



Pat and his Toe.

Pat Murphy, from Ireland has lately come o'er,
A chap that has never been with us before;
So frolicsome and friskey when he got on land,
He d a bladder of whisky slung in his roit hand.

CHORUS.

With his gram-ma-chree, filla-loo, tol ra-rol;
Gram-ma chree, filla-loo, fireaway, whack.

Now, the sailors were making a terrible grin,
Arrah, says Pat, sure I love a big swim;
Then into the water poor Pat he did go,
When a mighty codfish caught a houl't of his toe.
With his gram-ma-chree, &c.

Thunder and turf! poor Pat he did shout,
Bad luck to yez all, if ye don't get me ont;
Then stooping his head he roars out to the cod,
Leave a houl't of that toe or I'll take ye to quod.
With his gram-ma-chree, &c.

Poor Pat he walked off without saying a word,
He got his toe dressed by one Doctor Bird;
When the doctor said, pay! Pat gave him a nod,
By jabers, I will, when I catch the great cod.
With his gram-ma-chree, &c.

Out into the street poor Paddy was dodging,
I'own in a cellar he took up his lodging;
Not a bit of rest could he get with the fright,
Devil a wink I'll sleep, sure, without it is night.
With his gram-ma-chree, &c.

With bawling and spualling, and crying out oh!
Saying, what will I do, sure, without my big toe:
I cannot go back to ould Ireland without.
So it's round the fish market I'll take a look out.
With his gram-ma-chree, &c.

As Pat the fish market by chance went around,
One long-toed lobster cries, thunder an' ouns!
Pat sure says he, I would hrve you know,
That there is the cod that took off your big toe.
With his gram-ma-chree, &c.

Pat opened his mouth and took a peep in,
Sure there is the toe, I'll swear by the skin!
And if this be the cod he'll go back with me home,
And I'll clip off his ears down to the shin bone.
With his gram-ma-chree, &c.

He got drunk for joy, and let the fish fall,
And to find it out, lor' how Paddy did bawl;
The first cellar he came to, he cries out, hallo!
(Spoken.)—Arrah, mistress, did I leave my cod in
your hole below?
With his gram-ma-chree, &c.

And now, gentlemen, my song I have ended,
And I hope that none of you I have offended—
After all his misfortunes poor Pat, he must go,
And tramp back to old Ireland withut his big toe.
With his gram-ma-chree, &c.