

Darlin' Ould Stick

LOVELY JOAN

A story unto you I will relate
Concerning of a pretty maid
Concerning of sweet lovely Joan,
As she sat milking all alone.
He mounted on his milk white steed,
And so merrily he did ride,
He rode, he rode, its all alone
Until he came to lovely Joan;
Good morning to you my pretty maid,
Twice good morning kind sir she
What are you milking all alone, (said
O yes replied sweet lovely Joan
Then he pulled out a purse of gold,
And said pretty maid all this behold,
All this I'll give for your maidenhead,
And her cheeks they blush'd like roses
red,
Noble knight I pray forbear,
And dont you make no remarks on me
For tomorrow morning I'm to be wed,
And my love shall enjoy my maidenhead
It was then he made a solemn vow,
That he would have it whether or no,
This he said to frighten Joan,
As she sat milking all alone,
Give me the gold sir in my hand
That I may neither stop or stand
For that will do more good for me
Ehah twenty maidenheads said she,
He looked round all for a bed,
She mounted on his milk white steed,
He call'd he call'd but it was in vain,
For she never looked back again
She neve thought herself quite safe
Until she got to her true loves gate,
She robb'd him of his steed & gold,
And left him the empty purse to hold,
It pleased her true love to the heart,
To think how well she'd play'd her
part
To morrow morning we'll be wed,
As my love shall enjoy my maidenhead

DARLIN OULD STICK

My name is bold Morgan Mc Carthy from Trim
My relations all died, except one brother Jim,
I'd dare say he's laid low a kick on his skull,
But let him be dead or b' living
A prayer for his corpse'll be giving
To send him soon home or to heaven,
For he left me this darlin' old stick

E HODGES Priester Wholesale Toy

That stick had a tongue it could tell you a tale,
How it batt'd the countenances of the O Neills
I made bits of skulls fly about in the air,
And it's been the promoter of fun at each fair
For I swear by the toenail of Moses
It has broken the bridges of noses
Of the faction that dare to oppose us,
It's the darlin' old stick

The last time I used it was Saint Patricks day
Larry Fagan & I got into a shillay;
We went on a spree to the fair Athboy
Where I danced & when done I kissed Kate
M Evey.

Then her sweetheart went out for his cousin,
And be Jabbers he brought in a dozen,
A dolldram they would have knocked us in
If I had'nt the tast of a stick,

War was the word when the faction came in;
and to pummice us well peeled off to the skin,
Like a Hercules there I stood for the attack
And the first that came upon sent down on his ha
Then I shove out the eye of Pate Clancy;
For he once hurabug my sister Nancy
In the mean time poor Kate took a fancy;
To myself and my bit of a stick.

I smatered her sweetheart until he was black,
She then tipped the wink we were off in a crack
We went to a house t'other end of the town
and cheered up our spirits by letting some down
When I got her snag into the corner
The whiskey begining to warm her
She told me he was an informer,
To myself & my bit of a stick,

We got whisk ifented to such a degree,
For support my poor Kate had to lean against
I promised to see her safe to her abode,
By the ternal we fell clean in the mud on the road
we were roused by the magistrat's order
Befor we could get a toe further
surrounded by Peelers for murther,
Was myself and my innocent stick.

When the trial came on Kate swore to the fact
Before I set to I was decently whacked;
And the judge had a little more feeling than sence,
He said what I'd done was in my own defence
But a chap swore against me called Carey,
Though that night he was in Tipperary
He'd swear a coal poster was a cannary
To transport me and my darlin' ould stick.

When I was acquitted I left from the dock;
And all the gay fellows around me did flock,
I'd a pain in my shoulder I shook hands so often
For the boys all imagined I'd seen my own
I went & bought a gold ring six (coffins
And Kate to the priest I did bring six,
So next night if you come I will sing six,
The adventure of me & my stick.

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