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*SONGS OF IRISH WIT
AND HUMOUR*

A. PERGEVAL GRAVES



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SONGS
OF
IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR

SELECTED BY
ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES



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1884

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THE
ANNALS

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P R E F A C E.

IRISH Wit and Humour have so caught the popular fancy, that no apology is due for the issue, in 'The Mayfair Library,' of this collection of lyrics, in which the amatory, convivial, martial, predatory, and philosophical instincts of Irishmen have found droll or epigrammatic expression.

So complete a collection of the kind could only have been made during the last few years, within which time copyright in Moore's and most of Lover's writings has expired.

And I am not only the first in the field in this respect, but have the further advantage of the permis-

sion to draw upon copyright poems by Sir Samuel Ferguson, Mr. William Allingham, Dr. J. F. Waller, Mr. T. D. Sullivan, M.P., and Mr. T. C. Irwin, leading living representatives of Irish poetry.

This permission I have freely availed myself of, and now gratefully acknowledge to the above-named authors.

THE EDITOR.

6 HAINES HILL, TAUNTON :
St. Patrick's Day, 1884.





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¹ From the Celtic.

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INTRODUCTION.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

I

THE white and the orange, the blue and green, boys,
We'll blend them together in concord to-night ;
The orange most sweet amid green leaves is seen, boys,
The loveliest pansy is blue and white.
 The light of the day,
 As it glides away,
Paints with orange the white clouds that float in the west :
 And the billows that roar
 Round our own island shore
Lay their green heads to rest on the blue heaven's bosom,
 Where sky and sea meet in the distance away :
As Nature thus shows us how well she can fuse 'em,
 We'll blend them in love on St. Patrick's Day.

II

The hues of the prism, philosophers say, boys,
Are nought but the sunlight resolved into parts :
They're beauteous, no doubt ; but I think that the ray, boys,
Unbroken, more lights up and warms our hearts.

Each musical tone,
 Struck one by one,
 Makes melody sweet, it is true, on the ear—
 But let the hand ring
 All at once every string—
 And, oh ! there is harmony now that is glorious,
 In unison pealing to heaven away ;
 For union is beauty, and strength victorious,
 In hues, tones, or hearts, on St. Patrick's Day.

III

Those hues in our bosoms be sure to unite, boys :
 Let each Irish heart wear those emblems so true ;
 Be fresh as the green, and be pure as the white, boys,
 Be bright as the orange, sincere as blue.
 I care not a jot
 Be your scarf white or not,
 If you love as a brother each child of the soil ;
 I ask not your creed,
 If you'll stand in her need
 To the land of your birth in the hour of her colours,
 The foe of her foes, let them be who they may ;
 Then, ' Fusion of hearts, and confusion of colours !'
 Be the Irishman's toast on St. Patrick's Day.

J. F. WALLER.



THE
MUSIC
OF
THE
HEART

LOVE SONGS

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*WE MAY ROAM THRO' THIS
WORLD.*

WE may roam thro' this world, like a child at
a feast,
Who but sips of a sweet and then flies to the
rest ;
And, when pleasure begins to grow dull in the east,
We may order our wings, to be off to the west ;
But if hearts that feel, and eyes that smile,
Are the dearest gifts that heaven supplies,
We never need leave our own green isle
For sensitive hearts and for sun-bright eyes.
Then remember, whenever your goblet is crown'd,
Thro this world, whether eastward or westward you
roam,
When a cup to the smile of dear woman goes round,
Oh ! remember the smile which adorns her at home.

In England the garden of beauty is kept
By a dragon of prudery placed within call ;
But so oft this unamiable dragon has slept,
That the garden's but carelessly watched after all.
Oh ! they want the wild sweet-briery fence,
Which round the flowers of Erin dwells,
Which warns the touch while winning the sense,
Nor charms us least when it most repels.
Then remember, &c.

In France, when the heart of woman sets sail,
On the ocean of wedlock its fortune to try,
Love seldom goes far in a vessel so frail,
But just pilots her off, and then bids her good-bye ;
While the daughters of Erin keep the boy,
Ever smiling beside his faithful oar,
Through billows of woe, and beams of joy,
The same as he looked when he left the shore.
Then remember, &c.

MOORE.





MILD MABEL KELLY.

WHOEVER the youth who by Heaven's decree
Has his happy right hand 'neath that bright
head of thine,
'Tis certain that he
From all sorrow is free
Till the day of his death, if a life so divine
Should not raise him in bliss above mortal degree ;
Mild Mabel-ni-Kelly, bright Coolun of curls,
All stately and pure as the swan on the lake ;
Her mouth of white teeth as a palace of pearls,
And the youth of the land are lovesick for her
sake.

No strain of the sweetest e'er heard in the land
That she knows not to sing, in a voice so enchanting
That the cranes on the strand
Fall asleep where they stand.
Oh, for her blooms the rose, and the lily, ne'er wanting
To shed its mild radiance o'er bosom or hand ;

The dewy blue blossom that hangs on the spray
More blue than her eye human eye never saw :
Deceit never lurked in its beautiful ray,—
Dear lady, I drink to you, *Slaintè go bragh!*

CAROLAN.

(*Trans. from the Celtic by
Sir Samuel Ferguson.*)





THE GIRL I LOVE.

THE girl I love is comely, straight, and tall ;
Down her white neck her auburn tresses fall ;
Her dress is neat, her carriage light and free :
Here's a health to that charming maid, whoe'er she be !

The rose's blush but fades beside her cheek ;
Her eyes are blue, her forehead pale and meek ;
Her lips like cherries on a summer tree :
Here's a health to the charming maid whoe'er she be !

When I go to the field no youth can lighter bound,
And I freely pay when the cheerful jug goes round ;
The barrel is full, but its heart we soon shall see :
Come, here's to that charming maid, whoe'er she be !

Had I the wealth that props the Saxon's reign,
Or the diamond crown that decks the King of Spain,
I'd yield them all if she kindly smiled on me :
Here's a health to the maid I love, whoe'er she be !

Five pounds of gold for each lock of her hair I'd pay,
And five times five, for my love one hour each day ;
Her voice is more sweet than the thrush on its own
green tree :

Oh, dear one ! I drink a fond deep health to thee !

ANON.

(*Trans. by J. J. Callanan.*)





MARY OF TIPPERARY.

FROM sweet Tipperary,
See light-hearted Mary :
Her step, like a fairy, scarce ruffles the dew,
As she joyously springs,
And as joyously sings,
Disdaining such things as a stocking or shoe !
For she goes bare-footed,
Like Venus or Cupid :
And who'd be so stupid to put her in silk,
When the dew-drops bespangle
Her sweet foot and ankle,
As she trips o'er the lawn
At the blush of the dawn —
As she trips o'er the lawn with her full pail of milk.

For the dance when arrayed,
See this bright mountain maid—

If her hair she would braid with young beauty's fond
lure,

O'er some clear fountain stooping,

Her dark tresses looping :

Diana herself ne'er had mirror more pure !

How lovely that toilet !

Would fashion dare soil it

With paint or with patches—when nature bestows

A beauty more simple,

In mirth's artless dimple,

Heaven's light in her eye

(The soft blue of the sky)—

Heaven's light in her eye, and a blush like the rose ?

LOVER.





LOVE AND REASON.

COULD I her faults remember,
Forgetting every charm,
Soon would impartial reason
The tyrant love disarm :
But when enraged I number
Each failing of her mind,
Love still suggests each beauty,
And sees—while reason's blind.

SHERIDAN





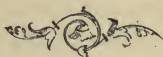
TO LADIES' EYES.

TO ladies' eyes around, boy,
We can't refuse, we can't refuse,
Tho' bright eyes so abound, boy,
'Tis hard to choose, 'tis hard to choose.
For thick as stars that lighten
Yon airy bow'rs, yon airy bow'rs,
The countless eyes that brighten
This earth of ours, this earth of ours.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find love there, boy,
So drink them all! so drink them all!
Some looks there are so holy,
They seem but giv'n, they seem but giv'n
As splendid beacons, solely
To light to heav'n, to light to heav'n.

While some—oh ! ne'er believe them—
With tempting ray, with tempting ray,
Would lead us (God forgive them !)
The other way, the other way.
But fill the cup—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find love there, boy,
So drink them all ! so drink them all !

In some, as in a mirror,
Love seems portray'd, love seems portray'd,
But shun the flattering error,
'Tis but his shade, 'tis but his shade.
Himself has fix'd his dwelling
In eyes we know, in eyes we know,
And lips—but this is telling—
So here they go ! so here they go !
Fill up, fill up—where'er, boy,
Our choice may fall, our choice may fall,
We're sure to find love there, boy,
So drink them all ! so drink them all !

MOORE.





KITTY OF COLERAINE.

AS beautiful Kitty one morning was tripping
With a pitcher of milk for the fair of Colera-
raine,

When she saw me she stumbled, the pitcher down
tumbled,

And all the sweet buttermilk watered the plain.

'Oh, what shall I do now! 'twas looking at you
now,

I'm sure such a pitcher I'll ne'er see again.

'Twas the pride of my dairy—oh, Barney McCleary,
You're sent as a plague to the girls of Coleraine.'

I sat down beside her, and gently did chide her
That such a misfortune should give her such pain ;
A kiss then I gave her, and before I did leave her
She vowed for such pleasure she'd break it again

'Twas the haymaking season—I can't tell the reason,
Misfortunes will never come single, 'tis plain,
For very soon after poor Kitty's disaster,
The devil a pitcher was whole in Coleraine.

ANON.





LESBIA HATH A BEAMING EYE.

LESBIA hath a beaming eye,
But no one knows for whom it beameth ;
Right and left its arrows fly,
But what they aim at no one dreameth.
Sweeter 'tis to gaze upon
My Nora's lid that seldom rises ;
Few its looks, but every one,
Like unexpected light, surprises !
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear !
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina !
Beauty lies
In many eyes,
But love in yours, my Nora Creina !

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,
But all so close the nymph hath lac'd it,
Not a charm of beauty's mould
Presumes to stay where nature plac'd it.


Oh ! my Nora's gown for me,
That floats as wild as mountain breezes,
Leaving every beauty free
To sink or swell as Heaven pleases !
Yes, my Nora Creina, dear !
My simple, graceful Nora Creina !
Nature's dress
Is loveliness—
The dress *you* wear, my Nora Creina.

Lesbia hath a wit refin'd,
But when its points are gleaming round us,
Who can tell if they're design'd
To dazzle merely, or to wound us?
Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,
In safer slumber Love reposes—
Bed of peace ! whose roughest part
Is but the crumpling of the roses.
Oh, my Nora Creina, dear !
My mild, my artless Nora Creina !
Wit, tho' bright,
Hath not the light
That warms your eyes, my Nora Creina.

MOORE.



THE BOYS OF KILKENNY.

H, the boys of Kilkenny are nate roving blades,
And whenever they meet with the nice little
maids,

They kiss them and coax them and spend their money
free !

Oh, of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me !

Through the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear
stream,

In the town of Kilkenny there lives a fair dame :
Her cheeks are like roses, and her lips much the
same,

Or a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed coal,
And 'tis they through my poor heart have burned a
big hole ;

Her mind, like its river, is deep, clear, and pure,
And her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.

Oh, Kilkenny's a fine town, that shines where it
stands,
And the more I think on it the more my heart warms :
If I was in Kilkenny I'd feel quite at home,
For it's there I'd get sweethearts, but here I get none.

ANON.





SONG.

I NE'ER could any lustre see
In eyes that would not look on me ;
I ne'er saw nectar on a lip,
But where my own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart
Cheeks of rose, untouched by art ?
I will own the colour true,
When yielding blushes aid their hue.
Is her hand so soft and pure ?
I must press it, to be sure ;
Nor can I be certain then,
Till it, grateful, press again.
Must I, with attentive eye,
Watch her heaving bosom sigh ?
I will do so, when I see
That heaving bosom sigh for me.

SHERIDAN.



YOUGHALL HARBOUR.

ONE Sunday morning into Youghall walking,
I met a maiden upon the way,
Her little mouth sweet as fairy music,
Her soft cheeks blushing like dawn of day.
I laid a bold hand upon her bosom,
And ask'd a kiss ; but she answered, ' No :
Fair sir, be gentle, do not tear my mantle ;
'Tis none in Erin my grief can know.

'Tis but a little hour since I left Youghall,
And my love forbade me to return ;
And now my weary way I wander
Into Cappoquin, a poor girl forlorn.
Then do not tempt me ; for, alas ! I dread them
Who with tempting proffers teach girls to roam,
Who'd first deceive us, then, faithless, leave us,
And send us shamefaced and barefoot home.'

‘ My heart and hand here ! I mean you marriage ;
I have loved like you and known love’s pain ;
If you turn back now to Youghall Harbour
You ne’er shall want house or home again.
You shall have a lace cap like any lady,
Cloak and capuchin, too, to keep you warm,
And, if God please, maybe, a little baby
By-and-by to nestle within your arm.’

ANON.

(*Trans. from the Celtic by
Sir Samuel Ferguson.*)





THE BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL.

HER blue eyes they beam and they twinkle,
Her lips have made smiling more fair ;
On cheek and on brow there's no wrinkle,
But thousands of curls in her hair.

She's little,—you don't wish her taller ;
Just half through the teens is her age ;
And baby or lady to call her,
Were something to puzzle a sage !

Her walk is far better than dancing ;
She speaks as another might sing ;
And all by an innocent chancing,
Like lambkins and birds in the spring.

Unskill'd in the airs of the city,
She's perfect in natural grace ;

She's gentle and truthful and witty,
And ne'er spends a thought on her face—

Her face, with the fine glow that's in it,
As fresh as an apple-tree bloom ;
And oh ! when she comes, in a minute,
Like sunbeams she brightens the room.

As taking in mind and in feature,
How many will sigh for her sake !
I wonder—the sweet little creature—
What sort of a wife she would make.

W. ALLINGHAM.





MOLLY CAREW.



CH hone ! and what will I do ?
Sure my love is all crost
Like a bud in the frost,
And there's no use at all in my going to bed ;
For 'tis dhrames and not sleep comes into my head :
And 'tis all about you,
My sweet Molly Carew—
And indeed 'tis a sin and a shame :
You're complater than Nature
In every feature,
The snow can't compare
With your forehead so fair,
And I rather would see just one blink of your eye
Than the purtiest star that shines out of the sky—
And by this and by that,
For the matter o' that,
You're more distant by far than that same !
Och hone ! wirrasthrue !
I'm alone in this world without you,

Och hone ! but why should I spake
 Of your forehead and eyes,
 When your nose it defies
 Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme ?
 Tho' there's one Burke, he says, that would call it
snuhlime.

And then for your cheek !
 Throth, 'twould take him a week
 Its beauties to tell as he'd rather.

Then your lips ! oh Machree !
 In their beautiful glow
 They a patthern might be
 For the cherries to grow.

'Twas an apple that tempted our mother, we know—
 For apples were *scarce*, I suppose, long ago ;

But at this time o' day,

'Pon my conscience, I'll say

Such cherries might tempt a man's father !

Och hone ! wirrasthrue !

I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone ! by the man in the moon,
 You *taze* me all ways.

That a woman can plaze,

For you dance twice as high with that thief Pat
 Magee,

As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me,

Tho' the piper I bate,
For fear the owld chate
Wouldn't play you your favourite tune ;
And when you're at mass
My devotion you crass,
For 'tis thinking of you
I am, Molly Carew ;

While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,
That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep :

Oh, lave off that bonnet,
Or else I'll lave on it
The loss of my wandherin' sowl !
Och hone ! wirrasthrué !
Och hone ! like an owl,
Day is night, dear, to me, without you !

Och hone ! don't provoke me to do it ;
For there's girls by the score
That love me—and more ;
And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd
meet

My weddin' all marchin' in pride down the sthreet ;
Throth, you'd open your eyes,
And you'd die with surprise,
To think 'twasn't you was come to it !
And, faith, Katty Naile,
And her cow, I go bail,

Would jump if I'd say
'Katty Naile, name the day.'

And tho' you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,
While she's short and dark like a cowld winther's day,

Yet if you don't repent
Before Easther, when Lent
Is over I'll marry for spite ;

Och hone ! wirrasthru !
And when I die for you,
My ghost will haunt you every night.

LOVER.





THE TIME I'VE LOST IN WOOING.

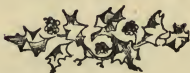
THE time I've lost in wooing,
In watching and pursuing
The light that lies
In woman's eyes
Has been my heart's undoing.
Tho' Wisdom oft has sought me,
I scorn'd the love she brought me,
My only books
Were woman's looks,
And folly all they taught me.

Her smile when Beauty granted,
I hung with gaze enchanted,
Like him, the Sprite,
Whom maids by night
Oft meet in glen that's haunted.

Like him, too, Beauty won me ;
But while her eyes were on me,
 If once their ray
 Was turn'd away,
Oh ! winds could not outrun me.


And are those follies going ?
And is my proud heart growing
 Too cold, or wise,
 For brilliant eyes
Again to set it glowing ?
No—vain, alas ! th' endeavour
From bonds so sweet to sever—
 Poor Wisdom's chance
 Against a glance
Is now as weak as ever !

MOORE.





PASTHEEN FINN.

H, my fair Pastheen is my heart's delight,
Her gay heart laughs in her blue eye bright;
Like the apple-blossom her bosom white,
And her neck like the swan's on a March morn bright.
Then Oro, come with me, come with me, come with
me,
Oro, come with me, brown girl sweet !
And oh ! I would go through snow and sleet,
If you would come with me, my brown girl sweet !

Love of my heart, my fair Pastheen !
Her cheeks are red as the rose's sheen ;
But my lips have tasted no more, I ween,
Than the glass I drank to the health of my queen.
Then Oro, &c.

ANON.

*(Trans. from the Celtic by
Sir Samuel Ferguson.)*



SONG.

GIVE Isaac the nymph who no beauty can
boast,
But health and good humour to make her his
toast ;

If straight, I don't mind whether slender or fat,
And six feet or four—we'll ne'er quarrel for that.

Whate'er her complexion, I vow I don't care :
If brown, it is lasting—more pleasing, if fair ;
And though in her face I no dimples should see,
Let her smile—and each dell is a dimple to me.

Let her locks be the reddest that ever were seen,
And her eyes may be e'en any colour but green ;
For in eyes, though so various the lustre and hue,
I swear I've no choice—only let her have two.

'Tis true I'd dispense with a throne on her back ;
And white teeth, I own, are genteeler than black ;
A little round chin, too, 's a beauty, I've heard ;
But I only desire she mayn't have a beard.

SHERIDAN.





THE ROSE OF KENMARE.

I'VE been soft in a small way
On the girleens of Galway,
And the Limerick lasses have made me feel quare ;
But there's no use denyin'
No girl I've set eye on
Could complate wid Rose Ryan of the town of Kenmare.
Oh, where
Can her like be found ?
Nowhere,
The country round,
Spins at her wheel
Daughter as true,
Sets in the reel,
Wid a slide of the shoe,
A slinderer,
Tinderer,
Purtier,
Wittier
Colleen than you,
Rose, aroo !

Her hair mocks the sunshine,
And the soft silver moonshine
Her white arm and bosom completely eclipse ;
Whilst the nose of the jewel
Slants straight as Carn Tual
From the heaven in her eye to her heather-sweet lips.
Oh, where, &c.

Did your eyes ever follow
The wings of the swallow,
Here and there, light as air, o'er the meadow-field
glance ?
For, if not, you've no notion
Of the exquisite motion
Of her sweet little feet as they dart in the dance,
Oh, where, &c.

If y' enquire why the nightingale
Still shuns the invitin' gale
That wafts every song-bird but her to the West,
Faix, she knows, I suppose,
Ould Kenmare has a rose
That would sing any Bulbul to sleep in her nest.
Oh, where, &c.

When her voice gives the warnin'
For the milkin' in the mornin',
Ev'n the cow known for hornin' comes runnin' to her
pail ;

The lambs play about her
And the small bonneens¹ snout her,
Whilst their parints salute her wid a twisht of the tail.
Oh, where, &c.

When at noon from our labour
We draw neighbour wid neighbour
From the heat of the sun to the shilter of the tree,
Wid spuds² fresh from the bilin'
And new milk you come smilin',
All the boys' hearts beguillin', Alanna machree !
Oh, where, &c.

But there's one sweeter hour,
When the hot day is o'er,
And we rest at the door wid the bright moon above,
And she sittin' in the middle,
When she's guessed Larry's riddle,
Cries, 'Now for your fiddle, my love, my love.'
Oh, where, &c.

¹ 'Bonneens,' young pigs. ² 'Spuds,' potatoes.

³ 'Alanna machree,' my heart's darling.





SONG.

THOUGH cause for suspicion appears,
Yet proofs of her love, too, are strong ;
I'm a wretch if I'm right in my fears,
And unworthy of bliss if I'm wrong.
What heart-breaking torments from jealousy flow,
Ah ! none but the jealous—the jealous can know !

When blest with the smiles of my fair,
I know not how much I adore :
Those smiles let another but share,
And I wonder I prized them no more !
Then whence can I hope a relief from my woe,
When the falser she seems, still the fonder I grow !

SHERIDAN.



NANCY, THE PRIDE OF THE WEST.

WE have dark lovely looks on the shores where
the Spanish
From their gay ships came gallantly forth,
And the sweet shrinking violets sooner will vanish
Than modest blue eyes from our north ;
But oh ! if the fairest of fair-daughtered Erin
Gathered round at her golden request,
There's not one of them all that she'd think worth
comparing
With Nancy, the pride of the west.

You'd suspect her the statue the Greek fell in love
with,
If you chanced on her musing alone,
Or some goddess great Jove was offended above with,
And chilled to a sculpture of stone ;

But you'd think her no colourless, classical statue,
When she turned from her pensive repose,
With her glowing grey eyes glancing timidly at you,
And the blush of a beautiful rose.

Have you heard Nancy sigh? then you've caught the
sad echo

From the wind-harp enchantingly borne.

Have you heard the girl laugh? then you've heard the
first cuckoo

Chant summer's delightful return.

And the songs that poor ignorant country-folk fancy,
The lark's liquid raptures on high,
Are just old Irish airs from the sweet lips of Nancy,
Flowing up and refreshing the sky.

And though her foot dances so soft from the heather

To the dew-twinkling tussocks of grass,

It but warns the bright drops to slip closer together

To image the exquisite lass ;

We've no men left among us, so lost to emotion,

Or scornful, or cold to her sex,

Who'd resist her, if Nancy once took up the notion

To set that soft foot on their necks.

Yet, for all that the bee flies for honey-dew fragrant

To the half-opened flower of her lips ;

And the butterfly pauses, the purple-eyed vagrant,
To play with her pink finger-tips ;
From all human lovers she locks up the treasure
A thousand are starving to taste,
And the fairies alone know the magical measure
Of the ravishing round of her waist.





THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

WHEN first I saw sweet Peggy,
'Twas on a market day,
A low-backed car she drove, and sat
Upon a truss of hay.
And when the hay was blooming grass
And decked with flowers of spring,
No flower was there that could compare
With the blooming girl I sing.
As she sat in her low-backed car,
The man at the turnpike bar
Never asked for the toll,
But just rubbed his ould poll,
And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,
The proud and mighty Mars
With hostile scythes demands his tithes
Of death—in warlike cars ·

While Peggy, peaceful goddess,
Has darts in her right eye,
That knock men down in the market-town,
As right and left they fly—
While she sits in her low-backed car,
Than battle more dangerous far,
For the doctor's art
Cannot cure the heart
That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,
Has strings of ducks and geese,
But the scores of hearts she slaughters
By far outnumber these ;
While she among her poultry sits
Just like a turtle-dove,
Well worth the cage, I do engage,
Of the blooming god of love !
While she sits in the low-backed car,
Her lovers come near and far,
And envy the chicken
That Peggy is pickin'
As she sits in the low-backed car.

Oh, I'd rather own that car, sir,
With Peggy by my side,

Than a coach-and-four and gold galore,¹
And a lady for my bride.
For the lady would sit fornenst² me
On a cushion made with taste,
And Peggy would sit beside me
With my arm around her waist—
While we drove in the low-backed car
To be married by Father Maher.
Oh, my heart would beat high
At her glance and her sigh,
Though it beat in a low-backed car !

LOVER.

¹ 'Galore,' in plenty.² 'Fornenst,' in front of.



DRINK TO HER.

DRINK to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy.

Oh ! woman's heart was made
For minstrel hands alone ;
By other fingers play'd,
It yields not half the tone.

Then here's to her who long
Hath wak'd the poet's sigh,
The girl who gave to song
What gold could never buy !

At Beauty's door of glass
When Wealth and Wit once stood,
They ask'd her, ' *Which* might pass ?'
She answered, ' He who could.'

With golden key Wealth thought
To pass—but 'twould not do :
While Wit a diamond brought
Which cut his bright way through.
So here's, &c.

The love that seeks a home
Where wealth or grandeur shines,
Is like the gloomy gnome,
That dwells in dark gold mines.
But oh ! the poet's love
Can boast a brighter sphere ;
Its native home's above,
Tho' woman keeps it here !
Then drink to her, &c.

MOORE.





RORY O'MORE.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathleen Bawn :
He was bold as the hawk, she soft as the dawn ;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to
please,

And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.

'Now, Rory, be aisy,' sweet Kathleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but a smile in her eye ;

'With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I'm
about,

Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside
out !'

'Och, jewel,' says Rory, 'that same is the way

You've thrated my heart this many a day :

And 'tis plased that I am—and why not, to be sure ?

For it's all for good luck,' says bold Rory O'More.

'Indeed, then,' says Kathleen, 'don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike,

For the ground that I walk on, *he* loves, I'll be bound.'

'Faith,' says Rory, 'I'd rather love you than the ground.'

'Now, Rory, I'll cry if you don't let me go ;
Sure, I dhrames every night that I'm hating you so.'

'Och,' says Rory, 'that same I'm delighted to hear ;
For dhrames always go by contràries, my dear.
So, jewel, keep dhramin' that same till you die,
And bright morning will give dirty night the black
lie ;

And 'tis pleased that I am—and why not, to be sure ?
Since 'tis all for good luck,' says bold Rory O'More.

'Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you've tazed me
enough,

Sure, I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and
Jim Duff,

And I've made myself drinking your health quite a
baste,

So I think after that I may talk to the priest.'

Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,
So soft and so white without freckle or speck ;

And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with
light,

And he kissed her sweet lips. Don't you think he
was right ?

'Now, Rory, leave off, sir, you'll hug me no more,
That's eight times to-day you have kissed me before.'
'Then here goes another,' says he, 'to make sure ;
For there's luck in odd numbers,' says Rory O'More.

LOVER.





THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE young May moon is beaming, love,
The glow-worm's lamp is gleaming, love—
How sweet to rove
Through Morna's grove,
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love !
Then, awake !—the heavens look bright, my dear,
'Tis never too late for delight, my dear,
And the best of all ways
To lengthen our days
Is to steal a few hours from the night, my dear !

Now all the world is sleeping, love,
But the Sage, his star-watch keeping, love—
And I, whose star,
More glorious far,
Is the eye from that casement peeping, love !

Then, awake!—till rise of sun, my dear,
The Sage's glass we'll shun, my dear,
 Or in watching the flight
 Of bodies of light,
He might happen to take thee for one, my dear.

MOORE.





LOVELY MARY DONNELLY.



H, lovely Mary Donnelly, it's you I love the
best ;

If fifty girls were round you, I'd hardly see
the rest :

Be what it may the time o' day, the place be where it
will,

Sweet looks of Mary Donnelly, they bloom before me
still.

Her eyes like mountain water that's flowing on a rock,
How clear they are, how dark they are ! and they give
me many a shock :

Red rowans warm in sunshine and wetted with a
shower

Could ne'er express the charming lip that has me in
its power.

Her nose is straight and handsome, her eyebrows
lifted up ;

Her chin is very neat and pert, and smooth like a
china cup ;

Her hair's the brag of Ireland, so weighty and so fine ;
It's rolling down upon her neck, and gathered in a
twine.

The dance o' last Whit-Monday night exceeded all
before :

No pretty girl for miles about was missing from the
floor ;

But Mary kept the belt of love, and oh, but she was
gay !

She danced a jig, she sung a song, that took my heart
away.

When she stood up for dancing, her steps were so
complete,

The music nearly killed itself to listen to her feet ;

The fiddler moaned his blindness, he heard her so
much praised ;

But blessed himself he wasn't deaf when once her
voice she raised.

And evermore I'm whistling or liling what you sung,
Your smile is always in my heart, your name beside
my tongue ;

But you've as many sweethearts as you'd count on
both your hands,
And for myself there's not a thumb or little finger
stands.

Oh, you're the flower o' womankind in country or in
town !

The higher I exalt you, the lower I'm cast down.
If some great lord should come this way, and see
your beauty bright,
And you to be his lady I'd own it was but right.

Oh, might we live together in a lofty palace hall,
Where joyful music rises, and where scarlet curtains
fall !

Oh, might we live together in a cottage mean and
small,
With sods of grass the only roof, and mud the only
wall !

Oh, lovely Mary Donnelly, your beauty's my distress !
It's far too beauteous to be mine, but I'll never wish
it less ;

The proudest place would fit your face, and I am poor
and low ;

But blessings be about you, dear, wherever you may go.



SONG.

WHAT bard, O Time, discover,
With wings first made thee move?
Ah! sure it was some lover
Who ne'er had left his love!
For who that once did prove
The pangs which absence brings,
Though but one day
He were away,
Could picture thee with wings?
What bard, &c.

SHERIDAN.





LONESOME LOVERS.

IN KERRY.


QUICHONE ! Patrick Blake,
You're off up to Dublin,
And, sure, for your sake,
I'm the terrible trouble in ;
For I thought that I knew
What my 'Yes' and my 'No' meant,
Till I tried it on you
That misfortunate moment.
But somehow I find,
Since I sent Pat away,
Must be, in my mind,
I was wishful he'd stay.

While ago the young rogue
Came and softly stooped over,
And gave me a *pogue*
As I stretched in the clover ;

How I boxed his two ears
And axed him 'How dare he?'
Now I'd let him for years—
'Tis the way women vary.
For somehow, &c.

Oh, why wouldn't he wait
To put his comether
Upon me complete,
When we both were together?
But no! Patrick, no;
You must have me consentin'
Too early; and so
Kitty's late for repentin'.
For somehow, &c.

IN DUBLIN.

 H ! Kitty O'Hea,
I'm the terrible trouble in,
For you're at Rossbeigh
And myself is in Dublin—
Through mistaking, bedad !
Your blushes, and that trick
Of sighing you had,
Showed a softness for Patrick.
And yet from my mind
A voice seems to speak :
'Go back, and you'll find
That she's fond of you, Blake !'

Oh ! Dublin is grand,
As all must acknowledge,
Wid the bank on one hand,
On the other the college.
I'd be proud to be mayor
Of so splendid a city ;
But I'd far sooner share
A cabin wid Kitty.

And I may so some day,
For the voice in my mind
Keeps seeming to say :
‘After all, she’ll be kind.’

Oh ! Dublin is fine,
Wid her ships on the river,
And her iligant line
Of bridges for ever.
But, Kitty, my dear,
I’d exchange them this minute
For our small little pier,
And my boat, and you in it.
And I may, &c.

Here you’ve beautiful squares
For all to be gay in,
Promenading in pairs
Wid the band music playing ;
But if I’d my choice,
Where our green hollies glisten,
To Kitty’s sweet voice
I’d much rather listen.
And I may, &c.

Here’s a wonderful park,
Where the wild beasts are feedin’,

For the world like Noah's Ark
Or the Garden of Eden !
But, faix ! of the two,
I'd rather be sittin'
Manœuv'ring, aroo,
Wid your comical kitten.
And I may, &c.

Yes, Dublin's a queen,
Wid her gardens and waters,
And her buildings between,
For her sons and her daughters ;
In learning so great,
So lovely and witty :
But she isn't complete
At all without Kitty.
And that voice in my mind—
' Go back to the South ! '—
So I will, then, and find
What you mean from her mouth.





THE NIGHT DANCE.

STRIKE the gay harp ! see, the moon is on high,
And, as true to her beam as the tides of the
ocean,

Young hearts, when they feel the soft light of her eye,
Obey the mute call and heave into motion.

Then, sound notes—the gayest, the lightest,
That ever took wing, when heav'n look'd brightest !

Again ! Again !

Oh ! could such heart-stirring music be heard
In that city of statues described by romancers,
So wakening its spell, even stone would be stirr'd,
And statues themselves all start into dancers !

Why, then, delay with such sounds in our ears,
And the flower of Beauty's own garden before us ;
While stars overhead leave the song of their spheres,
And, list'ning to ours, hang wondering o'er us ?

Again, that strain !—to hear it thus sounding
Might set even Death's cold pulse bounding !

Again ! Again !

Oh ! what a bliss when the youthful and gay,
Each with eye like sunbeam and foot like a feather,
As dance the young hours to the music of May,
Thus mingle sweet song and sunshine together !

MOORE.





FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
When pleasure, like the midnight flower
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,
Begins to bloom for sons of night,
And maids who love the moon.
'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
That beauty and the moon were made ;
'Tis then their soft attractions glowing
Set the tides and goblets flowing.
Oh ! stay—oh ! stay :
Joy so seldom weaves a chain
Like this to-night, that, oh ! 'tis pain
To break its links so soon.

Fly not yet, the fount that play'd
In times of old to Ammon's shade,
Though icy cold by day it ran,
Yet still, like souls of mirth, began
To burn when night was near.

And thus should woman's hearts and looks
At noon be cold as winter brooks,
Nor kindle till the night, returning,
Brings their genial hour for burning.

Oh! stay—oh! stay :
When did morning ever break,
And find such beaming eyes awake
As those that sparkle here !

MOORE.





I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL.

OH, I'm not myself at all,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
I'm not myself at all.
Nothin' carin', nothin' knowin',
'Tis afther you I'm goin',
Faith, your shadow 'tis I'm growin',
Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all !
Th' other day I went confessin',
And I ask'd the father's blessin' ;
'But,' says I, 'don't give me one intirely,
For I fretted so last year
But the half o' me is here,
So give the other half to Molly Brierly.'
Oh ! I'm not myself at all !

Oh, I'm not myself at all,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
My appetite's so small—
I once could pick a goose ;
But my buttons is no use,
Faith, my tightest coat is loose,
Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all !
If thus it is I waste,
You'd betther, dear, make haste,
Before your lover's gone away intirely ;
If you don't soon change your mind,
Not a bit of me you'll find—
And what 'ud you think' o' that, Molly Brierly?—
Oh, I'm not myself at all !

Oh, my shadow on the wall,
Molly dear, Molly dear,
Isn't like myself at all.
For I've got so very thin,
Myself says 't isn't him,
But that purty girl so slim,
Molly dear,
And I'm not myself at all !
If thus I smaller grew,
All fretting, dear, for you,
'Tis you should make me up the deficiency

So just let Father Taaff
 Make you my betther half,
 And you will not the worse for the addition be—
 Oh, I'm not myself at all !

I'll be not myself at all,
 Molly dear, Molly dear
 Till you my own I call !
 Since a change o'er me there came
 Sure you might change your name—
 And 'twould just come to the same,
 Molly dear,
 'Twould just come to the same :
 For if you and I were one,
 All confusion would be gone,
 And 'twould simplify the matther intirely ;
 And 'twould save us so much bother,
 When we'd both be one another—
 So listen now to rayson, Molly Brierly ;
 Oh, I'm not myself at all !

LOVER.





MOLLEEN OGE.

MOLLEEN oge, my Molleen oge,
Go put on your natest brogue,
 nd slip into your smartest gown,
You rosy little rogue ;
For a message kind I bear
To yourself from ould Adáir,
That Pat the piper's come around,
And there'll be dancín' there.
 Oh, my Molleen,
 Oh, my colleen,
 We'll dance to Pat,
 And after that
Collogue upon one chair.

Molleen, dear, I'd not presume,
To encroach into your room,
But I'd forgot a fairin'
I'd brought you from Macroom ;

So open, and I swear
 Not one peep upon you—there !
 'Tis a silver net to gather
 At the glass your golden hair.
 Oh, my Molleen, &c.

Molleen pet—my MOLLEEN pet,
 Faix, I'm fairly in a fret
 At the time you're tittivatin'.
 MOLLEEN, aren't you ready yet?
 Now net, and gown, and brogue,
 Are you sure you're quite the vogue?
 But, bedad, you look so lovely,
 I'll forgive you, Molleen oge.
 Oh, my Molleen,
 Oh, my colleen,
 We'll dance to Pat,
 And after that
 Upon one chair collogue.





RINGS AND SEALS.

‘**G**O!’ said the angry, weeping maid,
‘The charm is broken!—once betrayed,
Oh! never can my heart rely
On word, or look, or oath, or sigh.
Take back the gifts so sweetly given,
With promised faith and vows to heaven—
That little ring which, night and morn,
With wedded truth my hand hath worn :
That seal, which oft in moments blest,
Thou hast upon my life impressed,
And sworn its dewy spring should be
A fountain sealed for only thee !
Take, take them back, the gift and vow,
All sullied, lost, and hateful now !’

I took the ring—the seal I took ;
While, oh ! her every tear and look
Were such as angels look and shed,
When man is by the world misled !

Gently I whispered, ' Fanny, dear !
Not half thy lover's gifts are here :
Say, where are all the seals he gave
To every ringlet's jetty wave,
And where is every one he printed
Upon that lip so ruby-tinted—
Seals, of the purest gem of bliss,
Oh ! richer, softer, far than this !
And then the ring—my love ! recall
How many rings, delicious all,
His arms around that neck have twisted—
Twining warmer far than this did !
Where are they all, so sweet, so many ?
Oh ! dearest, give back all, if any !'

While thus I murmured, trembling too,
Lest all the nymph had vowed was true,
I saw a smile relenting rise
'Mid the moist azure of her eyes,
Like daylight o'er a sea of blue,
While yet the air is dim with dew.
She let her cheek repose on mine,
She let my arms around her twine—
Oh ! who can tell the bliss one feels
In thus exchanging rings and seals !

MOORE.



CHARMING JUDY CALLAGHAN.

‘**T** WAS on a windy night
At two o’clock in the morning,
An Irish lad so tight,
All wind and weather scorning,
At Judy Callaghan’s door,
Sitting upon the palings,
His love-tale he did pour,
And this was part of his wailings :—
Only say
You’ll be Mrs. Brallaghan,
Don’t say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan !

Oh ! list to what I say,
Charms you’ve got like Venus ;
Own your love you may,
There’s but the wall between us,

You lie fast asleep,
Snug in bed and snoring ;
Round the house I creep,
Your hard heart imploring.
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan

I've got a pig and a sow,
I've got a sty to sleep 'em ;
A calf and a brindled cow,
And a cabin, too, to keep 'em ;
Sunday hat and coat,
An old grey mare to ride on ;
Saddle and bridle, to boot,
Which you may ride astride on.
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

I've got an acre of ground ;
I've got it set with praties ;
I've got of 'baccy a pound ;
I've got some tea for the ladies ;

I've got the ring to wed,
Some whisky to make us gaily ;
I've got a feather bed,
And a handsome new shillelagh
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

You've got a charming eye,
You've got some spelling and reading ;
You've got, and so have I,
A taste for genteel breeding ;
You're rich, and fair, and young,
As everybody's knowing ;
You've got a decent tongue
Whene'er 'tis set agoing.
Only say
You'll have Mr. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.

For a wife till death
I am willing to take ye !
But, och ! I waste my breath—
The divil himself can't wake ye.

'Tis just beginning to rain,
So I'll get under cover ;
To-morrow I'll come again,
And be your constant lover.
Only say
You'll be Mrs. Brallaghan ;
Don't say nay,
Charming Judy Callaghan.





RIDING DOUBLE.

TROTTIN' to the fair,
Me and Moll Malony,
Seated, I declare,
On a single pony—
How am I to know that
Molly's safe behind,
Wid our heads in, oh ! that
Awk'ard way inclined ?
By her gentle breathin'
Whispered past my ear,
And her white arms wreathin'
Warm around me *here*.
Trottin' to the fair,
Me and Moll Maloney,
Seated, I declare,
On a single pony.

Yerrig !¹ Masther Jack,
Lift your forelegs higher,
Or a rousin' crack
Surely you'll require.
'Ah !' says Moll, 'I'm frightened
That the pony 'll start,'
And her hands she tightened
On my happy heart ;
Till widout reflectin',
'Twasn't quite the vogue,
Somehow, I'm suspectin'
That I snatched a *pogue*.²
Trottin' to the fair, &c.

¹ 'Yerrig !' Gee-up !

² 'Pogue,' a kiss.





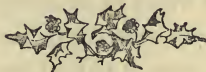
LYING.

I DO confess, in many a sigh,
My lips have breathed you many a lie—
And who, with such delights in view,
Would lose them, for a lie or two ?

Nay—look not thus, with brow reproving :
Lies are, my dear, the soul of loving !
If half we tell the girls were true,
If half we swear to think and do
Were aught but lying's bright illusion,
The world would be in strange confusion !
If ladies' eyes were, every one,
As lovers swear, a radiant sun,
Astronomy should leave the skies,
To learn her lore in ladies' eyes !
Oh no !—believe me, lovely girl,
When Nature turns your teeth to pearl,

Your neck to snow, your eyes to fire,
Your yellow locks to golden wire,
Then, only then, can Heaven decree
That you should live for only me,
Or I for you, as night and morn
We've swearing kissed, and kissing sworn !
And now my gentle hints to clear,
For once I'll tell you truth, my dear !
Whenever you may chance to meet
A loving youth whose love is sweet,
Long as you're false and he believes you,
Long as you trust and he deceives you,
So long the blissful bond endures,
And while he lies, his heart is yours ;
But, oh ! you've wholly lost the youth
The instant that he tells you truth !

SHERIDAN.





PURTY MOLLY BRALLAGHAN.

AH, then, ma'am dear, did you never hear of
purty Molly Brallaghan?

Troth, dear, I've lost her, and I'll never be a
man again—

Not a spot on my hide will another summer tan
again,

Since Molly she has left me all alone for to die.

The place where my heart was you might aisy rowl a
turnip in,

It's the size of all Dublin and from Dublin to the
Devil's Glen ;

If she chose to take another, sure, she might have sent
mine back agin,

And not to leave me here all alone for to die !

Ma'am dear, I remember, when the milking-time was
past and gone,

We went into the meadows, where she swore I was the
only man

That ever she could love—yet, oh, the base and cruel
one,

After all that to leave me here alone for to die !
Ma'am dear, I remember, as we came home, the rain
began,

I rowled her in my frieze coat, though the devil a
waistcoat I had on,

And my shirt was rather fine-drawn—yet, oh, the base
and cruel one,

After all that to leave me here all alone for to die !

I went and towld my tale to Father McDonnell,
ma'am,

And then I wint and axed advice of Counsellor
O'Connell, ma'am,

He told me promise-breaches had been ever since the
world began.

Now I have but the one pair, ma'am, and they are
corduroy.

Arrah, what could he mean, ma'am? or what would
you advise me to?

Must my corduroys to Molly go?—In troth, I'm
bothered what to do :

I can't afford to lose both my heart and my breeches
too,

Yet what need I care, when I've only to die ?

Oh, the left side of my carcass is as wake as water-
gruel, ma'am,

I wish I had a carabine, I'd go and fight a duel,
ma'am :

Sure, it's better far to kill myself than to stay here
to die :

I'm hot and detarmined as a live salamander, ma'am :
Won't you come to my wake, when I go my long
meander, ma'am ;

Oh, I'll feel myself as valiant as the famous Alexander,
ma'am,

When I hear yez crying round me, ' Arrah, why did
he die ? '

A LADY OF QUALITY.

¹ The ' long meander ' is very descriptive of an Irish funeral
procession in the country.





GOING TO CONFESS.

A LOVELY lass, with modest mien,
Stole out one morning early ;
The dew-drops glancing o'er the green
Made all her pathway pearly.
Young Lawrence, struck with Cupid's dart—
Cupid's dart distressing—
As through the fields he saw her start,
Sighed, 'She 's gone confessing !
Oh, vo ! 'twould ease *my* heart
To earn the father's blessing.'

The Father, with a twinkling eye,
He watched my boyo cunning,
Unnoticed by his colleen's eye
Behind the bushes running.
'How well,' he laughed, 'young Lawrence there,
After all my pressing,

With his sweetheart, I declare,
Comes at last confessing.
Oho ! I'll just take care
To give the lad a lesson.'

The pleasant priest unbarred the door,
As solemn as a shadow :
'How slow,' cried he, 'you've come before,
How hot-foot now, my laddo.
The serious steal with looks sedate,
Seeking to be shriven ;
But you, you're in no fitting state
Now to be forgiven :
So go within and wait,
With all your thoughts on heaven.'

The fair one following in a while
Made out her faults with meekness ;
The priest then asked her with a smile
Had she no other weakness,
And led, with that, young Lawrence in ;
Her cheeks were now confessing.
'Well, since 'tis after all a sin
Easy of redressing,
Here, dear, I'd best begin
To give you both my blessing.'



LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

STILL the question I must parry,
Still a wayward truant prove :
Where I love, I must not marry ;
Where I marry, cannot love.

Were she fairest of creation,
With the least presuming mind :
Learned without affectation ;
Not deceitful, yet refined ;

Wise enough, but never rigid ;
Gay, but not too lightly free ;
Chaste as snow, and yet not frigid ;
Warm, yet satisfied with me :

Were she all this ten times over,
All that Heaven to earth allows,
I should be too much her lover
Ever to become her spouse.

SHERIDAN.



FAN FITZGERL.

WIRRA, wirra! ologone!
Can't ye lave a lad alone,
Till he's proved. there's no tradition left of
any other girl :
Not even Trojan Helen,
In beauty all excellin',
Who's been up to half the divlement of Fan Fitzgerald.

With her brows of silky black
Arched above for the attack,
Her eyes they dart such azure death on poor admirin'
man ;
Masther Cupid, point your arrows,
From this out, agin the sparrows,
For you're bested at Love's archery by young Miss Fan

See what showers of golden thread
Lift and fall upon her head,
The likes of such a trammel-net at say was niver
spread ;

For, whin accurately reckoned,
 'Twas computed that each second
 Of her curls has cot a Kerryman and kilt him dead.

Now mention, if ye will,
 Brandon Mount and Hungry Hill,
 Or Ma'g'llicuddy's Reeks, renowned for crippin' all
 they can ;
 Still the country-side confisses
 None of all its precipices
 Cause a quarther of the carnage of the nose of Fan.

But your shatthered hearts suppose
 Safely steered apast her nose,
 She's a current and a reef beyand to wreck them
 roving ships.

My meaning it is simple,
 For that current is her dimple,
 And the cruel reef 'twill coax ye to 's her coral lips.

I might inform ye further
 Of her bosom's snowy murder,
 And an ankle ambuscadin' through her gown's de-
 lightful whirl ;
 But what need, when all the village
 Has forsook its peaceful tillage,
 And flown to war and pillage all for Fan Fitzgerl !



A KISS À L'ANTIQUE.

BEHOLD, my love, the curious gem
Within this simple ring of gold :
Tis hallowed by the touch of them
Who lived in classic hours of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
Upon her hand this gem displayed,
Nor thought that time's eternal lapse
Should see it grace a lovelier maid.

Look, darling, what a sweet design !
The more we gaze, it charms the more :
Come—closer bring that cheek to mine,
And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou seest, it is a simple youth
By some enamoured nymph embraced—
Look, Nea, love! and say in sooth,
Is not her hand most dearly placed?

Upon his curlèd head behind
It seems in careless play to lie ;
Yet presses gently, half inclined
To bring his lip of nectar nigh !

O happy maid ! too happy boy !
The one so fond and faintly loth,
The other yielding slow to joy—
Oh, rare indeed, but blissful both !

Imagine, love, that I am he,
And just as warm as he is chilling ;
Imagine, too, that thou art she,
But quite as cold as she is willing.

So may we try the graceful way
In which their gentle arms are twined :
And thus, like her, my hand I lay
Upon thy wreathèd hair behind.

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,
As slow to mine thy head I move ;
And thus our lips together meet,
And—thus I kiss thee—O my love !

MOORE.





THE 'WHISTLIN' THIEF.'

WHEN Pat came o'er the hill,
His colleen fair to see,
His whistle low, but shrill,
The signal was to be.

(Pat whistles.)

'Mary,' the mother said,
'Some one is whistlin', sure ;'
Says Mary : 'Tis only the wind
Is whistlin' thro' the door.'

(Pat whistles a bit of a popular air.)

I've liv'd a long time, Mary,
In this wide world, my dear
But a door to whistle like *that*
I never yet did hear.'

'But, mother, you know the fiddle
Hangs close beside the chink,
And the wind upon the strings
Is playing the tune, I think.'

(*The pig grunts.*)

'Mary, I hear the pig,
Unaisy in his mind.'
'But, mother, you know they say
That pigs can see the wind.'

'That's thru enough *in the day*;
But I think you may remark,
That pigs, no more nor we,
Can see anything in the dark.'

(*The dog barks.*)

'The dog is barkin' now,
The fiddle can't play *that* tune.'
'But, mother, the dogs will bark
Whenever they see the moon.'

'But how could he see the moon,
When you know the dog is blind?
Blind dogs won't bark at the moon,
Nor fiddles be play'd by the wind.'

' I'm not such a fool as you think,
I know very well 'tis Pat :
Shut your mouth, you whistlin' thief,
And go along home out o' that !

' And you go off to bed,
Don't play upon me your jeers ;
For tho' I have lost my eyes,
I haven't lost my ears !'

LOVER.





'JENNY, I'M NOT JESTING.'

' **A** H, Jenny, I'm not jesting,
Believe what I'm protesting,
And yield what I'm requesting
These seven years through.'
' Ah, Lawrence, I may grieve you ;
Yet, if I can't relieve you,
Sure, why should I deceive you
With words untrue ?
But, since you must be courtin',
There's Rosy and her fortune ;
'Tis rumoured your consortin'
With her of late.
Or there's your cousin Kitty,
So charming and so witty,
She'd wed you out of pity,
Kind Kate.'

'Fie! Jenny, since I knew you,
Of all the lads that woo you,
None's been so faithful to you,
If truth were told.

Even when yourself was dartin'
Fond looks at fickle Martin,
Till off the thief went startin'
For Sheela's gold.'

'And if you've known me longest,
Why should your love be strongest,
And his that's now the youngest,
For that be worst?'

'Fire, Jenny, quickest kindled
Is always soonest dwindled:
And thread the swiftest spindled
Snaps first.'

'If that's your wisdom, Larry,
The longer I can tarry,
The luckier I shall marry
At long, long last.'

'I've known of girls amusing
Their minds, the men refusing,
Till none were left for choosing
At long, long last.'

'Well, since it seems that marriage
Is still the safest carriage,

And all the world disparage
 The spinster lone ;
Since you might still forsake me,
I think I'll let you take me,
Yes ! Larry, you may make me
 Your own !'





FIXIN' THE DAY.

PATRICK.

A RRAH, answer me now, sweet Kitty Mulreddin,
Why won't you be fixin' the day of our
weddin'?

KITTY.

Now, Patrick O'Brien, what a hurry you're in :
Can't you wait till the summer comes round to begin.

PATRICK.

Oh, no, Kitty Machree, in all sinse and all raison,
The winter's the properest marryin' saison ;
For to comfort oneself from the frost and the rain,
There's nothin' like weddin' in winter 'tis plain.

KITTY.

If it's only protection you want from the cowl,
There's a parish that's called the Equator, I'm towld,
That for single young men is kept hot through the
year :
Where's the use of your marryin' ? off wid you there !

PATRICK.

But there's also a spot not so pleasantly warmed,
Set aside for ould maids, if I'm rightly informed,
Where some mornin', if still she can't make up her
mind,
A misfortunate colleen, called Kathleen, you'll find.

KITTY.

Is it threat'nin' you are that I'll die an ould maid,
Who refused, for your sake, Mr. Laurence M'Quaide ?
Faix ! I think I'll forgive him ; for this I'll be bound,
He'd wait like a lamb till the summer came round.

PATRICK.

Now it's thinking I am that this same Mr. Larry
Is what makes you so slow in agreein' to marry.

KITTY.

And your wish to be settled wid *me* in such haste,
Does't prove that you're jealous of *him* in the laste?

PATRICK.

Well, we'll not say that Kitty 'll die an ould maid.

KITTY.

And we'll bother no more about Larry M'Quaide.

PATRICK.

But Kitty machree, sure them weddins in spring,
When the Long Fast is out, are as common a thing
As the turfs in a rick, or the stones on a wall :
Faith ! you might just as well not be married at all.
But a weddin', consider, at this side of Lent,
Would be thought such a far more surprisin' event :
So delightful to all at this dull time of year—
Now say 'yes !' for the sake of the neighbours, my
 dear !

KITTY.

No, Patrick, we'll wed when the woods and the grass
Wave a welcome of purtiest green, as we pass

Through the sweet cowslip meadow, and up by the
mill,
To the Chapel itself on the side of the hill :
Where the thorn, that's now sighin' a widow's lamint,
In a bridesmaid's costume 'll be smilin' contint,
And the thrush and the blackbird pipe, ' Haste to the
weddin'
Of Patrick O'Brien and Kitty Mulreddin.'

PATRICK.

Will you really promise that, Kitty, you rogue ?

KITTY.

Whisper, Patrick, the contract I'll seal wid—a *pogue* !
[*Kissing him.*





ILL OMENS.

WHEN daylight was yet sleeping under the
billow,
And stars in the heavens still lingering
shone,
Young Kitty, all blushing, rose up from her pillow,
The last time she e'er was to press it alone.
For the youth whom she treasured her heart and her
soul in,
Had promised to link the last tie before noon ;
And when once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,
The maiden herself will steal after it soon !

As she looked in the glass, which a woman ne'er
misses,
Nor ever wants time for a sly glance or two,
A butterfly fresh from the night-flowers' kisses,
Flew over the mirror, and shaded her view.

Enrag'd with the insect for hiding her graces,
She brush'd him—he fell, alas ! never to rise.
'Ah ! such,' said the girl, 'is the pride of our faces,
For which the soul's innocence too often dies.'

While she stole thro' the garden, where heart's-ease
was growing,
She cull'd some, and kissed off its night-fallen dew ;
And a rose, further on, looked so tempting and
glowing,
That, spite of her haste, she must gather it too ;
But while o'er the roses too carelessly leaning,
Her zone flew in two, and the heart's-ease was lost.
'Ah ! this means,' said the girl (and she sighed at its
meaning),
'That love is scarce worth the repose it will cost !'

MOORE.





THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MIRTH.

THERE are sounds of mirth in the night-air
ringing,
And lamps from every casement shown ;
While voices blithe within are singing,
That seem to say 'Come' in every tone.
Ah ! once how light, in life's young season,
My heart had bounded at that sweet lay ;
Nor paus'd to ask of greybeard Reason
If I should the syren call obey.

And, see—the lamps still livelier glitter,
The syren lips more fondly sound ;
No, seek, ye nymphs, some victim fitter
To sink in your rosy bondage bound.
Shall a bard, whom not the world in arms
Could bend to tyranny's rude control,
Thus quail, at sight of woman's charms,
And yield to a smile his freeborn soul ?

Thus sung the Sage, while, slyly stealing,
The nymphs their fetters round him cast,
And, their laughing eyes, the while, concealing,
Led Liberty's bard their slave at last.
For the poet's heart, still prone to loving,
Was like that rock of the Druid race,
Which the gentlest touch at once set moving,
But all earth's power couldn't shake from its base.

MOORE





WIDOW MACHREE.

WIDOW Machree, it's no wonder you frown,
Och hone ! Widow Machree ;
Faith ! it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,
Och hone ! Widow Machree.
How altered your air,
With that close cap you wear—
'Tis destroying your hair
Which should be flowing free ;
Be no longer a churl
Of its black silken curl—
Och hone ! Widow Machree !

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,
Och hone ! Widow Machree :
When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum ?
Och hone ! Widow Machree.
See the birds go in pairs,
And the rabbits and hares—

Why, even the bears
 Now in couples agree,
And the mute little fish,
Though they can't spake, they wish—
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, when winter comes in,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree,
To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.

Sure, the shovel and tongs
To each other belongs,
And the kettle sings songs
 Full of family glee ;
While alone with your cup,
Like a hermit, *you* sup—
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.

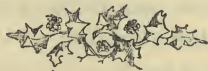
And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree,
But you're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowl'd ?
 Och hone ! Widow Machree :
With such sins on your head,
Sure, your peace would be fled,
Could you sleep in your bed
 Without thinking to see

Some ghost or some sprite,
That would wake you each night,
 Crying, 'Och hone ! Widow Machree' ?

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree ;
And with my advice, faith ! I wish you'd take me,
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.

You have me to desire,
Then to sit by the fire,
And, sure, Hope is no liar
 In whispering to me
That the ghosts would depart,
When you'd me near your heart—
 Och hone ! Widow Machree.

LOVER.





THE WIDOW MALONE.

D ID ye hear of the widow Malone,
Ohone !
Who lived in the town of Athlone,
Alone ?

Oh ! she melted the hearts
Of the swains in them parts,
So lovely the widow Malone,
Ohone!
So lovely the widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score,
Or more ;
And fortunes they all had galore,
In store ;

From the minister down
To the Clerk of the Crown,
All were courting the widow Malone,
 Ohone !
All were courting the widow Malone.

But so modest was Mrs. Malone,
 'Twas known
No one ever could see her alone,
 Ohone !
Let them ogle and sigh,
They could ne'er catch her eye,
So bashful the widow Malone,
 Ohone !
So bashful the widow Malone.

Till one Mr. O'Brien from Clare—
 How quare,
It's little for blushing they care
 Down there—
Put his arm round her waist,
Gave ten kisses at laste—
'Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone,
 My own ;'—
'Oh,' says he, 'you're my Molly Malone !'

And the widow they all thought so shy,
My eye !
Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh—
For why ?
But, 'Lucius,' says she,
'Since you've now made so free,
You may marry your Molly Malone,
Ohone !
You may marry your Molly Malone.'

There's a moral contained in my song,
Not wrong ;
And, one comfort, it's not very long,
But strong :
If for widows you die,
Learn *to kiss*, not to sigh,
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone,
Ohone !
Oh ! they're very like Mistress Malone !

LEVER.





MARY OF THE CURLS.

AS oak-leaves, when autumn is turning them
sere,
Is the hue of my own Mary's beautiful hair ;
And light as young ash-sprays, that droop in the
grove,
Are the ringlets that wave round the head that I love.

Dear Mary ! each ringlet, so silken and fine,
Is a fetter that round my poor heart you entwine ;
And if the wide ocean I roamed to the West,
It would still draw me back to the maid I love best.

Like stars that shine out from the calm summer sky
Are the glances that beam from your melting blue
eye ;
Your lips red as poppies, your cheeks bright as morn ;
And your bosom and neck white as blossoms of thorn.

The stars may shine down on the whole world at
night,

But your eyes, Mary, dear ! should give *me* all their
light.

Let the poppies and blossoms be plucked by who will,
If those dear lips and bosom be kept for *me* still.

Not more sportive and light is the young lambkin
seen,

Than your foot in the dance on our own village
green ;

And my fond eye still wanders wherever you move
'Midst all the maids seeking for her that I love.

The winter is past, and the Shrovetide is nigh ;

Dear Mary ! no longer be cruel or shy.

I've a home to receive you, a hand to sustain,

And a heart that will love you while life shall remain.

(Translated from the Celtic by J. F. Waller.)





THE RAKE'S APOLOGY.

NOW hush ! dearest Kathleen, give over
Upbraiding a lover so true ;
I swear, though you say I'm a rover,
My heart is still faithful to you.
Then where is the use in your doubting,
Or breaking my heart with your sighs ;
Those sweet lips were not made for pouting,
And anger will spoil your mild eyes ?

The world, dear, is given to railing,
God forgive 'em that call me a rake ;
'Tis yourself that's the cause of my failing,
For I love the whole sex for your sake.
Sure, 'tis pride of you makes me a rover
To wake, and to dance, and to fair ;
I'm still trying at each to discover
A girl with yourself to compare.

And so, just in making the trial,
I'm forced still to touch and to taste ;
Though 'tis hard, there's no good in denial,
An hour from beside you to waste.
But their beauties leave no more impression,
Than calm waters take from the breeze ;
Sit down now, and hear my confession,
I'll make a clean breast at your knees.

Ellen Bawn has a fine neck and bosom,
But her waist feels so tightened and *quare* ;
Rose has bright eyes, but still I don't choose them,
When you gaze in them long they've a stare.
Mave looks shapely and plump—'tis all dressing ;
And Nora's lips please one at *first*,
But then they won't do for much pressing,
They're so ripe you're afraid that they'll burst.

So now, all experiments over,
I come back more faithful and true ;
And I vow, on the word of a lover,
There's no girl half so perfect as you.
Then, Kathleen, cheer up, and believe me
I'll love you whatever betide ;
One word, and that fair hand just give me,
I'll wander no more from your side.

J. F. WALLER.



THE FIRST CUCKOO IN SPRING.

ONE sweet eve in spring, as the daylight died,
Mave sat in her bow'r by her father's side ;
(Cuckoo ! cuckoo !) so soft and so clear,
Sang the bonny cuckoo from a thicket near :
(Cuckoo ! cuckoo !) ' Do listen, my dear,
'Tis the first cuckoo's note I have heard this year.'

The maiden smiled archly, then sighed—' 'Tis long
I've waited and watched for that sweet bird's song ;'
(Cuckoo ! cuckoo !) ' Ere winter he'll roam
With some belov'd mate to his distant home.'
(Cuckoo ! cuckoo !) ' Ah, would I might roam
With that bonny cuckoo to his distant home.'

The old man he frowned at the maid, and said,
' What puts such wild thoughts in your foolish head ?'
(Cuckoo ! cuckoo !) ' No maid should desire
To roam from her native land and sire.'
(Cuckoo ! cuckoo !) ' I don't love a note
That comes from that foreign bird's weary throat.

‘The blackbird and throstle, I love their song,
They cheer us through summer and autumn long ;’
(Cuckoo ! cuckoo !) ‘And then they ne’er roam,
But they mate and they live all the year at home.’
(Cuckoo ! cuckoo !) ‘’Tis still the same note
That comes from that foreign bird’s weary throat.’

The old man he sleeps in the drowsy air,
While soft from his side steals his daughter fair,
(Cuckoo ! cuckoo !) There’s a bird in the grove
That sings a sweet song all young maidens love.
(Cuckoo ! cuckoo !) Says the bird from the grove,
‘I’m weary cuckooing this hour, my love.’

The old man he dreams that the cuckoo sings
Close up to his ear very wondrous things :
(Cuckoo ! cuckoo !) ‘I love your dear Mave,
And won her young heart just without your leave.’
(Cuckoo ! cuckoo !) ‘She is willing to roam
From her own beloved nest to my distant nome.

Half in fear, half in anger, her sire awakes,
As her lips on his brow a soft farewell takes.
(Cuckoo ! cuckoo !) The old man is alone,
For vision, and cuckoo, and child are gone :
(Cuckoo ! cuckoo !) A sweet voice whispers near,
‘We’ll be back with the cuckoo in spring next year.’



LOVE IN REALITY.

AWAY with the nonsense of vain poetasters,
Their sighing and dying's all lying and fudge ;
They say love's a disease full of woes and
disasters :
I deny it, point-blank, and I think I'm a judge.

I boldly assert by my manhood, that no man
Is all that he should be who is not in love ;
And Providence, sure, sent us beautiful woman,
The joy, not the plague, of existence to prove.

For myself, I'm in love head and ears at the present,
With a maid like a young swan so graceful and fair,
And the symptoms I find, on the whole, very pleasant,
And just the reverse of what poets declare.

I shed not a tear, and I ne'er think of sighing ;
I moan not, I groan not, in fanciful woe ;
And if truth must be told, I am so far from dying
Of love but for love I'd have died long ago.

I keep up flesh and blood for the sake of this beauty ;
I make it a point to be sound wind and limb ;
I eat well, I drink well, I sleep as a duty,
For then of my love all sweet things I can dream.

I can listen to music and still feel delighted ;
It shakes not my spirits to hear a sweet song ;
My pace is quite steady, not like one affrighted
Or a tree down a torrent swept swiftly along.

I've my voice at command, and my words are ne'er
wanting ;
And if half of the clothes in Conn's northern
domain
Were heap'd on my back, with their heat I'd be
panting,
And fire is much hotter, I grant, than my skin.

If I stood 'neath a torrent, or plung'd in the ocean,
I'd come out rather chilly and not over dry ;
If robust health and strength can cause death, I've a
notion
I'm just in the very condition to die.

I'm not swollen out with grief till a long rope won't
bind me ;
My mouth is more moist than the touchwood, no
doubt ;

And I'll give you my oath, that you never will find me
Drinking dry a deep lake to extinguish my drought.

I can tell night and day without making a blunder :
A ship from a wherry, as well as the best ;
And I know white from black, which you'll say is a
wonder,
Despite all the love that is lodged in my breast.

A mountain I never mistake for the ocean,
A horse I can tell with great ease from a deer,
Of great things and small I've an excellent notion,
And distinguish a fly from a whale very clear.

And now, to conclude with a stiffish conundrum—
'A part of the stern of a boat o'er the wave,
Seven hazels whose barren twigs cast no fruit under
'em,'
Is the name of the fair one who holds me a slave.

Not one in a thousand that try will make out of it
The name of the maid most belov'd of my heart ;
And though love touch my brain, yet the sense 'twon't
take out of it,
For I swear there's no poison or pain in his dart.

(Trans. from an early Celtic Poem by J. F. Waller.)



'WON'T YOU LEAVE US A LOCK OF
YOUR HAIR?'

'**T**HE night is fresh and calm, love,
The birds are in their bowers,
And the holy light
Of the moon falls bright
On the beautiful sleeping flowers.
Sweet Nora, are you waking?
Ah! don't you hear me *spaking*?
My heart is well nigh breaking
For the love of you, Nora dear.
Ah! why don't you speak, mavrone?
Sure I think that you're made of stone,
Just like Venus of old,
All so white and so cold,
But no morsel of flesh and bone.

'There's not a soul astir, love,
No sound falls on the ear
But that rogue of a breeze
That's whispering the trees,
Till they tremble all through with fear.
Ah ! them happy flowers that's creeping
To your window where you're sleeping—
Sure *they're* not chid for peeping
At your beauties, my Nora dear.
You've the heart of a Turk, by my *sowl*,
To leave me perched here like an owl ;
'Tis treatment too bad
For a true-hearted lad
To be sarved like a desolate fowl.

'You know the vow you made, love,
You know we fixed the day ;
And here I'm now
To claim that vow,
And carry my bride away.
So, Nora, don't be staying
For weeping or for praying—
There's danger in delaying,
Sure maybe I'd change my mind :
For you know I'm a bit of a rake,
And a trifle might tempt me to break—

Faix, but for your blue eye,
I've a notion to try
What a sort of old maid you'd make.'

' Ah ! Dermot, win me not, love,
To be your bride to-night :
How could I bear
A mother's tear,
A father's scorn and slight ?
So, Dermot, cease your suing--
Don't work your Nora's ruin ;
'Twould be my sore undoing,
If you're found at my window, dear.'
' Ah ! for shame with your foolish alarms :
Just drop into your Dermot's arms :
Don't mind looking at all
For your cloak or your shawl ;
They were made but to smother your charms

And now a dark cloud rising,
Across the moon is cast ;
The lattice opes
And anxious hopes
Make Dermot's heart beat fast :
And soon a form entrancing,
With arms and fair neck glancing

Half-shrinking, half-advancing,
Steps light on the lattice sill :
When a terrible arm in the air
Clutch'd the head of the lover all bare ;
And a voice, with a scoff,
Cried, as Dermot made off,
'WON'T YOU LEAVE US A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR!'

J. F. WALLER.



DRINKING SONGS

GLEE AND CHORUS.

THIS bottle's the sun of our table,
His beams are rosy wine :
We, planets, that are not able
Without his help to shine.
Let mirth and glee abound !
You'll soon grow bright
With borrow'd light,
And shine as he goes round.

SHERIDAN.



THE CRUISKEEN LAWN.

LET the farmer praise his grounds,
Let the huntsman praise his hounds,
The farmer his sweet-scented lawn ;
While I, more blest than they,
Spend each happy night and day
With my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.
Gra-ma-chree ma cruiskeen
Slainte geal ma vourneen,
Gra-ma-chree a coolin bawn bawn bawn,
Gra-ma-chree a coolin bawn.¹

Immortal and divine
Great Bacchus, god of wine,
Create me by adoption your son.

¹ My heart's love is my little jug,
Bright health to my darling,
My heart's love her fair locks.

In hope that you'll comply
That my glass shall ne'er run dry,
Nor my smiling little cruiskeen lawn.
Gra-ma-chree, &c.

And when grim Death appears,
After few but happy years,
And tells me my glass it is run ;
I'll say, ' Begone, you slave !
For great Bacchus gives me leave
Just to fill another cruiskeen lawn.'
Gra-ma-chree, &c.

Then fill your glasses high,
Let's not part with lips adry,
Though the lark now proclaims it is dawn ;
And since we can't remain,
May we shortly meet again
To fill another cruiskeen lawn.
Gra-ma-chree, &c.

ANON.



THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.

WHEN St. Patrick our order created
And called us the Monks of the Screw,
Good rules he revealed to our abbot,
To guide us in what we should do.

But first he replenished his fountain
With liquor the best in the sky ;
And he swore by the word of his saintship
That fountain should never run dry !

My children, be chaste—till you're tempted ;
While sober, be wise and discreet ;
And humble your bodies with fasting—
Whene'er you have nothing to eat.

Then be not a glass in the convent,
Except on a festival, found :
And, this rule to enforce, I ordain it
A festival all the year round !

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.



DRINK OF THIS CUP.

A POEM ON WHISKY PUNCH.

DRINK of this cup—you'll find there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.
Would you forget the dark world we are in,
Only taste of the bubble that gleams on the top
of it ;
But would you rise above earth, till akin
To immortals themselves, you must drain every drop
of it.
Send round the cup—for oh there's a spell in
Its every drop 'gainst the ills of mortality—
Talk of the cordial that sparkled for Helen,
Her cup was a fiction, but this is reality.

Ne'er yet was philter form'd with such power
To charm and bewilder as this we are quaffing ;
Its magic began when, in Autumn's rich hour,
As a harvest of gold in the fields it stood laughing.
There having by Nature's enchantment been fill'd
With the balm and the bloom of her kindest weather,
This wonderful juice from its core was distill'd
To enliven such hearts as are here brought together !
Then drink of the cup—you'll find there's a spell in, &c.

And though, perhaps—but breathe it to no one—
Like liquor the witch brews at midnight so awful,
This philter in secret was first taught to flow on,
Yet 'tis not less potent for being unlawful.
And e'en though it taste of the smoke of that flame,
Which in silent extracted its virtues forbidden—
Fill up—there's a fire in some hearts I could name,
Which may work, too, its charm, though as lawless
and hidden.
So drink of the cup—for oh there's a spell in, &c.

MOORE.





WHISKY.

WHISKY, drink divine !
Why should drivellers bore us
With the praise of wine,
Whilst we've thee before us ?
Were it not a shame,
Whilst we gaily fling thee
To our lips of flame,
If we could not sing thee ?
Whisky, drink divine !
Why should drivellers bore us
With the praise of wine,
Whilst we've thee before us ?

Greek and Roman sung
Chian and Falernian—
Shall no harp be strung
To thy praise Hibernian ?

Yes ! let Erin's sons—
Generous, brave, and frisky—
Tell the world at once
They owe it to their whisky.
Whisky, &c.

If Anacreon—who
Was the grape's best poet—
Drank our *Mountain-dew*,
How his verse would show it !
As the best then known,
He to wine was civil ;
Had he *Inishowen*,
He'd pitch wine to the d—l.
Whisky, &c.

Bright as beauty's eye,
When no sorrow veils it ;
Sweet as beauty's sigh,
When young love inhales it ;
Come, then, to my lip—
Come, thou rich in blisses !
Every drop I sip
Seems a shower of kisses.
Whisky, &c.

Could my feeble lays
Half thy virtues number,
A whole *grove* of bays
Should my brows encumber.
Be his name adored,
Who summed up thy merits
In one little word,
When he called thee *spirits*.
Whisky, &c.

Send it gaily round—
Life would be no pleasure,
If we had not found
This enchanting treasure ;
And when tyrant Death's
Arrow shall transfix ye,
Let your latest breaths
Be, whisky ! whisky ! whisky !
Whisky ! drink divine !
Why should drivellers bore us
With the praise of wine,
Whilst we've thee before us ?

JOSEPH O'LEARY,



BARRY OF MACROOM.



O H, what is Dan MacCarty, or what is old Jem
Nash,
Or all who e'er in punch-drinking by luck
have cut a dash,
Compared to that choice hero, whose praise my rhymes
perfume—
I mean the boast of Erin's isle, bold Barry of Macroom?

'Twas on a summer's morning bright that Barry shone
most gay,
He had of friends a chosen few, to dine with him that
day ;
And to himself he coolly said (joy did his eyes illumine),
' I'll show my guests there's few can match bold Barry
of Macroom.'

The dinner was despatched, and they brought in six
gallon jugs
Of whisky-punch ; and after them eight huge big-
bellied mugs ;
And soon all 'neath the table lay, swept clean as with
a broom,
Except the boast of Erin's isle, bold Barry of Mac-
room.

Now Barry rose, and proudly cried, 'By Judy, I'll go
down,
And call into each whisky shop that decorates our
town ;
For lots of whisky-punch is here for master and for
groom,
If they'll come up and drink it with bold Barry of
Macroom.'

Thus Barry soon he brought with him a choice hard-
drinking set,
As ever at a punch-table on Patrick's Day had met ;
Yet soon upon the floor they lay,—a low, disgraceful
doom,—
While like a giant fresh and strong rose Barry of Mac-
room !

Then Barry went unto his wife, and to his turtle said,
' My dear, I now have had enough, therefore I'll go to
bed ;

But as I may be thirsty soon, just mix it in the room
A gallon-jug of punch, quite weak, for Barry of Mac-
room.'

ANON.





ONE BOTTLE MORE.

ASSIST me, ye lads, who have hearts void of
guile,

To sing out the praises of ould 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 remains in our store,
We have generous hearts to give that bottle more.

One bottle more, &c.

At Candy's in Church Street, I'll sing of a set
Of six Irish blades who together had met ;

Four bottles apiece made us call for our score,
For nothing remained but just one bottle more.

One bottle more, &c.

Our bill being brought we were loath to depart,
For friendship had grappled each man by the heart,
Where the least touch, you know, makes an Irishman
roar,

And the whack from shillelah brought six bottles more.

Six bottles more, &c.

Swift Phœbus now shone through our window so
bright,

Quite happy to view his glad children of light ;

So we parted with hearts neither sorry nor sore,

Resolving next night to drink twelve bottles more.

Twelve bottles more, &c.





AIR—‘DON CÆSAR.’

FLOW, thou regal purple stream
Tinted by the solar beam,
In my goblet sparkling rise,
Cheer my heart and glad my eyes.
My brain ascend on fancy's wing,
'Noint me, wine, a jovial king.
While I live, I'll lave my clay :
When I'm dead and gone away,
Let my thirsty subjects say,
'A month he reign'd, but that was May.'

JOHN O'KEEFE.





TONY LUMPKIN'S SONG.

LET schoolmasters puzzle their brain
With grammar, and nonsense, and learning ;
Good liquor, I stoutly maintain,
Gives *genus* a better discerning.
Let them brag of their heathenish gods,
Their Lethes, their Styxes, and Stygians ;
Their Quis, and their Quæs, and their Quods,
They're all but a parcel of Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

When Methodist preachers come down,
A-preaching that drinking is sinful,
I'll wager the rascals a crown,
They always preach best with a skinful.
But when you come down with your pence
For a slice of their scurvy religion,

I'll leave it to all men of sense,
But you, my good friend, are the pigeon.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

Then come, put the jorum about,
And let us be merry and clever,
Our hearts and our liquors are stout,
Here's the Three Jolly Pigeons for ever.
Let some cry up woodcock or hare,
Your bustards, your ducks, and your widgeons ;
But of all the birds in the air,
Here's a health to the Three Jolly Pigeons.
Toroddle, toroddle, toroll.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.



SONGS OF FEASTING AND
FIGHTING



O'RORKE'S NOBLE FARE.

○ RORKE'S noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there,
Or those who were not.

His revels to keep,
We sup and we dine
On seven score sheep,
Fat bullocks, and swine.

Usquebaugh to our feast
In pails is brought up,
An hundred at least,
And a mether our cup.

'Tis there is the sport !
We rise with the light,
In disorderly sort,
From snoring all night.

Oh! how I was tricked ;
My pipe it was broke,
My pocket was picked,
I lost my new cloak.

'I'm robbed,' exclaimed Nell,
'Of mantle and kercher.'
Why then fare them well,
The de'il take the searcher.

'Come, harper, strike up :
But first, by your favour,
Boy, give us a cup—
Ah! this has some flavour.'

O'Rorke's jolly boys
Ne'er dreamed of the matter,
Till roused by the noise
And musical clatter.

They bounce from their nest,
No longer will tarry ;
They rise ready dressed,
Without one 'Hail Mary.'

They dance in around,
Cutting capers and romping :
'Tis a mercy the ground
Didn't burst with their stamping !

Bless you, late and early,
Laughing O'Henigan :
By my hand, you dance rarely,
Margery Grinigan.

Bring straw for our bed,
Shake it down to our feet,
Then over it spread
The winnowing sheet.

To show I don't flinch,
Fill the bowl up again,
Then give us a pinch
Of your sneezing *a bhan*.

Good Lord ! what a sight—
After all their good cheer,
For people to fight
In the midst of their beer !

They rise from their feast,
So hot are their brains—
A cubit at least
The length of their skiains.

What stabs and what cuts !
What clattering of sticks !
What strokes on the guts !
What basting and kicks !

With cudgels of oak,
Well hardened in flame
A hundred heads broke—
A hundred legs lame.

'You churl, I'll maintain
My father built Lusk,
The castle of Slane,
And Carrick Drumrusk.

'The Earl of Kildare,
And Moynalta his brother,
As great as they are,
I was nursed by their mother.

'Ask that of old madam,
She'll tell you who's who,
As far up as Adam :
She knows that 'tis true.'

(Translated from the Celtic by Dean Swift.)





THE SPRIG OF SHILLELAH.

OH ! love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
He loves all that is lovely, loves all that he can,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so
green !

His heart is good-humoured, 'tis honest and sound,
No envy or malice is there to be found ;
He courts and he marries, he drinks and he fights,
For love, all for love, for in that he delights,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green !

Who has e'er had the luck to see Donnybrook Fair ?
An Irishman, all in his glory, is there,
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green !
His clothes spick and span new, without e'er a speck,
A neat Barcelona tied round his neat neck ;
He goes to a tent, and he spends half-a-crown,
He meets with a friend, and for love knocks him down
With his sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green !


At evening returning, as homeward he goes,
His heart soft with whisky, his head soft with blows
From a sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green !
He meets with his Sheelah, who, blushing a smile,
Cries, ' Get ye gone, Pat,' yet consents all the while.
To the priest soon they go ; and nine months after
that
A fine baby cries, ' How do ye do, Father Pat,
With your sprig of shillelah and shamrock so green ?'

Bless the country, say I, that gave Patrick his birth !
Bless the land of the oak, and its neighbouring earth,
Where grow the shillelah and shamrock so green !
May the sons of the Thames, the Tweed, and the
Shannon,
Drub the French, who dare plant at our confines a
cannon !
United and happy, at loyalty's shrine,
May the rose and the thistle long flourish and twine
Round the sprig of shillelah and shamrock so
green !

EDWARD LYSAGHT.



LARRY McHALE.

 H, Larry McHale, he had little to fear,
And never could want, when the crops didn't
fail ;

He'd a house and demesne, and eight hundred a year,
And a heart for to spend it had Larry McHale.

The soul of a party, the life of a feast,
And an ilegant song he could sing I'll be bail ;
He would ride with the rector and drink with the
priest,
Oh, the broth of a boy was old Larry McHale !

It's little he cared for the judge or recorder,
His house was as big and as strong as a jail ;
With a cruel four-pounder he kept all in great order :
He'd murder the country, would Larry McHale.
He'd a blunderbuss, too, of horse-pistols a pair ;
But his favourite weapon was always a flail ;

I wish you could see how he'd empty a fair,
For he handled it nately did Larry McHale.

His ancéstors were kings before Moses was born,
His mother descended from the great Granna Uaile ;
He laughed all the Blakes and the Frenches to scorn,
They were mushrooms compared to old Larry
McHale.

He sat down every day to a beautiful dinner,
With cousins and uncles enough for a tail ;
And, though loaded with debt, oh, the devil a thinner
Could law or the sheriff make Larry McHale !

With a larder supplied and a cellar well stored,
None lived half so well from Fair Head to Kinsale,
And he piously said, 'I've a plentiful board,
And the Lord He is good to old Larry McHale.'

So fill up your glass and a high bumper give him,
It's little we'd care for tithes or repale ;
Ould Erin would be a fine country to live in,
If we only had plenty like Larry McHale.

LEVER.



'JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YE.'

WHILE going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo ! hurroo !

While going the road to sweet Athy,
Hurroo ! Hurroo !

While going the road to sweet Athy,
A stick in my hand and a drop in my eye,
A doleful damsel I heard cry,
'Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

With your drums and guns, and guns and drums,
The enemy nearly slew ye,
Oh, darling dear, you look so queer,
Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye !

'Where are your eyes that looked so mild ?
Hurroo ! Hurroo !

Where are your eyes that looked so mild ?
Hurroo ! Hurroo !

Where are the eyes that looked so mild,
 When my heart you so beguiled?
 Why did you skedaddle from me and the child?
 Why, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
 With your guns, &c.

'Where are the legs with which you run?
 Hurroo! Hurroo!
 Where are the legs with which you run?
 Hurroo! Hurroo!
 Where are the legs with which you run,
 When you went to carry a gun——
 Indeed, your dancing days are done!
 Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
 With your guns, &c.

'It grieved my heart to see you sail,
 Hurroo! hurroo!
 It grieved my heart to see you sail,
 Hurroo! hurroo!
 It grieved my heart to see you sail,
 When from my heart you took leg bail——
 Like a cod you're now doubled up head and tail.
 Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!
 With your guns, &c.

I'm happy for to see you home,
Hurroo ! Hurroo !
I'm happy for to see you home,
All from the island of Ceylon,
So low in flesh, so high in bone,
Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye !
With your guns, &c.'

ANON.





THE RAKES OF MALLOW.

BEAUING, belling, dancing, drinking,
Breaking windows, damning, sinking,¹
Ever raking, never thinking,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

Spending faster than it comes,
Beating waiters, bailiffs, duns,
Bacchus's true begotten sons,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

One time nought but claret drinking,
Then like politicians thinking
To raise the sinking funds when sinking,
Live the rakes of Mallow.

¹ To 'sink' was, eighty years ago, a stronger term than to 'damn.' It implied sending the victim lower down than hell.

When at home with dadda dying,
Still for Mallow water crying ;
But where there's good claret plying,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

Living short, but merry lives ;
Going where the devil drives ;
Having sweethearts but no wives,
 Live the rakes of Mallow.

Racking tenants, stewards teasing,
Swiftly spending, slowly raising,
Wishing to spend all their days in
 Raking as at Mallow.

Then, to end this raking life,
They get sober, take a wife,
Ever after live in strife,
 And wish again for Mallow.

EDWARD LYSAGHT.





THE GATHERING OF THE MAHONYS.

JERRY Mahony, arrah, my jewel ! come let us be
off to the fair,
For the Donovans all in their glory most cer-
tainly mean to be there ;
Say they, ' The whole Mahony faction we'll banish
'em out clear and clean.'
But it never was yet in their breeches their bullaboo
words to maintain.

There's Darby to head us, and Barney, as civil a man
as yet spoke,
'Twould make your mouth water to see him just giving
a bit of a stroke.
There's Corney, the bandy-legged tailor, a boy of the
true sort of stuff,
Who'd fight though the black blood was flowing like
butter-milk out of his buff.

There's broken-nosed Bat from the mountain—last
week he burst out of jail—
And Murty the beautiful 'Tory, who'd scorn in a row
to turn tail ;
Bloody Bill will be there like a darling—and Jerry—
och ! let him alone,
For giving his blackthorn a flourish, or lifting a lump
of a stone !

And Tim, who'd served in the militia, has his bayonet
stuck on a pole ;
Foxy Dick has his scythe in good order—a neat sort
of tool on the whole ;
A cudgel I see is your weapon, and never I knew it
to fail ;
But I think that a man is more handy who fights, as
I do, with a flail.

We muster a hundred shillelahs, all handled by ile-
gant men,
Who battered the Donovans often, and now will go
do it again :
To-day we will teach them some manners, and show
that, in spite of their talk,
We still, like our fathers before us, are surely the
cocks of the walk.

After cutting out work for the sexton by smashing a
dozen or so,
We'll quit in the utmost of splendour, and down to
Peg Slattery's go ;
In gallons we'll wash down the battle, and drink to
the next merry day,
When mustering again in a body we all shall go
leathering away.

MAGINN.





GARRYOWEN.

LET Bacchus's sons be not dismayed,
But join with me each jovial blade ;
Come booze and sing and lend your aid
To help me with the chorus :
 Instead of Spa we'll drink brown ale,
 And pay the reckoning on the nail,
 No man for debt shall go to gaol
 From Garryowen in glory !

We are the boys that take delight in
Smashing the Limerick lamps when lighting,
Through the streets like sporters fighting,
And bearing all before us.
 Instead of Spa, &c.

We'll break windows, we'll break doors,
The watch knock down by threes and fours ;

Then let the doctors work their cures
And tinker up our bruises.
Instead of Spa, &c. .

We'll beat the bailiffs, out of fun,
We'll make the mayor and sheriffs run :
We are the boys no man dares dun,
If he regards a whole skin.
Instead of Spa, &c.

Our hearts, so stout, have got us fame,
For soon 'tis known from whence we came ;
Where'er we go they dread the name
Of Garryowen in glory.
Instead of Spa, &c.

Johnny Connell's tall and straight,
And in his limbs he is complete ;
He'll pitch a bar of any weight
From Garryowen to Thomond Gate.
Instead of Spa, &c.

Garryowen is gone to wrack,
Since Johnny Connell went to Cork,
Though Darby O'Brien leapt over the dock,
In spite of all the soldiers.
Instead of Spa, &c.



THE KERRY RECRUIT.

JUST nine years ago and me diggin' some land,
Two brogues on my feet and a spade in my
hand,
Says I to myself, 'Tis a pity to see
Such a dashing young blade diggin' turf in Tralee.'
Wid my brogues so well greased and
My face 'twas so dirty.

So I butthered my brogues and shook hands wid my
spade,
And I off to the fair, like a dashing young blade ;
I there met a sergeant, who axed me to list.
'Arrah, sergeant,' says I, 'will ye tip me the fist.'
Wid my brogues, &c.

He gave me a shillin', he said he'd no more ;
When I'd get to Head Quarters I'd get half a score.
'Head Quarters,' says I, 'arrah, sergeant, good-bye ;
I'm not going to be quartered—I'm in dread I might
die.'

With my brogues, &c.

'Arrah, Paddy, be aisy, why can't you abide ;
Head Quarters is the place where we all do reside.'
I soon found his meaning and went wid good grace
To take up my quarters in that royal place.

Wid my brogues, &c.

Then up comes the Captain, a man of great fame,
He axed me my county, I told him my name ;
Then up wid my story and told him agin
That my father and mother were two Kerry men.

Wid my brogues, &c.

Then up comes the Colonel to give me his thanks,
He bade mé take arms and fall into the ranks.
'Arrah, Colonel, achree, won't you lave me alone,
Don't you see that I've arms and legs of my own?'

Wid my brogues, &c.

The first thing they gave me it was a red coat,
Wid a great strap of leather to tie up my throat ;

They gave me a quare thing, I axed 'em 'What's that?'
And they told me it was a cockade for my hat.

Wid my brogues, &c.

The next thing they gave me it was a great gun,
Wid powder and trigger and on her my thumb ;
An' first she spit fire and then she spit smoke,
Wid a noise then like thunder my shoulder she broke.

Wid my brogues, &c.

The first place they sent me was ever so far
In a quare thing they said was the King's Man o' War ;
Three sticks in the middle, and on her a sheet,
And she walked on the water widout any feet.

Wid my brogues, &c.

We fought many battles wid pretty good luck
At Vinegar Hill and at Ballinamuck,
The balls and the powder they all were so hot
I sneaked round behind them in dread of bein' shot.

Wid my brogues, &c.

Now war is all over and peace is come in,
I'm paid all my wages, and God save the King !
I'm nine years in glory, and glad it's not ten,
And now I am back diggin' praties agin.

Wid my brogues so well greased and
My face just as dirty.

ANON.



LANIGAN'S BALL.

IN the town of Athy one Jeremy Lanigan
Battered away till he hadn't a pound,
His father he died and made him a man again,
Left him a farm and ten acres of ground !
He gave a grand party to friends and relations
Who hadn't forgot him when sent to the wall ;
And if you'll just listen, I'll make your eyes glisten
With the rows and the ructions of Lanigan's ball.

Myself, of course, got free invitations
For all the nice boys and girls I'd ask,
And in less than a minute the friends and relations
Were dancing away like bees round a cask.
Miss O'Hara, the nice little milliner,
Tipped me the wink to give her a call,
And soon I arrived with Timothy Glenniher
Just in time for Lanigan's ball.

There was lashins of punch and wine for the ladies,
Potatoes and cakes and bacon and tay,
The Nolans and Doolans and all the O'Gradys
Were courtin' the girls and dancin' away.
Songs there were as plenty as water,
From 'The Harp that once thro' Tara's ould Hall,'
To 'Sweet Nelly Gray' and 'The Ratcatcher's
Daughter,'
All singing together at Lanigan's ball.

They were startin' all sorts of nonsensical dances,
Turning around in a nate whirligig ;
But Julia and I soon scattered their fancies,
And tipped them the twist of a rale Irish jig.
Och mavrone ! 'twas she that was glad o' me :
We danced till we thought the ceilin' would fall
(For I spent three weeks in Burke's Academy
Learning a step for Lanigan's ball).

The boys were all merry, the girls were all hearty,
Dancin' away in couples and groups,
When an accident happened—young Terence McCarty
He put his right foot through Miss Halloran's hoops.
The creature she fainted, and cried 'Millia murther !'
She called all her friends and gathered them all.
Ned Carmody swore he'd not stir a step further,
But have satisfaction at Lanigan's ball.

In the midst of the row Miss Kerrigan fainted—
Her cheeks all the while were as red as the rose—
Some of the ladies declared she was painted,
She took a small drop of potheen, I suppose.
Her lover, Ned Morgan, so pow'ful and able,
When he saw his dear colleen stretched out by the
wall,
He tore the left leg from under the table,
And smashed all the china at Lanigan's ball.

Oh, boys, there was the ructions—
Myself got a lick from big Phelim McHugh,
But I soon replied to his kind introductions,
And kicked up a terrible hullabaloo.
Old Shamus the piper had like to be strangled,
They squeezed up his pipes, bellows, chanters, and
all ;
The girls in their ribbons they all got entangled,
And that put an end to Lanigan's ball.

ANON.



SONGS OF SPORT AND
OCCUPATION



*'DANCE LIGHT, FOR MY HEART IT
LIES UNDER YOUR FEET, LOVE.'*

AH, sweet Kitty Neil, rise up from that wheel
Your neat little foot will be weary from
spinning ;

Come trip down with me to the sycamore-tree,
Half the parish is there and the dance is beginning.
The sun has gone down, but the full harvest moon
Shines sweetly and cool on the dew-whitened valley ;
While all the air rings with the soft loving things,
Each little bird sings in the green shaded valley.'

With a blush and a smile, Kitty rose up the while,
Her eyes in the glass, as she bound her hair, glanc-
ing ;

'Tis hard to refuse, when a young lover sues,—
So she couldn't but choose to go off to the dancing.
And now on the green the glad groups are seen,
Each gay-hearted lad with the lass of his choosing ;

And Pat without fail leads out sweet Kitty Neil,—
Somehow, when he asked, she ne'er thought of re-
fusing.

Now Felix Magee puts his pipes to his knee,
And with flourish so free sets each couple in motion ;
With a cheer and a bound the lads patter the ground,—
The maids move around just like swans on the
ocean.

Cheeks bright as the rose, feet light as the doe's,
Now coyly retiring, now boldly advancing,—
Search the world all around from the sky to the ground,
No such sight can be found as an Irish lass dancing.

Sweet Kate ! who could view your bright eyes of deep
blue,
Beaming humidly through their dark lashes so
mildly,—
Your fair-turned arm, heaving breast, rounded form,—
Nor feel his heart warm and his pulses throb wildly ?
Young Pat feels his heart, as he gazes, depart,
Subdued by the smart of such painful yet sweet
love ;
The sight leaves his eye, as he cries, with a sigh,
' *Dance light, for my heart it lies under your feet,
love !*'

J. F. WALLER.



THE SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.

MELLOW the moonlight to shine is beginning ;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning ;

Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is crooning and moaning, and drowsily knitting :

' Eileen achora, I hear some one tapping.'

' 'Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flapping.'

' Eileen, I surely hear some one sighing.'

' 'Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer wind
dying.'

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,

Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot's
stirring ;

Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing,

Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

‘What’s that noise that I hear at the window, I wonder?’

‘’Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush under.’

‘What makes you be shoving and moving your stool on,

And singing all wrong the old song of the Coolun?’

There’s a form at the casement—the form of her true love—

And he whispers, with face bent, ‘I’m waiting for you love.

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step lightly ;
We’ll rove in the grove while the moon’s shining brightly.’

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,

Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the foot’s stirring ;

Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing,

Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing.

The maid shakes her hand, on her lip lays her fingers,
Steals up from the seat—longs to go, and yet lingers ;
A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grandmother,
Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with the other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round,

Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel’s round ;

Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps, then leaps to the arms of her lover,
Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel swings ;
Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings ;
Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their ringing
and moving,
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight
are roving

J. F. WALLER,





THE IRISH SPINNING-WHEEL.

‘**S**ING me a song,
Shiel, Shiel—
As my foot on the reel
Goes guidin’ the wheel
Along.
For I keep better time
To a musical rhyme,
Than without.’

‘No doubt—
But, Roseen, yourself start a tune—
For I’ve heard
How a bird
That sings by the light of the moon,
Away over the ocean,
Once took up a notion,

The vain little elf, that he'd fly
 To Ireland itself on the sly,
 And prove all the songs of our sky
 Wid the tone
 Of his own

Could never at all at all vie—
 And he thought himself surely the best,
 And 'twas true for him p'r'aps of the rest ;
 But we've all understood,
 Meetin' you in the wood,
 As you warbled "The Land of the West,"
 He should say,
 He'd no chance
 Wid you.
 So away
 Into France
 He flew.'

'Behave, Shiel,
 Yerra, don't you feel
 How your blarneyin' talk is delayin' my reel ;
 If you won't sing a song,
 As I'm spinnin' along,
 Be off—for you're idlin' myself and the wheel.'

'Is it so ?

O ! Vo !

If off I should go

Widout that I make you the music, machree—

Down here,
 My dear,
 From this seat
 At your feet,
 I'll up wid the song that's the dearest to me.'

Song.

Show me a sight
 Bates for delight
 An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
 O ! No !
 Nothing you'll show,
 Aquals her sittin' and takin' a twirl at it.

Look at her there,
 Night in her hair—
 The blue ray of day from her eye laughin' out on us !
 Faix, an' a foot,
 Perfect of cut,
 Peepin' to put an end to all doubt in us

That there's a sight
 Bates for delight
 An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
 O ! No !
 Nothin' you'll show,
 Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

See ! the lamb's wool
Turns coarse an' dull
By them soft, beautiful, weeshy white hands of her.
Down goes her heel,
Roun' runs the wheel,
Purrin' wid pleasure to take the commands of her.


Then show me a sight
Bates for delight
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it.
O ! No !
Nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.

Talk of Three Fates,
Seated on seats,
Spinnin' and shearin' away till they've done for me,
You may want three
For your massacree,
But one fate for me, boys, and only the one for me :

And
Isn't that fate,
Pictured complate—
An ould Irish wheel wid a young Irish girl at it ?
O ! No !
Nothin' you'll show
Aquals her sittin' an' takin' a twirl at it.



DARBY THE BLAST.

 H, my name it is Darby the Blast !
My country is Ireland all over ;
My religion is never to fast,
But live, as I wander, in clover ;
To make fun for myself every day,
The ladies to please when I'm able,
The boys to amuse as I play,
And make the jug dance off my table,
Oh, success to the chanter, my dear !

Your eyes on each side you may cast,
But there isn't a house that is near you
But they're glad to have Darby the Blast,
And they'll tell ye 'tis he that can cheer you.

Oh, 'tis he can put life in a feast !
What music lies under his knuckle,
As he plays ' Will I send for the Priest ?'
Or a jig they call ' Cover the Buckle !'
Oh, good luck to the chanter, your sowl !


But give me an audience in rags,
They're ilegant people for listening ;
'Tis they that can humour the bags
As I rise a fine tune at a christening.
There's many a wedding I make
Where they never get further nor sighing,
And when I performed at a wake,
The corpse looked delighted at dying.
Oh, success to the chanter, your sowl

LEVER





THE BOWLD SOJER BOY.

 H ! there's not a trade that's going,
Worth showing,
Or knowing,
Like that from glory growing
For a bowld sojer boy !
When right or left we go,
Sure you know,
Friend or foe
Will have the hand or toe
From a bowld sojer boy !

There's not a town we march thro',
But the ladies, looking arch thro'
The window-panes, will search thro'
The ranks to find their joy ;

While up the street,
Each girl you meet,
 With look so sly,
Will cry, 'My eye !
Oh, isn't he a darling, the bowld sojer boy ?'

But when we get the rout,
How they pout,
And they shout,
While to the right about
 Goes the bowld sojer boy ;
Oh, 'tis then that ladies fair,
In despair,
Tear their hair,
'But the divil a one I care,'
 Says the bowld sojer boy !
For the world is all before us,
Where the landladies adore us,
And ne'er refuse to score us,
 But chalk us up with joy ;
We taste her tap—
We tear her cap—
'Oh ! that's the chap
For me !'
Says she,
'Oh ! isn't he a darling, the bowld sojer boy !'

'Then come along with me,
Gramachree,
And you'll see
How happy you will be
 With your bowld sojer boy ;
Faith ! if you're up to fun,
With me run :
'Twill be done
In the snapping of a gun,'
 Says the bowld sojer boy ;
' And 'tis then that without scandal,
Myself will proudly dandle
The little farthing candle
 Of our mutual flame, my joy ;
May his light shine
As bright as mine,
Till in the line
He'll blaze,
And raise
The glory of his corps, like a bowld sojer boy !'

LOVER.





*THE LEPRECAUN, OR FAIRY
SHOEMAKER*

A RHYME FOR CHILDREN.

LITTLE cowboy, what have you heard,
Up on the lonely rath's green mound ?
Only the plaintive yellow-bird
Singing in sultry fields around ?
Chary, chary, chary, chee-e !
Only the grasshopper and the bee ?
' Tip-tap, rip-rap,
Tick-a-tack-too !
Scarlet leather sewn together,
This will make a shoe.
Left, right, pull it tight,
Summer days are warm ;
Underground in winter,
Laughing at the storm !'

Lay your ear close to the hill :
Do you not catch the tiny clamour,
Busy click of an elfin hammer,
Voice of the Leprecaun singing shrill
As he merrily plies his trade?
He's a span
And a quarter in height :
Get him in sight, hold him fast,
And you're a made.
Man !

You watch your cattle the summer day,
Sup on potatoes, sleep in the hay ;
How should you like to roll in your carriage
And look for a duchess's daughter in marriage?
Seize the shoemaker, so you may !
' Big boots a hunting,
Sandals in the hall,
White for a wedding-feast,
And pink for a ball :
This way, that way,
So we make a shoe,
Getting rich every stitch,
Tick-tack-too !'
Nine-and-ninety treasure crocks,
This keen miser-fairy hath,

Hid in mountain, wood, and rocks,
Ruin and round-tower, cave and rath,
And where the cormorants build ;
From times of old
Guarded by him ;
Each of them filled
Full to the brim
With gold !

I caught him at work one day myself,
In the castle-ditch where the foxglove grows ;
A wrinkled, wizened, and bearded elf,
Spectacles stuck on the top of his nose,
Silver buckles to his hose,
Leather apron, shoe in his lap ;
‘ Rip-rap, tip-tap,
Tick-tack-too !
A grig stepped upon my cap,
Away the moth flew.
Buskins for a fairy prince,
Brogues for his son,
Pay me well, pay me well,
When the job’s done.’
The rogue was mine beyond a doubt,
I stared at him ; he stared at me !
‘ Servant, sir !’ ‘ Humph !’ said he,
And pulled a snuff-box out.

He took a long pinch, looked better pleased,
The queer little Leprecaun ;
Offered the box with a whimsical grace,—
Pouf ! he flung the dust in my face,—
And, while I sneezed,
Was gone !

W. ALLINGHAM.





THE FOX HUNT.

THE first morning of March in the year '33
There was frolic and fun in our own country :
The King's County hunt over meadows and
rocks

Most nobly set out in the search of a fox.

Hullahoo ! harkaway ! hullahoo ! harkaway !

Hullahoo ! harkaway, boys ! away, harkaway !

When they started bold Reynard he faced Tullamore,
Through Wicklow and Arklow along the sea-shore ;
There he brisked up his brush with a laugh, and, says
he,

'Tis mighty refreshing this breeze from the sea,'

Hullahoo ! harkaway ! &c.

With the hounds at his heels every inch of the way,
He led us by sunset right into Roscrea .

Here he ran up a chimney and out of the top,
The rogue he cried out for the hunters to stop
From their loud harkaway ! &c.

‘Twas a long thirsty stretch since we left the sea-
shore,
But, lads, here you’ve gallons of claret galore ;
Myself will make free just to slip out of view,
And take a small pull at my own mountain dew,
So no more hullahoo ! &c.

One hundred and twenty good sportsmen went down,
And sought him from Ballyland through Ballyboyne ;
We swore that we’d watch him the length of the night,
So Reynard, sly Reynard, lay hid till the light.
Hullahoo ! harkaway ! &c.

But the hills they re-echoed right early next morn
With the cry of the hounds and the call of the horn,
And in spite of his action, his craft, and his skill,
Our fine fox was taken on top of the hill.
Hullahoo ! harkaway ! &c.

When Reynard he knew that his death was so nigh,
For pen, ink, and paper he called with a sigh ;
And all his dear wishes on earth to fulfil,
With these few dying words he declared his last will,
While we ceased harkaway ! &c.

' Here's to you, Mr. Casey, my Curraghmore estate,
And to you, young O'Brien, my money and plate,
And to you, Thomas Dennyhy, my whip, spurs, and
cap,

For no leap was so cross that you'd look for a gap.'
And of what he made mention they found it no
blank,
For he gave them a cheque on the National
Bank.





BOATMAN'S HYMN.

BARK that bears me through foam and squall,
You in the storm are my castle-wall ;
Though the sea should redden from bottom to
top,

From tiller to mast she takes no drop.

On the tide top, the tide top,

Wherry *aroon*, my land and store !

On the tide top, the tide top,

She is the boat can sail *go-leor* !

She dresses herself, and goes gliding on,

Like a dame in her robes of the Indian lawn ;

For God has blessed her, gunnel and wale :

And oh ! if you saw her stretch out to the gale,

• On the tide top, &c.

Whillan, ahoy ! old heart of stone,
Stooping so black o'er the beach alone,
Answer me well—on the bursting brine
Saw you ever a bark like mine?
On the tide top, &c.

Says Whillan, ' Since first I was made of stone,
I have looked abroad o'er the beach alone :
But till to-day on the bursting brine
Saw I never a bark like thine !'
On the tide top, &c.

' God of the air !' the seamen shout
When they see us tossing the brine about ;
Give us the shelter of strand or rock,
Or through and through us she goes with a shock !'
On the tide top, &c.

(Trans. from the Celtic by Sir Samuel Ferguson.)





THE POTATO-DIGGER'S SONG.

COME, Connal, acushla, turn the clay,
And show the lumpers the light, gossoon !
For we must toil this autumn day,
With Heaven's help, till rise of the moon.
Our corn is stacked, our hay secure,
Thank God ! and nothing, my boy, remains,
But to pile the potatoes safe on the flure,
Before the coming November rains.
The peasant's mine is his harvest still ;
So now, my lads, let's work with a will ;—
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand,
Work spade and hand
Through the crumbly mould ;
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold
Of Ireland.

Och ! I wish that Maurice and Mary dear
Were singing beside us this soft day ;
Of course they're far better off than here :
But whether they're happier who can say ?
I've heard when it's morn with us, 'tis night
With them on the far Australian shore ;—
Well, Heaven be about them with visions bright,
And send them childer and money galore.
With us there's many a mouth to fill,
And so, my boy, let's work with a will ;—
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand,
Work spade and hand
Through the brown dry mould ;
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold
Of Ireland.

Ah, then, Paddy O'Reardan, you thundering Turk,
Is it coorting you are in the blessed noon.
Come over here, Katty, and mind your work,
Or I'll see if your mother can't change your tune.
Well, youth will be youth, as you know, Mike,
Sixteen and twenty for each were meant ;
But, Pat, in the name of the fairies, avick,
Defer your proposals till after Lent ;

And as love in this country lives mostly still
On potatoes—dig, boy, dig with a will ;—
 Work hand and foot,
 Work spade and hand,
 Work spade and hand
 Through the harvest mould ;
 The blessed fruit
 That grows at the root
 Is the real gold
 Of Ireland.

Down the bridle road the neighbours ride,
 Through the light ash shade, by the wheaten
 sheaves ;
And the children sing on the mountain side
 In the sweet blue smoke of the burning leaves.
As the great sun sets in glory furled,
 Faith, it 's grand to think, as I watch his face,
As he never sets on the English world,
 He never, lad, sets on the Irish race.
 In the West, in the South, new Irelands still
 Grow up in his light. Come, work with a will ;—
 Work hand and foot,
 Work spade and hand,
 Work spade and hand
 Through the native mould ;

The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold
Of Ireland.

But look!—the round moon, yellow as corn,
Comes up from the sea in the deep blue calm ;
It scarcely seems a day since morn ;—
Well, the heel of the evening to you, ma'am !
God bless the moon ! for many a night,
As I restless lay on a troubled bed,
When rent was due, her quietest light
Has flattered with dreams my poor old head.
But see—the basket remains to fill :
Come, girls, be alive ;—boys, dig with a will ;—
Work hand and foot,
Work spade and hand,
Work spade and hand
Through the moonlit mould ;
The blessed fruit
That grows at the root
Is the real gold
Of Ireland.

THOMAS IRWIN.



FATHER O'FLYNN.



F priests we can offer a charmin' variety,
Far renowned for larnin' and piety ;
Still, I'd advance ye, widout impropriety,
 Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.
Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainté, and slainté, and slainté agin ;
 Powerfulest preacher, and
 Tinderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal.

Don't talk of your Provost and Fellows of Trinity,
Famous for ever at Greek and Latinity,
Dad, and the divils and all at Divinity,
 Father O'Flynn 'd make hares of them all !
 Come, I venture to give ye my word,
 Never the likes of his logic was heard,

Down from mythology
 Into thayology,
 Troth ! and conchology, if he'd the call.
 Here's a health, &c.

Och ! Father O'Flynn, you've the wonderful way
 wid you,
 All ould sinners are wishful to pray wid you,
 All the young childer are wild for to play wid you,
 You've such a way wid you, Father avick.
 Still, for all you're so gentle a soul —
 Gad ! you've your flock in the grandest control :
 Checking the crazy ones,
 Coaxin' onaisy ones,
 Lifting the lazy ones on wid the stick.
 Here's a health, &c.

And though quite avoidin' all foolish frivolity,
 Still at all seasons of innocent jollity,
 Where was the play-boy could claim an equality .
 At comicality, Father, wid you ?
 Once the Bishop looked grave at your jest,
 Till this remark set him off with the rest ;
 ' Is it lave gaiety
 All to the laity ?
 Cannot the clergy be Irishmen too ?'
 Here's a health, &c.



TOM MOODY.

YOU all knew Tom Moody, the whipper-in, well ;
The bell just done tolling was honest Tom's
knell.

A more able sportsman ne'er follow'd a hound,
Thro' a country well known to him fifty miles round.
No hound ever open'd with Tom near the wood,
But he'd challenge the tone, and could tell if 'twere
good ;

And all with attention would eagerly mark
When he cheer'd up the pack, ' Hark ! to Rookwood,
hark ! hark !

High !—wind him ! and cross him !
Now, Rattler, boy !—Hark !'

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's green drest,
Supported poor Tom to an ' earth ' made for rest ;

His horse, which he styled his 'Old Soul,' next appear'd,
On whose forehead the brush of the last fox was
rear'd ;

Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy were bound,
And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.
Ah ! no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace,
Nor the welkin resound to the burst in the chase !—

With 'High over !—now press him !

Tally-ho !—Tally-ho !'

Thus Tom spoke his friends ere he gave up his breath :
'Since I see you're resolved to be in at the death,
One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave—
Give a rattling view-holloa thrice over my grave ;
And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
My boys, you may fairly conclude I am dead !'
Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the sky,
For every voice joined in the tally-ho cry,

'Tally-ho ! Hark, forward !

Tally-ho ! Tally-ho !'

ANDREW CHERRY.





THE COUNTY OF LIMERICK
BUCK-HUNT.

BY your leave, Larry Grogan,
Enough has been spoken ;
'Tis time to give over your sonnet, your sonnet.
Come, listen to mine,
'Tis far better than thine,
Though not half the time was spent on it, spent on it.

Oh ! 'tis of a buck slain
In this very campaign :
To let him live longer 'twere pity, 'twere pity ;
For fat and for haunches,
For head and for branches,
Exceeding the mayor of a city, a city.

A council assembled
(Who'd think but he trembled?)
Of lads of good spirit, well mounted, well mounted ;
Each with whip and with cap on,
And spurs made at Ripon,
To the number of twenty were counted, were counted.

Off, a score, we went bounding,
Sweet horns were sounding,
Each youth fill'd the air with a whoop and a halloo ;
Dubourg, were he there,
Such sweet music to hear,
Would leave his Cremona, and follow, and follow.

Knockaderk and Knockaney,
And hills twice as many,
Saw us fly o'er their stone walls, and hedges, and
ditches.

He skimmed o'er the grounds,
But to baffle our hounds
Was ne'er yet in any buck's breeches, buck's breeches.

Four hours he held out
Most surprisingly stout,
Till at length to his fate he submitted, submitted ;
His throat being cut up,
The poor culprit put up,
To the place where he came was remitted, remitted.

A place most enchanting,
Where nothing was wanting
That poor hungry huntsman could wish, sir, could
wish, sir.

Though our number was there,
Yet of delicate fare
For every man was a dish, sir, a dish, sir.

We fell-to with fury,
Like a long-famish'd jury,
Nor stay'd we for grace to our dinner, our dinner ;
The butler a-sweating,
The knives all a-whetting ;
The edge of each stomach was keener, was keener.

Oh ! the bumpers went round,
With an elegant sound,
Chink, chink, like sweet bells, went the glasses, the
glasses.

We drank Queen and King
And each other fine thing,
Then bumper'd the beautiful lasses, sweet lasses.

There was Singleton (Cherry),
And sweet Sally Curry,
Miss Croker, Miss Bligh, and Miss Prittie, Miss
Prittie ;

With lovely Miss Persse,
That subject for verse,
Who shall ne'er be forgot in my ditty, my ditty.

With a great many more,
From fifteen to a score ;
Oh ! had you but seen them together, together,
Such charms you'd discover,
You'd pity the lover,
And look on St. James's—a feather, a feather.

Long prosper this county,
And high-sheriff's bounty,
Where thus we indulge, and make merry, make merry ;
For, jovial as we are,
We'll puff away care
To poor busy Robin, and Fleury, and Fleury.





THE POACHER.

O'RYAN was a man of might
Whin Ireland was a nation,
But poachin' was his heart's delight
And constant occupation.
He had an ould militia gun,
And sartin sure his aim was ;
He gave the keepers many a run
And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St Patrick wunst was passin' by
O'Ryan's little houldin',
And, as the saint felt wake and dhry,
He thought he'd enther bould in.
'O'Ryan,' says the saint, 'avick !
To praich at Thurles I'm goin',
So let me have a rasher quick,
And a dhrop of Innishowen.'

‘ No rasher will I cook for you,
While betther is to spare, sir,
But here’s a jug of mountain dew,
And there’s a rattlin’ hare, sir.’
St. Patrick he looked mighty sweet,
And, says he, ‘ Good luck attind you,
And, when you’re in your windin’ sheet,
It’s up to heaven I’ll sind you.’

O’Ryan gave his pipe a whiff—
‘ Them tidin’s is thransportin’ ;
But may I ax your saintship if
There’s any kind of sportin’ ?’
St. Patrick said, ‘ A lion’s there,
Two bears, a bull, and cancer ’—
‘ Bedad,’ says Mick, ‘ the huntin’s rare ;
St. Patrick, I’m your man, sir.’

So, to conclude my song aright,
For fear I’d tire your patience,
You’ll see O’Ryan any night
Amid the constellations.
And Venus follows in his track,
Till Mars grows jealous raally,
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
Of handling the shillaly.



THE IRISH REAPER'S SONG.

WELL, never a pleasanter meal I've eat,
Thank God, than this that now is done :
Come, boys and girls who love the sun,
And let us go out into the wheat.
Mary, *alanna*, hand me quick
My bran-new sickle down from the thatch,
And take this kiss for handsel. Dick,
Just put a string about the latch,
Lestways the pig should burst the door,
And in the cradle fright the child,
The purtiest your mother bore.
As 'tis the last—'twould drive her wild
If ill-luck happened him. All right :
With hearts as light as sun is bright,
Now for a happy harvest day,—
Reapers and binders, young and gay :
Bend in the heat,
And close to your feet

Cut down the wheat
 We sowed in spring ;
And lay it bound
Light on the ground,
While lads around
 And lasses sing.

A glorious morning, hot and still,
 There's not a cloud, and scarce a sound,
 Except where yonder from the mound
Drums the wheel of the whitewashed mill.
How strong the great sun showers his rays
 Upon the corn they've turned to gold !
If it could hear us sing its praise,
 As once the people did of old,
Its ears would better like the tune—
 Chiefly if young Rose yonder sung—
Than any breeze of morn or noon
 That ever moved its stems among ;
For there's no music like the voice
Of a *colleen* that's glad, my boys ;
And we have reason just to drop
Upon our knees for this fine crop :—
 Bend in the heat,
 And close to your feet
Cut down the wheat
 We sowed in spring ;

And lay it bound
Light on the ground,
While lads around
And lasses sing.

Hurrah ! my friends, you've done your best—
Half the field cut with half the day !
Let us be gay : all work is play
When it brings profit. Now for a rest,
And drink beside the streamlet blue.
How pleasantly the thrushes sing,
And see, from town the sparrows, too,
Have come to join our harvesting :
How close the whistling swallows fly—
Not one of them that hasn't come
Up from the far hot Southern sky,
Perhaps from Greece or holy Rome.
If from America they flew,
I'd like them more 'twixt me and you,
For they'd have seen our friends—oghone !—
Well, the sun sees them, and the moon :—
But, up ! and beat,
My boys, complete
This field of wheat
We sowed in spring ;
And lay it bound
Light on the ground,

While lads around
And lasses sing.

For politics I don't much care
Upon a day so fine, because
Better are Nature's old Corn Laws
Than them whose chaff was wonst our share ;
In Peter's heart young Kate at least
Has fixity of tenure—eh ?
And for improvements made, the priest
Will put *them* in the lease some day ;
And if ever we had a Parliament
In College Green, Rory, my boy,
Sure you'd be sent to represent
The reapers—but for Ellen Hoey :—
Such whispering !—and how long, you thief,
Two sweethearts take to bind a sheaf !
But as you're both in want of brogues,
And even love's path has thorns, ye rogues—
Bend in the heat,
Close to your feet,
Cut down the wheat
We sowed in spring ;
And lay it bound
Light on the ground,
While lads around
And lasses sing.

Yon sun which sinks the hills behind
A finer harvest never saw ;
The wheat will feed us, and the straw
Will shield us from the winter wind.
And now the last thrush leaves the tree,
Our cottage turf-smoke rises blue
Up to the sickle moon, as we
Plod homeward in the heavy dew ;
No other Race can work so much
On little, as we can, they say,
And would we had to reap as rich
A field all night, as this to-day.
But now for a dance, and then to rest
After a taste of true potheen ;
To drink to friends in the East and West
And to old Ireland's isle of green !
For all the heat,
Our work was sweet ;
Now with our feet
The floor shall ring ;
And friend with friend
Their songs shall blend,
To happily end
Our harvesting !

T C. IRWIN.



O'FARRELL THE FIDDLER.

NOW, thin, what has become of Thady O'Farrell?
The honest poor man, what's delayin' him,
why?

Oh, the thrush might be dumb, and the lark cease to
carol,

Whin his music began to comether the sky.

Three summers have gone since we've missed you,
O'Farrell,

From the weddin', and patron, and fair on the
green ;

In an hour to St. John we'll light up the tar-barrel—
But ourselves we're not flatter'n' that thin you'll be
seen.

O'Thady, we've watched and we've waited for ever,
To see your ould self steppin' into the town—

Wid your corduroys patched so clane and so clever,
And the pride of a Guelph in your smile or your
frown.

Till some one used say, 'Here's Thady O'Farrell ;'
And, 'God bless the good man ! let's go meet him,'
we cried—
And wid this from their play, and wid that from their
quarrel,
All the little ones ran to be first at your side.

Soon amongst us you'd stand, wid the ould people's
blessin',
As they lean'd from the door to look out at you
pass ;
Wid the colleen's kiss-hand, and the childer's caressin',
And the boys fightin', sure, which 'd stand your first
glass.

Thin you'd give us the news out of Cork and Kil-
larney—
Had O'Flynn married yet?—Was ould Mack still at
work?—
Shine's political views—Barry's last bit of blarney—
And the boys you had met on their way to New
York.

And when from the sight of our say-frontin' village
The far-frownin' Blasquet stole into the shade,
And the warnin' of night called up from the tillage
The girl wid her basket, the boy wid his spade :—

By the glowin' turf-fire, or the harvest moon's glory,
In the close-crowded ring that around you we
made,
We'd no other desire than your heart-thrillin' story,
Or the song that you'd sing, or the tune that you
played.

Till you'd ax, wid a leap from your seat in the middle,
And a shuffle and slide of your foot on the floor,
'Will we try a jig-step, boys and girls, to the fiddle ;'
'Faugh a ballagh,' we cried, 'for a jig, to be sure.'

For whinever you'd start jig or planxty so merry,
Wid their caperin' twirls, and their rollickin' runs,
Where's the heel or the heart in the kingdom of Kerry
Of the boys and the girls wasn't wid you at once ?

So you'd tune wid a sound that arose as delightin'
As our old colleen's voice, so sweet and so clear,
As she coylly wint round, wid a curtsy invitin'
The best of the boys for the fun to prepare.

For a minute or two, till the couples were ready,
On your shoulder and chin the fiddle lay quiet ;
Then down came your bow so quick and so steady,
And away we should spin to the left or the right !

Thin how Micky Dease forged steps was a wonder,
And well might our women of Roseen be proud—
Such a face, such a grace, and her darlin' feet under,
Like two swallows skimmin' the skirts of a cloud !

Thin, Thady, ochone ! come back, for widout you
We are never as gay as we were in the past :
Oh, Thady, mavrone, why thin I wouldn't doubt you.
Huzzah ! boys, huzzah ! here's O'Farrell at last !





WINDLASS SONG.

HEAVE at the windlass!—Heave O, cheerly,
men!

Heave all at once, with a will!
The tide's quickly making,
Our cordage is creaking,
The water has put on a frill,
Heave O!

Fare-you-well, sweethearts!—Heave O, cheerly, men!
Shore gambarado and sport!
The good ship all ready,
Each dog-vane is steady,
The wind blowing dead out of port,
Heave O!

Once in blue water—Heave O, cheerly, men!
Blow it from north or from south;

She'll stand to it tightly,
And curtsy politely,
And carry a bone in her mouth,
Heave O !

Short cruise or long cruise—Heave O, cheerly, men !
Jolly Jack Tar thinks it one,
No latitude dreads he
Of White, Black, or Red sea,
Great icebergs, or tropical sun,
Heave O !

One other turn, and Heave O, cheerly, men !
Heave, and good-bye to the shore !
Our money, how went it ?
We shared it and spent it ;
Next year we'll come back with some more,
Heave O !

ALLINGHAM.





THE MILKMAID.



H, where are you going so early? he said ;
Good luck go with you, my pretty maid ;
To tell you my mind I'm half afraid—
But I wish I were your sweetheart.

When the morning sun is shining low,
And the cocks in every farmyard crow,
I'll carry your pail,
O'er hill and dale,
And I'll go with you a-milking.

I'm going a-milking, sir, says she,
Through the dew, and across the lea ;
You ne'er would even yourself to me,
Or take me for your sweetheart.
When the morning sun, &c.

Now give me your milking-stool a while,
To carry it down to yonder stile ;
I'm wishing every step a mile,
 And myself your only sweetheart.
 When the morning sun, &c.

Oh, here's the stile in under the tree,
And there's the path in the grass for me,
And I thank you kindly, sir, says she,
 And wish you a better sweetheart.
 When the morning sun, &c.

Now give me your milking-pail, says he,
And while we're going across the lea,
Pray reckon your master's cows to me,
 Although I'm not your sweetheart.
 When the morning sun, &c.

Two of them red, and two of them white,
Two of them yellow, and silky bright :
She told him her master's cows aright,
 Though he was not her sweetheart.
 When the morning sun, &c.

She sat and milk'd in the morning sun,
And when her milking was over and done,

She found him waiting, all as one
As if he were her sweetheart.
When the morning sun, &c.

He freely offer'd her his heart and hand :—
Now she has a farm at her command,
And cows of her own to graze the land :
Success to all true sweethearts !
When the morning sun, &c.

ALLINGHAM.





THE KILRUDDERY HUNT.

HARK ! hark ! jolly sportsmen, a while to my tale,
Which to gain your attention I'm sure cannot
fail :

'Tis of lads and of horses, and dogs that ne'er tire,
O'er stone walls and hedges, thro' dale, bog, and brier ;
A pack of such hounds, and a set of such men,
'Tis fifty to one if you meet with again ;
Had Nimrod, the mightiest of hunters, been there,
Fore-gad he'd have shook like an aspen for fear.

In seventeen hundred and forty and four,
The fifth of December, I think 'twas no more,
At five in the morning, by most of the clocks,
We rode from Kilruddery in search of a fox.
The Leighlinstown landlord, the brave Owen Bray,
And Johnny Adair, too, were with us that day ;
Joe Debil, Hal Preston—those huntsmen so stout—
Dick Holmes, some few others : and so we set out.

We cast off our hounds for an hour or more ;
When Wanton set up a most tunèable roar,
'Hark ! Wanton,' cried Joe, and the rest were not
slack :

For Wanton's no trifler esteemed by the pack ;
Old Bounty and Collier came readily in,
And every hound joined in the musical din :
Had Diana been there, she'd been pleased to the life,
And one of the lads got a Goddess to wife.

Ten minutes past nine was the time of the day
When Reynard broke cover, and this was his way—
As strong from Kilegar, as tho' he feared none,
Away he brush'd round by the house of Kilternan,
To Carrickmines thence, and to Cherrywood then,
Steep Shankhill he climbed, and to Ballyman glen,
Bray Common he crossed, leap'd Lord Anglesey's wall,
And seemed to say, ' Little I care for you all.'

He ran Bushes Grove up to Carbury Byrns—
Joe Debil, Hal Preston, kept leading by turns ;
The earth it was open, yet he was so stout,
Tho' he might have got in, still he chose to keep out ;
To Malpas high hills was the way that he flew,
At Dalkey's stone common we had him in view ;
He drove on to Bullock, then slunk Glenagarry,
And so on to Monkstown, where Laura grew weary.

Thro' Rochestown wood, like an arrow he passed,
 And came to the steep hills of Dalkey at last ;
 There gallantly plunged himself into the sea,
 And said in his heart, ' None can now follow me ;'
 But soon, to his cost, he perceived that no bounds
 Could stop the pursuit of the staunch-mettled hounds :
 His policy here did not serve him a rush,
 Five couple of Tartars were hard at his brush.

To recover the shore then again was his drift ;
 But ere he could reach to the top of the clift,
 He found both of speed and of daring a lack,
 Being waylaid and killed by the rest of the pack.
 At his death there were present the lads I have sung,
 Save Larry, who, riding a garron, was flung :
 Thus ended at length a most wonderful chase,
 That held us five hours and ten minutes space.

We returned to Kilruddery's plentiful board,
 Where dwelt hospitality, truth, and my Lord ;¹
 We talked o'er the chase, and we toasted the health
 Of the man who ne'er struggled for place or for
 wealth.

' Owen Bray balked a leap,' says Hal Preston ; ' 'twas
 odd.'

' 'Twas shameful,' cried Jack, ' by the great L—
 G — !'

¹ Lord Meath.

Said Preston, 'I holloa'd, "Get on, tho' you fall ;
Or I'll leap over you, your blind gelding and all."'

Each glass then we quaffed to freedom and sport,
For party affairs we consigned to the Court :
Thus we finished the rest of the day, and the night,
In gay flowing bumpers and social delight.
Then till the next meeting bid farewell each brother,
And we went on our way, well pleased with each
other ;
As Phœbus befriended our earlier roam,
So Luna took care of conducting us home.



SONGS OF PHILOSOPHY



COME, SEND ROUND THE WINE.

COME, send round the wine, and leave points of
belief

To simpleton sages and reasoning fools ;

This moment's a flower too fair and brief,

To be wither'd and stain'd by the dust of the
schools :

Your glass may be purple, and mine may be blue,

But while they are fill'd from the same bright
bowl,

The fool, who would quarrel for difference of hue,

Deserves not the comfort they shed o'er the soul.

Shall I ask the brave soldier who fights by my side

In the cause of mankind, if our creeds agree ?

Shall I give up the friend I have valued and tried,

If he kneel not before the same altar with me ?

From the heretic girl of my soul should I fly,
To seek somewhere else a more orthodox kiss?
No ! perish the hearts and the laws that try
Truth, valour, or love, by a standard like this.

MOORE.





BUMPERS, SQUIRE JONES.

YE good fellows all,
Who love to be told where good claret 's
in store,
Attend to the call
Of one who 's ne'er frightened,
But greatly delighted
With six bottles more.
Be sure you don't pass
The good house, Moneyglass,
Which the jolly red god so peculiarly owns,
'Twill well suit your humour—
For, pray, what would you more,
Than mirth with good claret, and bumpers, Squire
Jones?

Ye lovers who pine
For lasses that oft prove as cruel as fair,
Who whimper and whine
For lilies and roses,
With eyes, lips, and noses,
Or tip of an ear !
Come hither, I'll show ye
How Phillis and Chloe
No more shall occasion such sighs and such groans ;
For what mortal 's so stupid
As not to quit Cupid,
When called to good claret, and bumpers, Squire
Jones ?

Ye poets who write,
And brag of your drinking famed Helicon's brook,—
Though all you get by 't
Is a dinner ofttimes,
In reward for your rhymes,
With Humphrey the Duke,—
Learn Bacchus to follow,
And quit your Apollo,
Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old crones
Our jingling of glasses
Your rhyming surpasses,
When crowned with good claret, and bumpers, Squire
Jones.

Ye soldiers so stout,
With plenty of oaths, though no plenty of coin,
Who make such a rout
Of all your commanders,
Who served us in Flanders,
And eke at the Boyne,—
Come leave off your rattling
Of sieging and battling,
And know you'd much better to sleep in whole
bones;
Were you sent to Gibraltar,
Your notes you'd soon alter,
And wish for good claret, and bumpers, Squire
Jones.

Ye clergy so wise,
Who mysteries profound can demonstrate so clear,
How worthy to rise !
You preach once a week,
But your tithes never seek
Above once in a year !
Come here without failing
And leave off your railing
'Gainst bishops providing for dull stupid drones ;
Says the text so divine,
'What is life without wine ?'
Then away with the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones.

Ye lawyers so just,
 Be the cause what it will you so learnedly plead,
 How worthy of trust !
 You know black from white,
 You prefer wrong to right,
 As you chance to be fee'd :—
 Leave musty reports,
 And forsake the king's courts,
 Where dulness and discord have set up their thrones ;
 Burn Salkeld and Ventris,¹
 And all your damned entries,
 And away with the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones !

Ye physical tribe,
 Whose knowledge consists in hard words and grimace,
 Whene'er you prescribe,
 Have at your devotion
 Pills, bolus, or potion,
 Be what will the case ;
 Pray where is the need
 To purge, blister, and bleed ?
 When, ailing yourselves, the whole faculty owns
 That the forms of old Galen
 Are not so prevailing
 As mirth with good claret,—and bumpers, Squire
 Jones.

¹ Law commentators of the time.

Ye fox-hunters eke
That follow the call of the horn and the hound,
Who your ladies forsake
Before they're awake
To beat up the brake
Where the vermin is found :—
Leave Piper and Blueman,
Shrill Duchess and Trueman,—
No music is found in such dissonant tones !
Would you ravish your ears
With the songs of the spheres,
Hark away to the claret,—a bumper, Squire Jones !

ARTHUR DAWSON.





PADDY'S PASTORAL RHAPSODY.

WHEN Molly, th' other day, sir,
Was makin' of the hay, sir,
I ask'd her for to be my bride,
And Molly she began to chide :
Says she, ' You are too young, dear Pat.'
Says I, ' My jew'l, I'll mend o' that.'
' You are too poor,' says she, beside ;
When to convince her, then, I tried,
That wealth is an invintion
The wise should never mintion,
And flesh is grass, and flowers will fade,
And it's better be wed than die an owld maid.

The purty little sparrows
Have neither ploughs nor harrows,
Yet they live at aise, and are contint,
Bekase, you see, they pay no rint ;

They have no care nor flusterin'
About diggin' or industherin' ;
No foolish pride their comfort hurts—
For they *eat* the flax, and wear no shirts—
For wealth is an invintion, &c.

Sure, Nature clothes the hills, dear,
Without any tailors' bills, dear ;
And the bees they sip their sweets, my sowl,
Though they never had a sugar-bowl ;
The dew it feeds the rose of June,
But 'tis not with a silver spoon :
Then let us pattform take from those,
The birds and bees, and lovely rose—
For wealth is an invintion, &c.

LOVER.





RIDING TREBLE.

JOULTIN' to the fair,
Three upon the pony,
That so lately were
Me and Moll Malony—
'How can three be on, boy?
Sure, the wife and you,
Though you should be *wan*, boy,
Can't be more nor *two*.'
Arrah, now then, may be
You've got eyes to see
That this purty baby
Adds us up to *three*.
Joultin' to the fair,
Three upon the pony,
That so lately were
Me and Moll Malony.

Come, give over, Jack,
 Cap'rin' and curvettin',
All that's on your back
 Foolishly forgettin' ;
For I've tuk the notion
 Wan may cant'rin' go,
Trottin' is a motion
 I'd extind to *two* ;
But to travel steady
 Matches best wid *three*.
And we're that already,
 Mistress Moll and me.
Joultin' to the fair,
 Three upon the pony,
That so lately were
 Me and Moll Malony.





THE GLASS OF WHISKY.

AT the side of the road, near the bridge of Drum-
condra,

Was Murrough O'Monaghan stationed to beg ;
He brought from the wars, as his share of the plunder,
A crack on the crown and the loss of a leg.

'Oagh, Murrough !' he'd cry, 'musha nothing may
harm ye !

What made you go fight for a soldier on sea ?
You fool, had you been a marine in the army,
You'd now have a pinsion and live on full pay.'

'But now I'm a cripple,—what signifies thinking ?
The past I can never bring round to the fore ;
The heart that with old age and weakness is sinking
Will ever find strength in good whisky galore.

Oagh, whisky, mavourneen, my joy and my jewel !
What signifies talking of doctors and pills ?
In sorrow, misfortune, and sickness so cruel,
A glass of north country can cure all our ills.'

'When cold in the winter it warms you so hearty ;
When hot in the summer it cools you like ice ;
In trouble, false friends, without grief I can part ye ;
Good whisky 's my friend, and I take its advice.
When hungry and thirsty, 'tis meat and drink to me ;
It finds me a lodging wherever I lie ;
Neither frost, snow, nor rain any harm can do me,
The hedge is my pillow, my blanket the sky.'

'Now merry be the Christmas ! success to good
neighbours !
Here's a happy New Year, and a great many too !
With a plenty of whisky to lighten their labours,
May sweet luck attend every heart that is true !'
Poor Murrough then joining his old hands together,
High held up the glass while he vented this prayer :
'May whisky, by sea or by land, in all weather,
Be never denied to the children of care !'

ANON.

DESCRIPTIVE SONGS



BLARNEY CASTLE.



BLARNEY Castle, my darlint !

Sure, you're nothing at all but a stone
Wrapt in ivy—a nest for all varmint—
Since the ould Lord Clancarty is gone.

Och ! 'tis you that was once strong and ancient,
And ye kep' all the Sassenachs down,
While fighting their battles, and ain't yet
Forgotten by martial renown.

O Blarney Castle, &c.

Bad luck to that robber, ould Crommill ;
That plundered our beautiful fort ;
We'll never forgive him, though some will—
Saxons ! such as George Knapp and his sort.
But they tell us the day'll come, when Dannel
Will purge the whole country, and drive

All the Sassenachs into the Channel,
Nor leave a Cromwellian alive.

O Blarney Castle, &c.

Curse the day clumsy Noll's ugly *corpus*,
Clad in copper, was seen on our plain ;
When he rowed over here like a porpoise,
In two or three hookers from Spain !
And bekase that he was a freemason,
He mounted a battering-ram,
And into her mouth, full of treason,
Twenty pound of gunpowder he'd cram.

O Blarney Castle, &c.

So when the brave boys of Clancarty
Looked over their battlement wall,
They saw wicked Oliver's party
All a-feeding on powder and ball ;
And that giniral that married his daughter,
Wid a heap of grape-shot in his jaw—
That's bould Ireton, so famous for slaughter—
And he was his brother-in-law.

O Blarney Castle, &c.

They fired off their bullets like thunder,
That whizzed through the air like a snake ;
And they made the ould castle (no wonder !)
With all its foundations to shake.

While the Irish had nothing to shoot off,
But their bows and their arras, the sows !
Waypons fit for the wars of old Plutarch,
And perhaps mighty good for wild fowls.
O Blarney Castle, &c.

Och ! 'twas Crommill then gave the dark token—
For in the black art he was deep ;
And tho' the eyes of the Irish stood open,
They found themselves all fast asleep !
With his jack-boots he stepped on the water,
And he walked clane right over the lake ;
While his sodgers they all followed after,
As dry as a duck or a drake.
O Blarney Castle, &c.

Then the gates he burnt down to a cinder,
And the roof he demolished likewise ;
Oh ! the rafters they flamed out like tinder,
And the buildin' flared up to the skies.
And he gave the estate to the Jeffers,
With the dairy, the cows, and the hay ;
And they lived there in clover like heifers,
As their ancestors do to this day.
O Blarney Castle, &c.

PROUT.



THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

THE groves of Blarney they are so charming,
All by the purling of sweet silent streams ;
Being banked by posies that spontaneous grow
there,

Planted in order by the sweet rock close.
'Tis there 's the daisy and the sweet carnation,
The blooming pink and the rose so fair ;
The daffydowndilly besides the lily,—
Flowers that scent the sweet fragrant air.
Oh, Ullagoane.

'Tis Lady Jeffreys that owns this station,
Like Alexander or Queen Helen fair ;
There 's no commander throughout the nation
For emulation can with her compare.
She has castles round her, that no nine-pounder
Could dare to plunder her place of strength ;

But Oliver Cromwell he did her pummel,
And made a breach in her battlement.

Oh, Ullagoane.

There 's gravel walks there for speculation,
And conversation in sweet solitude ;
'Tis there the lover may hear the dove, or
The gentle plover, in the afternoon.
And if a young lady should be so engaging
As to walk alone in those shady bowers,
'Tis there her courtier he may transport her
In some dark fort or under ground.

Oh, Ullagoane.

For 'tis there 's the cave where no daylight enters,
But bats and badgers are for ever bred ;
Being mossed by Nature that makes it sweeter
Than a coach-and-six, or a feather bed.
'Tis there 's the lake that is stored with perches,
And comely eels in the verdant mud ;
Besides the leeches, and groves of beeches,
All standing in order for 'to guard the flood.

Oh, Ullagoane.

'Tis there 's the kitchen hangs many a flitch in,
With the maids a-stitching upon the stair ;
The bread and biske, the beer and whisky,
Would make you frisky if you were there.

'Tis there you'd see Peg Murphy's daughter,
A-washing praties forenent the door,
With Roger Cleary, and Father Healy,
All blood relations to my Lord Donoughmore.
Oh, Ullagoane.

There's statues gracing this noble place in,
All heathen goddesses so fair,—
Bold Neptune, Plutarch, and Nicodemus,
All standing naked in the open air.
So now to finish this brave narration,
Which my poor geni could not entwine,
But were I Homer or Nebuchadnezzar,
In every feature I'd make it shine,
Oh, Ullagoane.

MILLIKEN.





THE BLARNEY STONE.

THERE is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh ! he never misses
To grow eloquent ;
'Tis he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of Parliament :
A clever spouter
He'll soon turn out, or
An out-and-outer,
'To be let alone.'

Don't hope to hinder him
Or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney Stone !

PROUT.



*'CORK IS THE EDEN FOR YOU, LOVE,
AND ME.'*

THEY may rail at the city where I was first born,
But it's there they've the whisky and butter
and pork,

An' a nate little spot to walk in each morn—

The place is Daunt's Square, and the city is Cork !
The square has two sides—why, one east and one
west—

And convanient 's the region for frolic and spree,
Where salmon, drisheens, and beef-steaks are cooked
best,

Och, Fishamble's the Aiden for you, love, and me !

If you want to behold the sublime and the beauteous,
Put your toes in your brogues and see sweet
Blarney Lane,

Where the parents and childer is comely and duteous,
And dry lodging both rider and beast entertain ;
In the cellars below dine the slashin' young fellows
That come with the butter from distant Tralee ;
While the landlady chalking the score on the bellows
Sings, 'Cork is an Aiden for you, love, and me.'

Blackpool is another sweet place of that city,
Where pigs, twigs, and weavers they all grow together,
With its small little tanyards—och, more is the pity !—
To trip the poor beasts to convert them to leather !
Farther up to the east is a place great and famous,
It is called Mallow Lane : antiquàries agree
That it holds the shebeen that once held King
Shamus.¹

Oh, Cork is an Aiden for you, love, and me !

Then go back to Daunt's Bridge, though you'll think
it is quare
That you can't see the bridge—faix, you ne'er saw
the like
Of that bridge, nor of one-sided Buckingham Square,
Nor the narrow Broad Lane that leads up to the
Dyke,

¹ King James II., who landed in Cork with the French expedition.

Where turning his wheel sits the saint 'Holy Joe,'
 And numbrellas are made of the best quality,
 And young vargents sing, 'Colleen dhas croothern a
 mo,'
 And Cork is an Aiden for you, love, and me.

When you gets to the Dyke there's a beautiful pro-
 spect
 Of a long gravel walk between two rows of trees ;
 On one side, with a beautiful southeren aspect,
 Is Blair's castle, that trembles above in the breeze.
 Far off to the west lie the lakes of Killarney,
 Which some hills intervening prevents you to see ;
 But you smell the sweet wind from the wild groves of
 Blarney,
 Och ! Cork is the Aiden for you, love, and me !

Take the road to Glanmire, the road to Blackrock, or,
 The sweet Boreemanah to charrm your eyes ;
 If you doubt what is wise, take a dram of Tom
 Walker,
 And if you're a walker, toss off Tommy Wise—
 I give you my word they are both lads of spirit ;
 But if a raw chaw with your gums don't agree,
 Beamish, Crawford, and Lane brew some porter of
 merit,
 Tho' potheen is the nectar for you, love, and me.

Oh, long life to you, Cork, with your pepper-box
steeple,

Your girls, your whisky, your curds and sweet whey,
Your hill of Glanmire, and shops where the people

Gets decent new clothes down beyant the coal quay !
Long life to sweet Fair Lane, its pipers and jigs,

And to sweet Sunday's Wells and the banks of the
Lee !

Likewise to your court-house, where judges in wigs
Sing, 'Cork is an Aiden for you, love, and me !'

JOHN WOOD.





DE GROVES OF DE POOL.

NOW the war, dearest Nancy, is ended,
And de Peace is come over from France ;
So our gallant Cork City Militia
Back again to headquarters advance :
From beatin' dose rebels so cruel
We'll turn to beatin' de bull,
And enjoy those genteel recreations
Dat come from de Groves of de Pool.

Den out come our loving relations
To see wor we livin' or no,
Besides all de jolly ould neighbours .
All around us who flocked in a row ;
De noggins of sweet Tommy Walker
Are lifted according to rule,
An' wetted our necks wid de native
Dat's brewed in de Groves of de Pool.

When de reg'ment marched into de Commons,
'Twould do your heart good for to see—
You'd tink not a man nor a woman
Was left in Cork's famous city.
De boys dey come flocking around us,
Not a hat or wig stuck to a skull,
All to compliment dose Irish heroes
Dat sprung from de Groves of de Pool.

Wid our band out before us in order,
We played coming in to de town,
We up'd wid de ould 'Boyne Water,'
Not forgettin' 'de Croppies lie down ;'
Bekase you may read in de newses
Dat 'twas we made dose rebels so cool,
Who all tought, like Turks, or like Jewses,
To murder 'de Boys of de Pool.'

Oh ! sure, dere's no nation in Munster
Wid de Groves of de Pool can compare,
Where dose heroes were all edicated,
An' de nymphs are so comely an' fair :
Wid de gardens around entertainin'
Wid sweet purty posies so full,
Dat is worn by dose comely young creatures
Dat walks in de Groves of de Pool.

Oh ! many's de time, late and early,
Dat I wished I was landed again,
Where I'd see de sweet ' watercourse ' flowin'
Where de tanners deir glory maintain.
Likewise dat divine habitation,
Where dose babbies are all sent to school
Dat never had fader nor moder,
But were found in de Groves of de Pool.

Come, all ye young youths of dis nation,
Come fill up a bumper all round,
Drink success to Blackpool navigation,
An' may it wid plenty be crowned.
Here's success to de jolly hoop-coilers,
Likewise to de shuttle an' de spool ;
To de skimmers an' worthy glue-boilers
Dat lives in de Groves of de Pool.

R. MILLIKEN.





*THE ATTRACTIONS OF A FASHION-
ABLE IRISH WATERING-PLACE.*

THE tówn of Passage
Is both large and spacious,
And situated
Upon the say ;
'Tis nate and dacent,
And just adjacent
To come from Cork
On a summer's day.
There you may slip in
To take a dipping,
Fornent the shipping
That at anchor' ride ;
Or in a wherry
Cross o'er the ferry
To Carrigaloe,
On the other side.

Mud cabins swarm in
This place so charming,
With sailors' garments
 Hung out to dry ;
And each abode is
Snug and commodious,
With pigs melodious
 In their straw-built sty.
'Tis there the turf is,
And lots of murphies,
Dead sprats and herrings,
 And oyster-shells ;
Nor any lack, O !
Of good tobacco—
Though what is smuggled
 By far excels.

There are ships from Cadiz
And from Barbadoes,
But the leading trade is
 In whisky-punch ;
And you may go in
Where one Molly Bowen
Keeps a nate hotel
 For a quiet lunch.
But land or deck on,
You may safely reckon,

Whatsoever country
 You come hither from,
On an invitation
To a jollification
With a parish priest
 That's called 'Father Tom.'

Of ships there's one fixt
For lodging convicts,
A floating 'stone jug'
 Of amazing bulk ;
The hake and salmon,
Playing at backgammon,
Swim for diversion
 All round this 'hulk' ;
There 'Saxon' jailors
Keep brave repailors,
Who soon with sailors
 Must anchor weigh
From th' em'rald island,
Ne'er to see dry land,
Until they spy land
 In sweet Bot'ny Bay.

PROUT.



BELLEWSTOWN RACES.

IF a respite ye'd borrow from turmoil or sorrow,
I'll tell you the secret of how it is done ;
'Tis found in this statement of all the excitement
That Bellewstown knows when the races come on.
Make one of a party whose spirits are hearty,
Get a seat on a trap that is safe not to spill,
In its well pack a hamper, then off for a scamper,
And hurroo for the glories of Bellewstown Hill !

On the road how they dash on, rank, beauty, and
fashion,

It Banagher bangs, by the table o' war !
From the coach of the quality, down to the jollity
Jogging along on an ould low-backed car.

Though straw cushions are placed, two feet thick at
laste,

It's jiggling and jumping to mollify still ;
Oh, the cheeks of my Nelly are shaking like jelly,
From the jolting she gets as she jogs to the Hill.

In the tents play the pipers, the fiddlers and fifers,
Those rollicking lilts such as Ireland best knows ;
While Paddy is prancing, his colleen is dancing,
Demure, with her eyes quite intent on his toes.
More power to you, Micky ! faith, your foot isn't
sticky,
But bounds from the boards like a pay from the
quill.

Oh, 'twould cure a rheumatic,—he'd jump up ecstatic
At 'Tatter Jack Walsh' upon Bellewstown Hill.

Oh, 'tis there 'neath the haycocks, all splendid like
paycocks,

In chattering groups that the quality dine :
Sitting cross-legged like tailors the gentlemen dealers
In flattery spout and come out mighty fine.
And the gentry from Navan and Cavan are 'having,'
Neath the shade of the trees, an Arcadian quadrille.
All we read in the pages of pastoral ages
Tell of no scene like this upon Bellewstown Hill.

Arrived at its summit, the view that you come at,
From etherealised Mourne to where Tara ascends,
There's no scene in our sireland, dear Ireland, old
Ireland !

To which nature more exquisite loveliness lends.
And the soil 'neath your feet has a memory sweet,
The patriots' deeds they hallow it still ;
Eighty-two's volunteers (would to-day saw their
peers !)
Marched past in review upon Bellewstown Hill.

But hark ! there's a shout—the horses are out,—
'Long the ropes, on the stand, what a hullabaloo !
To old *Crock-a-Fatha*, the people that dot the
Broad plateau around are all for a view.
'Come, Ned, my tight fellow, I'll bet on the yellow !'
'Success to the green ! faith, we'll stand by it still !'
The uplands and hollows they're skimming like
swallows,
Till they flash by the post upon Bellewstown Hill.

ANON.



SONGS IN EXTREMIS



*THE BANTRY GIRLS' LAMENT FOR
JOHNNY.*



H, who will plough the field, or who will sell
the corn?

Oh, who will wash the sheep, an' have 'em
nicely shorn?

The stack that's on the haggard unthrashed it may
remain,

Since Johnny went a-thrashing the dirty King o' Spain.

The girls from the bawnoge in sorrow may retire,
And the piper and his bellows may go home and
blow the fire ;

For Johnny, lovely Johnny, is sailin' o'er the main,
Along with other pathriarchs, to fight the King o'
Spain.

The boys will sorely miss him, when Moneyhore
comes round,
And grieve that their bould captain is nowhere to be
found ;
The peelers must stand idle, against their will and
grain,
For the valiant boy who gave them work now peels
the King o' Spain.


At wakes or hurling-matches your like we'll never see,
Till you come back to us again, astore gra-gal-machree;
And won't you throunce the buckeens that show us
much disdain,
Bekase our eyes are not so black as those you'll meet
in Spain.

If cruel fate will not permit our Johnny to return,
His heavy loss we Bantry girls will never cease to
mourn ;
We'll resign ourselves to our sad lot, and die in grief
and pain,
Since Johnny died for Ireland's pride in the foreign
land of Spain.

ANON.



DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH.

H, I'm but a poor man,
And I had but one cow,
And when I had lost her
I could not tell how,
But so white was her face,
And so sleek was her tail,
That I thought my poor drimmin dubh
Never would fail.

Agus oro, drimmin dubh

Oro, ah.

Oro, drimmin dubh

Miel agra.

Returning from mass,
On a morning in May,
I met my poor drimmin dubh
Drowning by the way.

I roared and I bawled,
And my neighbours did call
To save my poor drimmin dubh,
She being my all.

Ah, neighbour ! was this not
A sorrowful day,
When I gazed on the water
Where my drimmin dubh lay ?
With a drone and a drizzen,
She bade me adieu,
And the answer I made
Was a loud pillalu.

Poor drimmin dubh sank,
And I saw her no more,
Till I came to an island
Was close by the shore ;
And down on that island
I saw her again,
Like a bunch of ripe blackberries
Rolled in the rain.

Arrah, plague take you, drimmin dubh !
What made you die,
Or why did you leave me,
For what and for why ?

I would rather lose Paudeen,
My bouchalleen bawn,
Than part with my drimmin dubh,
Now that you are gone.

When drimmin dubh lived,
And before she was dead,
She gave me fresh butter
To eat to my bread,
And likewise new milk
That I soaked with my scone,
But now it's black water
Since drimmin dubh's gone.

ANON.





FATHER MOLLOY;

OR, THE CONFESSION.

PADDY McCabe was dying one day,
And Father Molloy he came to confess him ;
Paddy pray'd hard he would make no delay,
But forgive him his sins and make haste for to
bless him.

'First tell me your sins,' says Father Molloy,
'For I'm thinking you've not been a very good boy.'
'Oh,' says Paddy, 'so late in the evenin', I fear
'Twould throuble you such a long story to hear,
For you've ten long miles o'er the mountains to go,
While the road *I ve* to travel's much longer you know.
So give us your blessin' and get in the saddle,
To tell all my sins my poor brain it would addle ;
And the docther gave ordhers to keep me so quiet—
'Twould disturb me to tell all my sins, if I'd thry it ;

And your Reverence has towld us, unless we tell *all*,
'Tis worse than not makin' confession at all.
So I'll say in a word I'm no very good boy—
And, therefore, your blessin', sweet Father Molloy.'

'Well, I'll read from a book,' says Father Molloy,
 'The manifold sins that humanity's heir to ;
And when you hear those that your conscience annoy,
 You'll just squeeze' my hand, as' acknowledging
 thereto.'

Then the father began the dark roll of iniquity,
And Paddy, thereat, felt his conscience grow rickety,
And he gave such a squeeze that the priest gave a
 roar—

'Oh, murdher !' says Paddy, 'don't read any more,
For, if you keep readin', by all that is thrue,
Your Reverence's fist will be soon black and blue ;
Besides, to be throubled my conscience begins,
That your Reverence should have any hand in my sins,
So you'd betther suppose I committed them all,
For whether they're great ones, or whether they're
 small,
Or if they're a dozen, or if they're fourscore,
'Tis your Reverence knows how to absolve them,
 astore ;
So I'll say in a word, I'm no very good boy—
And, therefore, your blessin', sweet Father Molloy.'

‘ Well,’ says Father Molloy, ‘ if your sins I forgive,
So you must forgive all your enemies truly ;
And promise me also that, if you should live,
You’ll leave off your old tricks, and begin to live
newly.’

‘ I forgive ev’rybody,’ says Pat, with a groan,
Except that big vagabone Micky Malone ;
And him I will murdher if ever I can——’

‘ Tut, tut !’ says the priest, ‘ you’re a very bad man ;
For without your forgiveness, and also repentance,
You’ll ne’er go to Heaven, and that is my sentence.’

‘ Poo !’ says Paddy McCabe, ‘ that’s a very hard case—
With your Reverence and Heaven I’m content to
make pace ;

But with Heaven and your Reverence I wondher—
Och hone—

You would think of comparin’ that blackguard
Malone—

But since I’m hard press’d and that I *must* forgive,
I forgive—if I die—but as sure as I live
That ugly blackguard I will surely desthroy !—
So, *now* for your blessin’, sweet Father Molloy !’

LOVER.





*THE POOR MAN'S LABOUR'S NEVER
DONE.*

I MARRIED a wife for to sit by me, which
makes me sorely to repent :

Matches, they say, are made in heaven, but
mine was for a penance sent.

I soon became a servant to her, to milk the cows and
black her shoon :

For woman's ways, they must have pleasure, and the
poor man's labour's never done.

The very first year that we were married, she gave to
me a pretty babe :

She sat me down to rock its cradle, and give it cordial
when it waked :

If it cried, she would bitterly scould me, and if it
bawled, away I should run ;

For women's ways, they must have pleasure, and the
poor man's labour's never done.

So all ye young men that are inclined to marry, be
sure and marry a loving wife,
And do not marry my wife's sister, or she will plague
you all your life ;
Do not marry her mother's daughter, or she will
grieve your heart full sore ;
But take from me my wife, and welcome—and then
my care and trouble is o'er.

ANON.





A LAMENT FOR DONNYBROOK.

A LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL OF THE LIBERTY.

JIMMY, aghar, hand me my pipe,
In truth I'm as wearied as man can be ;
My eye is as dim as the winter sea,
And my nose as sharp as the bill of a snipe ;
For here for a week, a week and more,
I have been labouring body and sowl,
Just sustained by whisky and sassages,
While I touch the finishing passages
Of my Donnybrook rigmarole.

Saints be about us ! what are they driving at ?
All sorts of people are taking their share—
All have their heads together conniving at—
At the destruction of Donnybrook Fair.
Once in the good ould times of the city,
M.P.'s, farmers, the rich, and the rare,

Gentlemen, nobles, the wise and the witty,
Went for a trifle of element there.
Then was the rale indulgement in jollity,—
Devil a one of them cared who was who !
All took their glass of the old mountain dew,
And their hop in the tent on the ground of equality.
But now it is over,—this is the last of them—
This is the last ould fair that we'll see ;
Now we must live as we can on the past of them—
Such is the Corporation's decree.

Ah, never again in this isle shall be seen
The rale boys up to the sweet oaken science !
Trailing their coats in courageous defiance,
And shouting the pillalu over the green.
Never again shall we see the shillelagh
Joyously splintering forehead and limb,
Or hear Molly Finucane crying, ' Oh, mela
Murder ! what have you done with my Jim ?'
Never again 'mid' the turmoil or rattle
Shall we assemble to shoulder the door,
Bearing dear friends, through the thick of the battle,
Faithfully home to their widows, asthore :—

Leaving the pleasant old ground, when the short night
Of August was melting in matinal dew,
With a rib or two dinged or an eye black and blue,
Or a wound that would lay us up snug for a fortnight ;

While a rattle of sticks in the distance behind
Made old Donnybrook look like a wood in a wind.
Now all is over,—this is the last of them,—
This is the last ould fair that we'll see ;
Now we must live as we can on the past of them—
Such is the Corporation's decree.

T. C. IRWIN.





*THE NIGHT BEFORE LARRY WAS
STRETCHED.*

THE night before Larry was stretched,
The boys they all paid him a visit ;
A bit in their sacks, too, they fetched,
They sweated their duds till they riz it ;
For Larry was ever the lad,
When a friend was condemned to the squeezer,
But he'd pawn all the rags that he had
Just to help the poor boy to the sneezer,
And moisten his gob 'fore he died.

'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 forced to put on !

And by this time to-morrow you'll see,
Your Larry will be dead as mutton :
 Bekays why, dear, his courage was good.'

The boys they came crowding in fast ;
 They drew all their stools round about him.
Six glims round his crap-case they placed ;
 He couldn't be well waked without 'em.
I axed if he was fit 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.'

Then the cards being called for, they played,
 Till Larry found one of them cheated.
He made a smart blow at his head,
 The boy being easily heated.
'Oh ! be de Holy, you teef,
 I'll scuttle your nob with my daddle ;
You cheat me bekays 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 tipped him a Kilmainham look,
 And pitched 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 watched him next day ;
Oh, the hangman, I thought I could kill him !
Not one word poor Larry did say,
Nor change till he came to ‘King William,’
Och, then, dear, his colour turned white.

When he came to the nubbling chit,
He was tucked up so neat and so pretty ;
The rumbler jogged off with his feet,
And he died with his face to the city.

WILLIAM MAHER.¹

¹ This famous song has been long cruelly attributed to Dean Burrowes of Cork ; but I have indisputable evidence before me that the Dean had no hand at all in the writing of it. Yet another ecclesiastic, the Rev. Francis Mahony (Father Prout), took a great deal of trouble to touch up the song, altering passages, and even adding five lines of his own to the original, which I now reproduce verbatim from an early ballad edition furnished me by one of the leading living authorities on Irish humorous verse.—EDITOR.

POLITICAL AND SATIRICAL
SONGS



THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.



WOMAN of Three Cows, agragh ! don't let
your tongue thus rattle !

Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you
may have cattle.

I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say
what's true—

A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud
as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be
their despiser ;

For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the
very miser :

And death soon strips the proudest wreath from
haughty human brows.

Then don't be stiff and don't be proud, good Woman
of Three Cows !

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen More's
descendants,

'Tis they that won the glorious name and had the
grand attendants !

If *they* were forced to bow to fate, as every mortal
bows,

Can *you* be proud, can *you* be stiff, my Woman of
Three Cows ?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the
land to mourning ;

Movrone ! for they were banish'd, with no hope of
their returning—

Who knows in what abodes of woe those youths were
driven to house ?

Yet *you* can give yourself these airs, O Woman of
Three Cows !

Oh, think of Donnell of the Ships, the chief whom
nothing daunted—

See how he fell in distant Spain, unchronicled, un-
chanted !

He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot
rouse—

Then ask yourself, should *you* be proud, good Woman
of Three Cows !

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names
are shrin'd in story—

Think how their high achievements once made Erin's
greatest glory—

Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and
cypress boughs,

And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of
Three Cows !

Th' O'Carrolls also, famed when fame was only for
the boldest,

Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and
oldest ;

Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?
Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman
of Three Cows !

Your neighbour's poor, and you, it seems, are big with
vain ideas,

Because, *inagh* ! you've got three cows—one more, I
see, than *she* has ;

That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity
allows—

But, if you're strong, be merciful, great Woman of
Three Cows !

The summing up.

Now, there you go ! You still, of course, keep up
your scornful bearing,
And I'm too poor to hinder you—but, by the cloak
I'm wearing !
If I had but *four* cows myself, even though you were
my spouse,
I'd thwack you well to cure your pride, my Woman of
Three Cows !

*(Translated from the Celtic by
James Clarence Mangan.)*





RIGGED OUT.

I'M a brand from the burning, a genuine saint,
Newly purged and set free from Papistical taint ;
Yea, I'm one of that holy, that sanctified troop
Whose souls have been chastened by flannel and soup

I'll tell how so blessed a change came about :
I always was lazy, a slouch, and a lout ;
I never was willing to delve or to dig,
But I looked for support to my wife and the pig.

My spirit was never confused or perplexed
By the talk in this world about things in the next ;
But I felt I'd be certain of one life of bliss,
If some one would feed me for nothing in this.

And so by a ditch near my cabin I lay,
With my front to the sun, on a hot summer day,
When the Reverend Oliver Stiggins came by,
And attracted my gaze by the white of his eye.

He spoke, and he said : ' I perceive by your face,
Wretched man, that you're much unacquainted with
 ' grace.'

' Very true, sir,' said I, ' sure I scarce know the taste
Of the broth or the flesh of a four-footed baste.'

Then he bade me arise and proceed with him home,
Till he'd give me some proofs of the errors of Rome.
I went, and the clinchers that Oliver chose
Were a full and complete suit of second-hand clothes.

I felt at the moment the breeches went on
That half of my ancient religion was gone ;
Much was done by a vest buttoned up to the throat,
But the grand hit of all was a rusty black coat.

The hat was convincing, as one might expect,
The necktie itself had a certain effect ;
Then to pluck away error right out from the roots,
He covered my croobs with a new pair of boots.

Then he raised up his hands and his eyes, and began
To declare, through his nose, I'd ' put off the Old
 Man,'
And he hoped to my newly-found faith I'd hold fast ;
Which I said that I would—while his garments would
 last.

Then he bade me go talk unto Biddy, my wife,
About ribbons and cotton and Protestant life ;
And to ask her, with dear Mrs. Stiggins' regards,
What stuff would convert her, and how many yards.

I hurried to Biddy—she shrieked with affright,
She laughed and she cried at the comical sight ;
She called me an *assal*, a rogue, and a fool,
And fell combing my head with a three-legged stool.

She pitched me right out and she bolted the door,
I knocked and I shouted, I cursed, and I swore ;
But soon I grew meek, and I made up my mind
I could fare very well leaving Biddy behind.

From town unto town have I travelled since then,
Giving good British Scripture to women and men,
And indulging at times in a bit of a freak,
But, sure, Stiggins himself knows the flesh is but weak.

Well, my clothes are supplied, and secure is my pay,
But my wages are settled at so much per *day* ;
And I boldly contend that my friends have no right
To heed what a Souper may do through the night.

T. D. SULLIVAN.



MR. ORATOR PUFF.

MR. Orator Puff had two tones in his voice,
The one squeaking thus, the other down so !
In each sentence he uttered he gave you your
choice,
For one was B alt. and the rest G below.
Oh ! oh ! Orator Puff !
One voice for one orator 's surely enough.

But he still talked away spite of coughs and of frowns,
So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,
' My voice is for war,' asked him, ' Which of them,
pray ? '

Oh ! oh ! &c.

Reeling homewards one evening, top-heavy with gin,
And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the
crown,

He tripped near a sawpit and tumbled right in,
'Sinking Fund,' the last word as his noddle came
down.

Oh ! oh ! &c.

'Help ! help !' he exclaimed in his he and she tones,
'Help me out ! help me out—I have broken my
bones !'

'Help you out ?' said a Paddy who passed, 'what a
bother !'

Why, there's two of you there, can't you help one
another ?'

Oh ! oh ! &c.

MOORE.





*AN EXCELLENT NEW SONG ON A
SEDITIONOUS PAMPHLET.*

BROCADES and damasks and tabbies and gauzes
Are by Robert Ballantine lately brought over,
With forty things more : now hear what the law
says :

Whoe'er will not wear them is not the king's lover.
Though a printer and Dean
Seditiously mean

Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean,
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

In England the dead in woollen are clad,
The Dean and his printer then let us cry 'fie on ;'
To be clothed like a carcass would make a Teague
mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.

Our wives they grow sullen
At wearing of woollen,
And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns pull in.
Then we'll buy, &c.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
To inflame both the nations does plainly conspire ;
Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder,
And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.
Therefore, I assure ye,
Our noble grand jury,
When they saw the Dean's book they were in a great
fury ;
They would buy, &c.

That wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
And before *Coram Nobis* so oft has been called,
Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor linen,
And, if swearing can do 't, shall be swingingly
mauled ;
And as for the Dean—
You know whom I mean—
If the printer will 'peach him he'll scarce come off
clean.
Then we'll buy, &c.

SWIFT.

*A NEW SONG ON WOOD'S HALF-
PENCE.*

YE people of Ireland, both country and city,
Come listen with patience and hear out my
ditty :

At this time I'll choose to be wiser than witty :
Which nobody can deny.

The halfpence are causing the nation's undoing,
There's an end of your ploughing, and baking and
brewing,
In short, you must all go to wreck and to ruin :
Which nobody can deny.

Both high men and low men, and thick men and tall
men,
And rich men and poor men, and free men and thrall
men,

Will suffer ; and this man, and that man, and all
men :

Which nobody can deny.

The soldier is ruin'd, poor man, by his pay ;
His five pence will prove but a farthing a day,
For meat, or for drink, or he must run away :

Which nobody can deny.

When he pulls out his twopence, the tapster says not,
That ten times as much he must pay for his shot ;
And thus the poor soldier must soon go to pot :

Which nobody can deny.

If he goes to the baker, the baker will huff,
And twenty pence have for a twopenny loaf,
Then 'dog, rogue, and rascal,' and so kick and cuff :

Which nobody can deny.

Again, to the market whenever he goes,
The butcher and soldier must be mortal foes,
One cuts off an ear, and the other a nose :

Which nobody can deny.

The butcher is stout and he values no swagger ;
A cleaver's a match any time for dagger,
And a blue sleeve may give such a cuff as may stagger :

Which nobody can deny.

The squire who has got him twelve thousand a year,
O Lord ! what a mountain his rents would appear !
Should he take them, he would not have house-room,
I fear :

Which nobody can deny.

Though at present he lives in a very large house,
There would then not be room in it left for a mouse ;
But the squire is too wise, he will not take a souse :

Which nobody can deny.

The farmer who comes with his rent in this cash,
For taking these counters and being so rash,
Will be kick'd out of doors both himself and his trash :

Which nobody can deny.

For in all the leases that ever we hold,
We must pay our rent in good silver and gold,
And not in brass tokens of such a base mould :

Which nobody can deny.

The wisest of lawyers all swear, they will warrant
No money but silver and gold can be current ;
And, since they will swear it, we all may be sure on't :

Which nobody can deny.

And I think, after all, it would be very strange,
To give current money for base in exchange,

Like a fine lady swapping her moles for the mange :
Which nobody can deny.

But read the king's patent, and there you will find
That no man need take them but who has a mind,
For which we must say that his Majesty's kind :
Which nobody can deny.

Now God bless the Drapier who open'd our eyes !
I'm sure, by his book, that the writer is wise ;
He shows us the cheat from the end to the rise :
Which nobody can deny.

Nay, farther, he shows it a very hard case,
That this fellow Wood, of a very bad race,
Should of all the fine gentry of Ireland take place :
Which nobody can deny.

That he and his halfpence should come to weigh down
Our subjects so loyal and true to the crown ;
But I hope, after all, that they will be his own :
Which nobody can deny.

This book, I do tell you, is writ for your goods,
And a very good book 'tis against Mr. Wood's,
If you stand true together, he's left in the suds :
Which nobody can deny.

Ye shopmen, and tradesmen, and farmers, go read it,
For I think in my soul at this time that you need it ;
Or, egad, if you don't, there's an end of your credit :
Which nobody can deny.

SWIFT.





A PROSPECT.

HOW justly alarmed is each Dublin cit
That he'll soon be transformed to a clown,
sir !

By a magical move of that conjuror Pitt,
The country is coming to town, sir !
Give Pitt, and Dundas, and Jenky a glass,
Who'd ride on John Bull, and make Paddy an ass.

Through Capel Street soon, as you'll rurally range,
You'll scarce recognise it the same street ;
Choice turnips shall grow in your Royal Exchange,
Fine cabbages down along Dame Street.
Give Pitt, &c.

Wild oats in the college won't want to be tilled ;
And hemp in the Four Courts may thrive, sir !

Your markets again shall with mutttons be filled—
 By St. Patrick, they'll graze there alive, sir !
 Give Pitt, &c.

In the Parliament House, quite alive, shall there be
 All the vermin the island e'er gathers ;
 Full of rooks, as before, Daly's club-house you'll see,
 But the pigeons won't have any feathers.
 Give Pitt, &c.

Our Custom House quay full of weeds—oh ! rare
 sport !
 But ministers' minions, kind elves, sir !
 Will give us free leave all our goods to export,
 When we've got none at home for ourselves, sir !
 Give Pitt, &c.

Says an alderman—' Corn will grow in your shops ;
 This Union must work our enslavement.'
 'That's true,' says the sheriff, 'for plenty of *crops*¹
 Already I've seen on the pavement.'
 Give Pitt, &c.

¹ 'Crop,' or 'Croppy,' was a common term for the rebels of 1798.

Ye brave, loyal yeomen, dressed gaily in red,
This minister's plan must elate us ;
And well may John Bull, when he's robbed us of bread
Call poor Ireland ' *The land of Potatoes* ' !
Give Pitt, &c.

EDWARD LYSAGHT.





LAST NIGHT, AS I SLEPT.

LAST night, as I slept all alone in my bed,
The full moon was shining just over my head,
Such a knocking and thumping I heard at the
door

That I jumped out of bed in a fright on the floor ;
And what should I see, to my dread and surprise,
But the Devil himself, when I opened my eyes !
I was sure it was he, by the horns and the tail,
His feet they were cloven, his beard like a flail.

A coat like the parson's hung down from his back
(Sure the Devil has always been painted in black :
And since but for him they'd have little to do,
These parsons by right wear his livery too !)—
But when I recovered my wits from the fright,
I bid him, 'in God's name,' get out of my sight ;

But there he stood staring, nor minded it more
Than his tithe-hunting friend thought about it before.

Suspecting from this 'twas the parson himself,
Come to rob me of tithe (though detesting the pelf),
To oust the intruder I seized on his coat,
But soon was set right by a puck from the goat :
By my mother's old petticoat solely perplexed
And entangled, no wonder the creature was vexed ;
Let alone that I called him 'Your Rev'rence,' I
believe,
When I bid him 'get out for a robber and thief.'

To make such a mistake I confess was a shame,
Where the parson or Devil was neither to blame ;
But if people for kicking up rows are well known,
They are oftentimes charged when the fault's not their
own ;

So the only excuse I will offer you now,
Is a fact that occurred not long after the row,—
For the parson came down at the dawn of the day,
And all he could seize on he carried away.

ANON.





LARRY O'GAFF.

LARRY O'Gaff was a brave boy for marching,
His instep was large—but his income was
small ;

So he set up one day as a soldier of fortune—

The meaning of which is—no fortune at all.

In battles, bombardments, and sieges he grew up,
Till he didn't much care if towns flourish'd or blew up ;
And his maxims in life—for he pick'd one or two up—
Were short, sweet, and simple, for Larry O'Gaff.

'If your purse it is slender,' says Larry, 'tis better
To owe a small trifle than want a great deal ;
If, soliciting cash, a solicitor's letter,
Or your mercer maliciously make an appeal—

Look sad, and say, "Sir, your account shall be paid,
 Now my uncle is dead, and my fortune is made ;"
 Then order some mourning—proceedings are stay'd—
 And black 's genteel wearing,' says Larry O'Gaff.

Says Larry, ' Love all men—except an attorney :
 The ladies without an exception at all ;
 But beware of a widow on love's mazy journey—
 For mostly they've seven small children that squall :
 And then from those eyes that love's glances have
 darted,
 They sometimes rain showers—and sham broken-
 hearted :
 Deploring the loss of "*the dear man departed*" ;
 Oh ! them widows are sarpints !' says Larry O'Gaff.

' But if with some charming young creature you'd run
 away,
 Court her fat mother—a middle-aged dame—
 While her daughter, up stairs, is then packing like fun
 away
 A small change of clothes, before changing her
 name ;
 Mamma smiles resistance—but yields in amaze :
 You rush for a licence to save all delays ;
 But go—round the corner with Miss in a chaise,
 And then, " Heigh for Gretna !'" says Larry O'Gaff.

'Your wife is cut off with a shilling,' says Larry ;
 'But Providence spares her an old maiden aunt,
Who hates all the brazen young women who marry,
 Tho' she, all her life, has been grieving she can't.
Round *her* you must flatter, and wheedle, and twist ;
 Let her snub you in company, cheat you at whist—
But you'll win the odd trick when the Legacy list
 Shows her will all in favour of Larry O'Gaff.'

LOVER.





PADDY O'RAFATHER.

PADDY, in want of a dinner one day,
Credit all gone, and no money to pay,
Stole from a priest a fat pullet, they say,
And went to confession just after ;
'Your riv'rince,' says Paddy, 'I stole this fat hen.'
'What, what !' says the priest, 'at your ould thricks
again ?
Faith, you'd rather be staalin' than sayin' *amen*,
Paddy O'Rafther !'
'Sure, you wouldn't be angry,' says Pat, 'if you knew
That the best of intintions I had in my view—
For I stole it to make it a present to you,
And you can absolve me after.'
'Do you think,' says the priest, 'I'd partake of your
theft ?
Of your seven small senses you must be bereft—
You're the biggest blackguard that I know, right and
left,
Paddy O'Rafther !'

'Then what shall I do with the pullet,' say Pat,
'If your riv'rince won't take it? By this and by that
I don't know no more than a dog or a cat

What your riv'rince would have me be afther.'

'Why, then,' says his rev'rence, 'you sin-blinded owl,
Give back to the man that you stole from his fowl :
For if you do not 'twill be worse for your sowl,
Paddy O'Rafther.'

Says Paddy, 'I ask'd him to take it—'tis thru
As this minit I'm talkin', your riv'rince, to you ;
But he wouldn't resaive it—so what can I do ?'

Says Paddy, nigh choken with laughter.

'By my throth,' says the priest, 'but the case is ab-
sthurse ;

If he won't take his hen, why the man is a goose :
'Tis not the first time my advice was no use,
Paddy O'Rafther.'

'But, for sake of your sowl, I would sthrongly advise
To some one in want you would give your supplies—
Some widow, or orphan, with tears in their eyes ;

And *then* you may come to *me* afther.'

So Paddy went off to the brisk widow Hoy,
And the pullet between them was eaten with joy,
And, says she, 'pon my word you're the cleverest boy,
Paddy O'Rafther !'

Then Paddy went back to the priest the next day,
And told him the fowl he had given away
To a poor lonely widow, in want and dismay,

The loss of her spouse weeping aafter.

'Well now,' says the priest, 'I'll absolve you, my lad,
For repentantly making the best of the bad,
In feeding the hungry and cheering the sad,

Paddy O'Rafther !'

LOVER.





THE ANATOMY OF THE OYSTER.

OF all the conchiferous shell-fish
The oyster is surely the king :
Arrah, Mick, call the people who sell fish,
And tell them a dozen to bring.
For it's I that intind to demonstrate
The creature's phenomena strange :
Its functions—to set every one straight,
And exhibit their structure and range
In sweet rhyme !

Now, boys, I beseech, be attentive—
On this Carlingford fasten your eyes,
As I spread it before you so pensive,
Its gape opened wide with surprise.
See that small purple spot in the centre,
That's its heart, which is all on the move ;

For though looking as deep as a Mentor,
It is tenderly beating with love
All the while.

Like a Chesterfield pea-coat, its liver,
Of fusty brown Petersham made,
It folds round its stomach to give a
Supply of fresh bile when there's need ;
And though we, when we swallow our oyster,
Like it raw and by cooks undefiled,
The creature itself is much choicer,
Preferring its condiments biled—
It's so nice.

The fringes that circle its body,
Which epicures think should be cleared,
Are the animal's lungs—for, 'tis odd, he,
Like a foreigner, *breathes through his beard!*
And among all its memorabilia,
Than this structure there's none half so queer,
Though Sharpey may say they are *cilia*,
A *wiser* contrivance to 'speer'—
Let him try !

Now, these are the facts in the history
Of an oyster, I'd on you impress ;
I've sarved them up plain without mystery—
To cook them would just make a mess.

So now, boys, we'll fetch in the whisky,
Since the water is hot on the hob,
Whilst we stir up our native so frisky
By sticking a knife in his gob,
Dear ould fish !

EDWARD FORBES.

[The above song was sung by the author at a morning entertainment given by Lord Mountcashel at Mount Rivers, Fermoy, to the British Association, August, 1843.]





ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN.

ST. PATRICK was a gentleman, and came of
decent people ;

In Dublin town he built a church and on 't he
put a steeple ;

His father was O'Houlihan, his mother was a lady,

His uncle was O'Shaughnessy, and his aunt a
Widow Grady.

Then success to bold St. Patrick's fist,

He was a saint so clever,

He gave the snakes and toads a twist,

And banished them for ever !

Oh ! Feltrim Hill is very high, so is the Hill of Howth,
too,

But there's a hill that is hard by, much higher than
them both too ;

'Twas on the top of this high hill St. Patrick preached
a sarmin,
He made the frogs skip thro' the bogs, and banished
all the varmin !

Success, &c.

There's not a mile in Ireland's Isle where the dirty
varmin musters ;
Where'er he put his dear fore-foot, he murdered them
in clusters :
The toads went hop, the frogs went pop, slap-haste
into the water,
And the snakes committed suicide to save themselves
from slaughter.

Success, &c.

Nine hundred thousand vipers blue he charmed with
sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloe, in soups and second
courses ;
When blind-worms crawling on the grass disgusted
the whole nation,
He gave them a rise, and opened their eyes to a sense
of their situation.

Success, &c.

Oh, then, should I be so fortunate as to get back to
Munster,
Sure I'll be bound that from that ground I ne'er
again will once stir ;
'Twas there St. Patrick planted turf, and plenty of
the praties,
With pigs galore, machree asthore ! and buttermilk
and ladies !

Success, &c.

No wonder that we Irish lads should be so free and
frisky,
Since St. Patrick taught us first the knack of drinking
of good whisky ;
'Twas he that brew'd the best of malt, and understood
distilling,
For his mother she kept a shebeen shop in the town
of Inniskillen !

Oh, success, &c.

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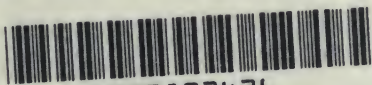
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