



could not see a quarrel
the bill."

because it's out

A MUCH ADMIR'D SONG CALL'D TIE MY TOES TO THE BED

When I first came to Dublin I veiw'd barrack stree
was a hearty yeung fellow and smart on my feet
I met with a girl call'd bessey McCabe
She brought me to a lodgin call'd sweet dirty lane

I had two hundred & a good suit of cloaths
And to tell you the truth I had a new pair of brogues
I did u love y felt fat and my waistcoat was red
And yung bessey McCabe tied my toes to the bed

When I wakend next morning young bessey was gone
And five drunken girls to work they began
They had black eyes broken noses their blood ran in streams
Faith says I to my self but they will end my days

The Mistres I ask'd her where e was my cloaths
She told me my wife brought them off I suppose
Blugaron hers says I was I married last night
And they told I was to a handsome young wife

Call her in my good people till I see her face
I just came to dublin to ren-w my lease
She has my two hundred pounds and my darling fine purse
And if she be my wife she served me bad enough

When I thought for to rise my 2 toes they are tied
And they told me it was tricks she wa playd by the bride
She cover'd me snu in the bed with the cloaths
But she never came back on to loosen my toes

They brought me to confinement and lock me up tight
Without sheet or blanket the length of the night
The dickens a bed was there to lie down
But walking about like a bul in a pound

So all you young fellows to Dublin does go
Take care of young bessey lest she serve you so
She took my two hundred pounds my big-coat and my brogues
And she never came back for to loosen my toes

When she brought me to trial she swore to her shoes
Devil a biagard in Dub in but did me abuse
The justice he threaten'd for to hang me dead
And he laugh'd at my wife tying my toes to the bed