you were on
the beer.)

"Non compos mentis," yet another mode of saying that
your "on,"

And "paralytic," "punctured," "primed" or "potty"
are not wrong,

"Over the plimsol," "rocking," or that "you're on
the roll"—

All these expressions clearly show you love the flowing
bowl.

A "ribald reveller," "on the rag," or mayhap "in
the rats,"

(Don't you hear them spitting, the jealous, wowser
cats!)

"Sizzled," "slithered," "squiffy," "sprung," or that
you're "on the spree"

(Say the first three sixteen times and prove you're not
to me.)

To say you're "soused," "steamed," "stunned," or that
"you're on the swank,"

Is only a reflection, on the glorious way you drank.

"Not sober," is another mode and "sozzled" and
"schicker" as well,

While "tight," "tapped," "tipped," or "tipsey," the
same old story tell.

Some will say you're "full as a tick," and some that
your damned "well tanked,"

Some that you're "wined," "wounded," or "wet," and
some that you are "yanked."

The boys at the front they said "Zig-zagged," and the
greatest of wars they won,

For King and Country, kids and all, and the right to
have a "Stun."

THE REGISTER

These are the boys of the good old mob
No matter what the weather,
These are the boys of the good old mob
That always pull together.

These are the boys that laugh and pass
Still young, the years they weather;
These are the boys of the good old mob
Who always pull together.

* * * *

Adams, F. V., pioneer, 'twas his noble brother Bill
Who won the Battle of Waterloo, they tell the story still.

Allen, R. C., postal clerk, a novice in the crew,
Snapping well at "mopping up"—think that he will do.

Baker, I. V., railway head, is rather on the serious side;
Gags from William Shakespeare at any time supplied.

Barry, T. J., postal clerk, the fastest talker known;
we'll bet a hundred any time he'll stop a gramophone.

Bignell, C. V., engineer, and a hell of a cove to go,
Believes in keeping "engines" running at top, you know.

Bourke, T. J., horse trainer, all the tricks of the game
knows well,

An Irishman, with a Scotch horse, known as Sandy Bell.

Brown, H. V., ex-soldier, fought in the Boer War,
Though very quiet and peaceful—never known to roar.

Cairney, T. V., boiler boss, and good sport all the time,
A demon in the garden, chasing slugs with lime.

Casey, P. M., contractor, an amateur jockster, who
Once rode Tommy Allerton and rode him right well, too.

Casey, W. A., ex-soldier, as a Chōw talker he ranks high
"Quong lee fat soy—quee moy, quee soy, How gui?"

Calk, H. B., ex-soldier, our pianist, if you please;
A rival to St. Peter (Boss Commander of the Keys).

Corcoran, J. V., grocer, young, but with hair so gray;
Quite a catch of the season, but hard to hook, I say.

Conaghan, J. P., grocer, gentle, meek and mild;
Pity his simplicity, he's not a forward child.

Cunliffe, W. V., railway head, one of the oldest of the
crew,
With an unbeaten record—likes a shandy, too.

Fraser, V. de P., ex-soldier, a wicked, wicked flirt,
As a female impersonator, a cuddlesome bit of skirt.

Gittos, W. V., draper, in a shrewd, quiet sort of way,
Has got the girls all thinking, they'll catch him yet
one day.

Johnston, F. J., agent; for a wowser no time at all;
Reckons the Garden of Eden was perfect before The Fall.

Jones, N. W., ex-soldier, with vast experience at the war;
But a charge like that on Kumara Beach he never saw
before

Keating, M. J., County Clerk, going well and strong;
Says to carry Prohibition would be a grievous wrong.

Lindsay, W. A., ex-soldier, guaranteed to sell
Any old sort of hardware, or dress circle seats in hell.

Lord, E. I., surveyor, drew a rabbit on his head,
To show there was a little "hare" when all his "hair"
was dead.

Moncrief, R. V., sailor, hails from the Shetland Isles;
A woman's heart is shattered every time he smiles.

Mullins, T. J., ex-soldier, with "tabbies" Boss-Tom of
the lot;

But doesn't seem to choose one. Got too many! What?

McGilligan, P. J., baker, his "dough" he puts in right;
Sure to get a dividend, for style the limit quite.

McGrath, J. F., accountant, swears that rich brown beer,
Is twice as sweet as a sheila's lips and a damned sight
more sincere.

McKay, G. M., ironmonger, and one of the Old Brigade;
Of a pint of shandy, not a bit afraid.

McKeowen, H. V., railway head, a son of Erin bold;
Prescribes a drop of whisky for keeping out the cold.

Ogilvie, A. V., mercer, florid, fat and fair;
Could kid a man to wear a suit of goat or camel hair.

O'Callaghan, T. J., bank clerk, as a "ped" the fastest we
have known.

Why is he like an aeroplane? Why, simply because he's
flown.

O'Neill, L. M., postal clerk, an apprentice rather shy;
If he got the "glad" from a cuddlesome tart, would
straight to Mummy fly.

Oxenham, S. V., bailiff, once seized some beef and pork
But simply couldn't hold it, for it began to walk.

Peebles, H. V., ex-soldier, quiet, has not so much to say,
But the sort that always "gets" there—they're often
built that way.

Pendergast, W. P., stoker, a light provides for the dark;
A boom and blessing everywhere, except—in a quiet
park.

Rathbun, W. J., grocer, in Hades a celluloid cat;
Would have as much chance to get him, as getting a
celluloid rat.

Roberts, J. V., ex-soldier, a singer of renown;
Fifty pounds to back 'against anything in town.

Roberts, T. V., ex-soldier, says that now the war is o'er,
It ought to be 10 o'clock license, same as it was before.

Rose, C. H., land salesman, will "rise," yes that is a
"cinch,"

For he's already "risen" in the firm of J. D. Lynch.

Rugg, C. C., carrier, plays the hungry school boy's part,
And always wants a dozen—no good to him, one tart.

Ryan, T. P., ex-soldier, a "babbling brook" at the war;
Natural fighting instinct, Irish to the core.

Shrives, F. R., ex-soldier, will answer you straight and
well,

That you can't be a man and a wowser, that you sure
go to hell.

Smith H. H., ex-soldier, lives on epicurian fare—
Mountain duck, asparagus, green peas and caviare

Smith, W. V., tailor, though he's always all forlorn
"Cut out," "fitted," "suited," for his trade was born.

Sullivan, H. V., engineer, and hard head as you live.
When he puts in his "sugar," sure to get a div.

Sullivan, M. J., steamer engineer, in every port a
"queen";
Cuts a dash, makes a splash, everywhere he's been.

Trouland, H. V., ex-soldier, would take your life at any
time;
A desperate insurance agent, the subject of my rhyme

Webster, G. H., motor man, with an immaculate car;
Strike a match on the back of the seat, and you won't
know where you are.

Weenink, H. V., stockman, turns the air quite blue,
"Addressing" a mob of cattle, he has but equals few.

Weenink, W. V., ex-soldier, with wicked eyes of brown;
The flappers are all a flutter, when he comes to town.

White, A. V., fireman, and if mayhap to hell he goes,
He's sure to put the fire out, he's a demon with the hose.

Williamson, J. W., steamer engineer, and hard man in
the main;
He never forgets the password—it's "Fill 'em up
again!"

Winchester, H. V., carpenter, they say very quiet and
shy;
But when he got the "glad" from a flapper naturally
shut one eye.





L'ENVOI



Life's a lullaby
Just to doze and drift and laze,
Unmindful of each passing craze,
Till at the parting of the ways,
Death, all that's earthly kindly slays,
Then without a single sigh
To sleep—and end life's lullaby.

