



A NEW SONG CALLED THE  
**BOLD RAKE OF LIMRICK**

I am a bold rover I traveled this nation all over  
I travel'd it over my fortune to try  
To earn my living by cheerfully singing  
The praises of Erin I will till I die  
I was always as willing to sport a bright shillin  
As any man liveing for a glass I will tell  
And for that very reason in the streets I was ta  
ken  
And lodged for a month in Limrick Jail

When I found myself laid in that cold situation  
I began to caper & crack the flags round  
The place being melodious I raised such a che  
rus

The hollow roof echoed the voice all round  
She Governor that dwell'd in that cursed prison  
He could not endure my pure party song  
The Governor came in to prevent me from sing  
ing  
And order'd the turn key to handcuff me strong

When I found myself handcuff'd I knew it was  
for spite

For my song it was done  
Say's I my old fellow I'll have satisfaction  
And in a few moments I'll shew you some fun  
He threw me on the floor then kick'd at the  
door

And I upset the table been mad for a smook  
And out of the fire grat I pul'd a fine bath brick  
To batter the windows to complete the joke

Then away for the police the keeper son sau  
tered

And the lads quickly cauter'd with them in a  
trot

Like hounds in full chace till they come to the  
place

To know who would be the first on the spot  
when they came to the door to make mesure  
They held a long counsel for fear I'd elope  
It at last was decided by those curse'd villains  
To tie me neck head & heels to the flags by a  
roape

In this sad condition I lay till next morning  
Tied fast to the flags & got rotting to eat  
Stretch'd on the cold flags with my cloathes all  
in rags

My face & eyes batter'd black & me in my pelt  
They kick'd & abuse'd & handle'd me sorely  
Within the barracks till my blood did appear  
Altho a poor stranger they shewed me no favour  
But cried my bold hero you may now live or die

About ten the next morning they came to convey  
me

They found me scarcely able to crawl on the  
ground

Well guarded & tied to the cousts to be tryed  
But in the Magistrates no mercy found

It was only for pucking those deamon's between  
the peepers

And breaking an other fellows jaw to ne  
That was the reason with out any reason  
They gave me one month for drinking my own

Done by Dennis Hauman