



Duke William's Frolic.

Duke William and a Nobleman, heroes of England's nation,
One morning nigh to two o'clock did take their recreation;
Into the country they did go, in sailor's dress from top to toe,
Said Duke William, now let us know what you say to bold sailors.

All in the sailor's trim, they straightway hastened to an inn,
And when there they made all stare, at their manly appearance,
The landlady view'd; they did begin by good words to assail her;
She said come in, be not afraid, I love the jolly sailors.

Then upstairs they did go, in a room did enter:
The Duke did say, landlady see bring wine both white and red;
Before the wine was drank out, a press-gang, that was bold and stout,

In lower rooms did search about for warlike sailors.

The landlady said go upstairs if sailors you are seeking,
But one's so fat, I dare say, that you can hardly ship him,
Ne'er mind, the press-gang they did say, and upstairs went
without delay:

What ship brothers, come tell us pray, we are jolly sailors.

We do belong to George, said Will, said they where's your protection,

We have none at all, they did reply, don't cast on us reflection,
The lieutenant then did say, brothers go without delay:
Thus you shall not make a prey our warrant is for sailors.

They led them to the leader then; the captain he did meet them,

The duke said, kind gentlemen, take care of your sheep,
With that the captain he did swear, I am your shepherd I declare,

We'll make you know, you saucy are, get down among the sailors.

The nobleman he did go down, but the duke he refused;
With which the officers did frown and sadly him abused,
Where must I lie? his highness said, must I not have a feather bed?

You'r fat enough they all replied, pig in among the sailors.

Then down below the duke did go unto his comrade, sir;
How he did swear to see the fate of many a brisk young blade, sir,

Below he tore his trowsers o'er and calling for some tailors,
The captain said, you saucy blade, there's none here but sailors.

For your bold airs the captain said you'll surely get your flogs, sir,

To the gangway him quick convey to whip him like a dog, sir,
Come strip he cried, the duke replied, I do not like your laws, sir.

I ne'er will strip for to be whipped, so strip me if you dare, sir,

Then instantly the boatswain's mate began to undress him,
But presently he did espy, the star upon his breast, sir,
Then on their knees they straight did fall and for mercy soon did call,

He replied base villains thus for using us poor sailors.

No wonder that my father cannot man his shipping,
'Tis by using them so barbarously and always them a whipping,
But for the future sailors all shall have good usage, great and small,

To hear the news together all cried God bless duke William.

He ordered them fresh officers that stood in need of wealth,
And left the crew some gold that they might drink his health;
And when that they did go away the sailors all with a loud huzza,
Cried blest be that happy day whereon was born duke William.



A Thumping Cork Red.

Hail to the root that in Erin advances,
Long live our brethern on praties to dine,
And bright be the blossom in summer that glances,
On the stay and support of the Patlander's line;
And long let me look on them,
Sending forth bud and stem,
Rejoicing the hearts of young Sheelah and Ned;
And still may the murphy rig,
Turn them out dry and big,—
Nothing's to Pat like a thumping Cork Red.

In the days short and cold, when the frost binds the fountain,
And the cabin hearth smiles with a turf fire bright,
And the snow in white raiment hath cover'd the mountain,
Let the boys roast potatoes from morning till night;
And always their cots within,
Gravy to soak them in,

This is far better than porridge or bread;
And through every glen and bog,
Quench them in poteen grog,—
Nothing's to Pat like a thumping Cork Red.

When smiling spring comes with her sunshine and shower,
Strewing verdure and beauty all over the land,
On the hill you'll see Pat in his glory and power,
With his coat on the rig and his spade in his hand;

And near him his Judy dear,
Singing, his heart to cheer,
Dropping the praties in rows on the bed;
While hope in his bosom dwells,
Autumn advancing tells—
Nothing's to Pat like a thumping Cork Red.

Ye haunts of proud fashion, ye gardens of flowers,
Shew me ought like a field of fine praties in bloom,
Where their constant cry is thro' the whole summer hours,
"Arrah can't yees lie over and give me more room;"

Och with joy then he eye's them round,
Rising above the ground,
For they cannot get space to lie still in their bed;
But upwards come rushing out,
'Scaped from a crushing out—
Nothing's to Pat like a thumping Cork Red.

When Pat and wee Barney are worn out with toiling,
No green tea or coffee refreshment they seek,
But sit round the fire and watch the roots boiling,
"And eat them just twenty-one times in the week;"

But on from the month of May,
Take them but twice a day,
For when they grow scarce they have little in stead;
And always let pork or fish,
Smoke near the pratie dish—
Nothing's to Pat like a thumping Cork Red.

