

Arkansas Traveller's Songster

An Extensive and Choice Collection of New and Popular Comic and Sentimental Songs

1864

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THE SAILOR-BOY'S GOOD-BY.

AIR — “ Woodman, spare that Tree.”

MY mother dear, I go
Far o'er the distant sea—
But let me gladly know
A blessing fond from thee.
The fate that makes us poor,
Calls forth the parting sigh,
And drives me from thy door—
My mother dear, good-by !

And when in distant lands
I make my exiled prayer,
And raise my folded hands
To Him who'll guide me there—
I'll crave for thee each joy,
And He will hear my cry ;
Then, smiling, kiss thy boy—
My mother dear, good-by !

This poor but pretty cot,
On which the sunset gleams,
Will ne'er be once forgot—
'Twill mingle in my dreams.
And when from distant climes
Thy truant boy comes nigh,
We'll share the happy times—
My mother dear, good-by !

The thoughts of thy dear form,
Thy cherished voice so kind,
Will cheer me in the storm,
Amid the howling wind.
I dare not now remain ;
But quick the time will fly,
When we shall meet again—
My mother dear, good-by !

•

PADDY O'FLANAGAN.

'Twas Paddy O'Flanagan set out one morning
From Dublin, sweet city, to London on foot.
In an old tattered jacket, all foppery scorning,
With a shoe on his leg and his neck in a boot.
Musha whack ! in no time he walked over the water,
And soon set his head on England's famed shore ;
Willie for joy of his safety his stomach did totter—
He sung Teddy O'Reilly and Molly Asthore,
With his phililu hubbuboo hugamaurainee,
Musha gra, botheration, and smalliloo huh !

A place he soon got when in London arrived, sir,
To brush up a gemman, and wait on his coat—
Where he soon learned to know that jist four beans make
five, sir,
And could tell you a tale with his tongue down his throat.
Now one day, while Pat was his master attending.
In his study, where letters around him did lay.
When he begged hard for one to his friends to be sending,
As 'twould save him from writing, and be the best way.
With his phililu, etc.

Soon after, being sent with a basket and letter,
Crammed full of live pigeons to give to a friend,
Enraged at their fluttering, he thought it was better
To set them at large, and their misery end :
Then on, jog he went, to the place where directed,
But the door had no knocker—so, what does he do ?
'Faith, he knocked at the next, where the servant attending
Cried Pat, " It's your knocker I want, and not you !"
With your phililu, etc.

Being brought 'fore the gemman, he gave him the note,
Who said, " In the letter here's pigeons, I find."
" Bejabers," says Pat, " that's a very good joke,
For they fled from the basket, and left me behind !"
The gentleman swore for the loss he must pay,
Or on losing his place for certain depend ;
Pat replied, " To your offer I'll not once say nay,
If you'll be so kind as the money to lend !"
With my phililu, etc.

Being pleased with the joke, poor Pat got forgiven,
For, though blunder on blunder, no harm there was
meant :
And if he's not dead, with his master he's living—
And when not out of humor, is always content.
Nay, more, Paddy Flanagan joins in the wish
That the cares of our friends may soon find a decrease ;
That war may be drowned on dry land with the fish,
And the world forever taste blessings of peace.
With my phililu, etc.

•

KATTY O'RANN.

WAS not Patrick O'Lilt, sure, a broth of a lad,
Who bartered what money and baubles he had,
 for thee love of his sweetheart. Miss Katty O'Rann ?
Since he fell deep in love, 'faith ! no longer the spade
He handled, or followed the turf-cutting trade ;
But sang day and night to make his heart light,
And swore for his Katty he'd die or he'd fight :
 Thus did Patrick O'Lilt for Miss Katty O'Rann.
 Chorus—Ri tol de rol, etc.

He sang out bis love in a sorrowful strain :
His warbling^she heard, but she laughed at his pain—
 Which he could not bear from Miss Katty O'Rann.
'Twas enough to have melted the heart of a stone
To have heard the poor lad sing, sigh, mutter, and moan,
Willie she turned up her nose, which stood always awry,
And plump en another she cast her sheep's eye,
 Crying, “ Pat, you won't do for Miss Katty O'Rann.”
 Ri tol de rol, etc.

As he found no impression he made on the maid,
'Faith, he shoveled himself out of life with his spade,
 Determined to perish for Katty O'Rann :
For, with spade, axe, and mallet, about his neck tied,
He plunged in the Liffey, and there for her died !
As he sunk from the shore, he cried, “ Katty, no more
Shall you trouble my spirit, or make my bones sore ;
 So bad luck to you, beautiful Katty O'Rann !”
 Ri tol de rol, etc

•

KATHLEEN O'REGAN.

A BOY in my teens, just before I reached twenty,
 Among the young lasses would cast a hawk's eye :
Fresh lilies and roses, and posies in plenty,
 Graced Kathleen O'Regan, the pride of Athy.
She'd say, “Pat, be aisy ! ah, why do you teaze me ?
 I dread to come near you, and cannot tell why.”
“ My sowll neither Jenny nor Nell of Kilkenny
 Are dear as sweet Kathleen, the pride of Athy.”

“ Arrah, Pat, you know that my father and mother
 Both think me too young to be married—oh, fie !
To stay awhile longer I know they would rather ;

Then can't you have patience?"—"Dear Kathleen, not I."
She smiled like a Cupid, which made me look stupid—
My eyes fixed with love, when I found she'd comply ;
So bloomed every feature, like soft tints of Nature,
Of Kathleen O'Regan, the pride of Athy.

Then war drove me on to where battle was raging,
She kissed me, I pressed her with tears in each eye :
We sighed, groaned, and blubbered—she cried so engaging
"Remember poor Kathleen, and once-loved Athy,
Where oft, in its bowers, you've pulled me sweet flowers—
If e'er you forget it, I'll certainly die !"
"My Kathleen, to you, love, I'll ever be true, love,
Sweet Kathleen O'Regan, the pride of Athy."

•

RORY O'MORE.

YOUNG Rory O'More courted Kathaleen Bawn—
He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn ;
He wished in his heart pretty Kathaleen to please,
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathaleen would cry,
Reproof on her lip, but the smile in her eye ;
"With your tricks, I don't know in truth what I'm about
Faith, you've teased till I've put on my cloak inside out."
"O jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way
You've thrated my heart for this many a day ;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure ?
For 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathaleen, "don't think of the like,
For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike ;
The ground that I walk on he loves, I'll be bound."
"Faith," says Rory, "I'd rather love you than the ground."
"Now, Rory, I'll cry, if you don't let me go ;
Sure I dream every night that I'm hating you so."
"Oh !" says Rory, "that same I'm delighted to hear,
For dhramas always go by contharies, my dear ;
O jewel, keep dhraming that same till you die,
And Morning will give dirty Night the black lie ;
And 'tis plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure ?
Since 'tis all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathaleen, my darling, you've teased me enough,
And I've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim Duff ;
And I've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste ;
So I think, after that, I may talk to the praste."
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arms round her neck—
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck—

And he looked in her eyes, that were beaming with light,
And he kissed her sweet lips, don't you think he was right?
" Now, Rory, leave off, sir ! you'll hug me no more—
That's eight times to-day that you've kissed me before."
" Then here goes another," says he, " to make sure,
For there's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.

•

MY OWN NATIVE LAND.

I'VE roved over mountain, I've crossed over flood ;
I've traversed the wave-rolling sand :
Though the fields were as green, and the moon shone
bright,
Yet it was not my own native land.
No, no, no, no, no—no, no, no, no !
Though the fields were as green, and the moon shone as bright,
Yet it was not my own native land.

The right hand of friendship how oft I have grasped,
And bright eyes have smiled and looked bland ;
Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
In the West—in ray own native land.
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes—yes, yes, yes, yes, yes !
Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
In the West—in my own native land.

Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love,
Where flourishes Liberty's tree ;
The birthplace of Freedom, our own native home,
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free !
Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes—yes, yes, yes, yes, yes !
The birthplace of Freedom, our own native home,
'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free !

•

THE FINE OULD IRISH GINTLEMAN.

I'LL sing you a fine ould song, made by a find ould Paddy's
pate,
Of a fine ould Irish gintleman, who had the divil a taste of
an estate,
Except a fine ould patch of pitatys that he liked exceed-
ingly to ate,
For they were beef to him, and mutton too, and barring a
red herring or a rusty rasher of bacon now and thin,
almost every other sort of mate ;
Yet this fine ould Irish gintleman was one of the rale ould
stock I

His cabin-walls were covered o'er with fine ould Irish mud
Because he couldn't afford to have any paper hangings, and
between you and me he wouldn't give a pin for them
if he could ;

And jist as proud as Julius Sayzer, or Alixander the Great,
this independent ragamuffin stood.

With a glass of fine ould Irish whiskey in his fist, which
he's decidedly of opinion will do a mighty dale of
good,

To this fine ould Irish gintleman, all of the rale ould stock!

Now this fine ould Irish gintleman wore mighty curious
clothes—

Though, for comfort, I'll be bail that they'd bate any of
your fashionable beaux ;

For when the sun was very hot, the gintle wind right
through his ventilation garments most beautifully
blows ;

And he's never troubled with any corns, and I'll tell you
why—because he despises the wakeness of wearing
any thing as hard as leather on his toes;

Yet this fine ould Irish gintleman was one of the rale ould
stock !

Now this fine ould Irish gintleman has a mighty curious
knack

Of flourishing a tremendous great shillaly in his hand, and
letting it drop down with a most uncompromising
whack ;

So, of most superior shindies, you may take your oath, if
you ever happen to be called upon, for it he very
nearly never had a lack;

And it's very natural, and not at all surprising, to suppose
that the fine ould Irish mud was well acquainted
with the back

Of this fine ould Irish gintleman, all of the rale ould stock !

This fine ould Irish gintleman he was once out upon a
spree,

And, as many a fine ould Irish gintleman has done, and
more betoken will do to the end of time, he got
about as dhrunk as he could be ;

His senses was completely mulvathered, and the conse-
quence was that he could neither hear nor see ;

So they thought he was stone dead and gone intirely—so
the best thing they could do would be to have him
waked and buried dacintly.

Like a fine ould Irish gintleman, all of the rale ould stock !

So this fine ould Irish gintleman he was laid out upon a
 bed.
 With half a dozen candles at his heels, and two or three
 dozen, more or less, about his head ;
 But when the whiskey-bottle was uncorked, he couldn't
 stand it any longer, so he riz right up in bed—
 “ And when sich mighty fine stuff as that is going about,”
 says he, “ ye don't think I'd be sich a soft-headed
 fool as to be dead ?”
 Oh, this fine ould Irish gintleman it was mighty hard to
 kill !

•

MEET ME, MISS MOLLY MALONE,

A Parody on “ Meet Me by Moonlight alone.”
 Bung by GEO. C. EDESON, comedian and vocalist

MEET me, Miss Molly Malone,
 In the grove at the end of the vale ;
 But be sure you don't come there alone —
 Bring a pot of your master's strong ale,
 With a nice bit of beef and some bread ;
 Some pickles, or cucumbers green,
 Or a nice little dainty pig's head—
 'Tis the loveliest tit-bit e'er seen.
 Then meet me, etc.

Pastry may do for the gay,
 Old maids may find comfort in tea ;
 But there's something about ham and beef
 That agrees a deal better with me.
 Remember my cupboard is bare—
 Then come, if my dear life you prize ;
 I'd have lived the last fortnight on air.
 But you sent me two nice mutton-pies !
 Then meet me, etc.

•

DOCTOR O'TOOLE,
 And his Illigant School.

As snug by ED BERRY, comedian and vocalist
 AIR—“ Derry down.”

In this wonderful age, when most men go to college
 And every man's head has a hatful of knowledge
 'Twill soon be a wonder to meet with a fool,
 When such men are abroad as Professor O'Toole—
 Great Doctor O'Toole, and his illigant school

There are very few men, like O'Toole, who can teach :
If the head won't respond, he applies to the breech !
And whacking them well, till with blows they are full,
“ Let's knock in the larnin' !” says Doctor O'Toole.
Great Doctor O'Toole, etc.

One morning, the Doctor went out to his walk,
And he saw on the door his own portrait in chalk:
That morning he flogged every boy in the school !—
“ It's a part of my system,” says Doctor O'Toole.
Great Doctor O'Toole, etc.

“ Get on with your lessons as fast as you can.
For knowledge is sweeter than eggs and fried ham,
Don't try to deceive me, like ducks in a pool,
Or I'll blow you to blazes !” says Doctor O'Toole.
Great Doctor O'Toole, etc.

“ And now, my dear children, bear always in mind
That words without meaning are nothing but wind ;
Accept of all favors, make that the first rule,
Or you're a parcel of asses !” says Doctor O'Toole.
Great Doctor O'Toole, etc.

“ If you go to a house, and they ask you to eat,
Don't hold your head down, and refuse the good meat
But say you will drink too, or, just like the mule,
You're unworthy of lessons from Doctor O'Toole.”
Great Doctor O'Toole, etc.

“ When your father and mother have turned their backs
Don't kick up a row with the dogs and the cats ;
Nor tie the pig's tail to the table or stool,
For you're a parcel of divils !” says Doctor O'Toole.
Great Doctor O'Toole, etc.

“ But give over fightin', and think of your sins,
Or I'll break every bone in your impudent skins !
Give over your ructions, don't think me a fool,
Or I'll punish you blackguards !” says Doctor O'Toole.
Great Doctor O'Toole, etc.

“ Now the lessons are over, so run away home ;
Don't turn up your nose at a crust or a bone :
Come back in the morning, for that is the rule,
And you'll get more instruction from Doctor O'Toole.
Great Doctor O'Toole, etc.

•

JANE O'MALLEY.

I'LL tell thee a tale of a maiden's veil,
It was worn by Jane O'Malley ;
On the Highland green her form was seen,
But she now sleeps in the valley !
Chorus—She now sleeps.
She now sleeps in the valley.

One year ago, when the sun was low,
Along with Elwyn Ally,
To chat and talk, she took a walk—
But she now sleeps in the valley !
She now sleeps, etc.

They talked of love—she stood above
A rocky cliff, with Ally :
Alas ! she fell—he could not save—
And she now sleeps in the valley !
She now sleeps, etc.

They searched the ground till the spot was found,
Where struggled Jane O'Malley—
Where the rock was cleft, her veil was left,
And she now sleeps in the valley !
She now sleeps, etc.

•

COME, SIT THEE DOWN.

COME, sit thee down, my bonny, bonny love,
Come, sit thee down, by me, love,
And I will tell thee many a tale
Of the dangers of the sea ;
Of the perils of the deep, love,
Where angry tempests roar.
And the raging billows wildly dash
Upon the groaning shore !

Come, sit thee down, my bonny, bonny love,
Come, sit thee down by me, love,
And I will tell thee many a tale
Of the dangers of the sea.
The skies are flaming red, my love,
The skies are flaming red, love,
And darkly rolls the mountain-wave,
And rears its monstrous head ;
While skies and ocean blending,
And bitter howls the blast—
And one daring tar, 'twixt life and death
Clings to the shattered mast !
Come, sit thee down, etc.

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