



A NEW SONG CALL'D THE  
**GAY OLD HAG**

Will you come a boating my gay old hag  
 Will you come a boating my tight old hag  
 Will you come a boating down by the Liffe shore  
 I'll make a pair of oars of your two long shins

**CHORUS—**

Crush her in the corner the gay old hag  
 Crush her in the corner my tight old hag  
 Crush her in the corner and keep her snug and warm  
 Put powder in her horn she's a fine old hag

Nepoleon's on dry land says the shan van vauth  
 Napoleon's on dry land says the shan van vauth  
 Napoleon's on dry land with a sword in his right hand  
 He's a gallant Ribbon man says the shan van vauth

My mother is getting young says the shan van vauth  
 My mother is getting young says the shan van vauth  
 My mother is getting young & she'll have another son  
 To make the Orange run says the shan van vauth

My mother has a heifer says the shan van vauth  
 My mother has a heifer says the shan van vauth  
 My mother has a heifer & she sleep behind the dresser  
 Yes and God Almighty bless her she's a fine old hag

Remember Father Hea says the shan van vauth  
 For him our hearts are the ding says the shan vauth  
 Yes & Father Murphy the bloody Orange crew  
 The burn'd him that's true says the shan van vauth

The Gibbits & pitch caps says the shan van vauth  
 The gibbits & pitch caps says the shan van vauth  
 The gibbits and pitch caps says the shan van vauth  
 My fine sons were standin' on the trap says the shan

If you do not mind them now says the shan van vauth  
 I solemnly do vow says the shan van vauth  
 They'll make you dance and show you how  
 Says the shan van vauth

Remember 98 says the shan van vauth  
 When our fine sons you thought to defeat  
 You thought them to defeat says the shan van vauth  
 But we beat you out compleat says the shan van vauth  
 Now your nearly out of date says the shan van vauth