

The Emerald

or

Book of Irish Melodies

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A Choice collection of Sentimental, Comic, Convivial, Political, and Patriotic songs of  
Erinia

New York

1863

Songs of Old Ireland

•

The Wonderful Irishman.

There was a lady lived at Leith,  
A lady very stylish, man,  
And yet in spite of her teeth,  
She fell in love with an Irishman—  
A nasty, ugly Irishman,  
A wild, tremendous Irishman—  
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramping,  
roaring Irishman.

His face was no ways beautiful,  
For with small-pox 'twas scarred across,  
And the shoulders of the ugly dog  
Were almost double a yard across.  
O the lump of an Irishman,  
The whiskey-devouring Irishman—  
The great he rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the  
fighting, rioting Irishman.

One of his eyes was bottle-green,  
And the other was out, my dear,  
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs  
Were more than two feet across, my dear.  
O the great big Irishman,  
The rattling, battling Irishman—  
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, lath-  
ering, swash of an Irishman.

He took so much of Lundy foot  
That he used to snort and snuffle, O,  
And in shape and size the fellow's neck  
Was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.

O the horrible Irishman,  
The thundering, blundering Irishman—  
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing,  
hashing Irishman.  
His name was a terrible name, indeed,  
Being Timothy Thady Mulligan ;  
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,  
He'd not rest till he filled it full again.  
Th' intoxicated Irishman—  
The boozing, bruizing Irishman—  
The whisky, frisky, rummy, grummy, brandy, no-  
dandy Irishman.

This was the lad the lady loved,  
Like all the girls of quality,  
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith  
Just by way of jollity ;  
O the slathering Irishman,  
The barbarous, savage Irishman—  
The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads,  
were bothered, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

•

Ould Ireland ! You're My Darlin' .

Ould Ireland ! you're my jewel, sure,  
My heart's delight and glory ;  
Till time shall pass his empty glass,  
Your name shall live in story.  
And this shall be the song for me,  
The first my heart was larnin' ,  
Before my tongue one accent sung,  
Ould Ireland ! you're my darlin' .

My blessing's on each manly son  
Of thine who will stand by thee ;  
But hang the knave and dastard slave  
So base as to deny thee.  
Then bould and free, while yet for me  
The globe is round us whirlin' ,  
My song shall be, Gra Galmachree,  
Ould Ireland ! you're my darlin' !

Sweet spot of earth that gave me birth,  
Deep in my soul I cherish,  
While life remains within these veins,  
A love that ne'er can perish.  
If it was a thing that I could sing,  
Like any thrush or starlin' ,  
In cage or tree, my song should be,  
Ould Ireland ! you're my darlin' .

•

Erin go Bragh.

Green were the fields where my forefathers dwelt,  
Oh ! Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh.  
Tho' our farm it was small, yet comfort we felt,  
Oh ! Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh !  
At length came the day when our lease did expire,  
And fain would I live where before lived my sire,  
But ah, well-a-day, I was forced to retire ;  
Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh.

Though all taxes I paid, yet no vote could I pass, oh !  
Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh !  
Aggrandized no great man, and I felt it, alas ! oh !  
Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh !  
Forced from my home, yea, where I was born,  
To range the wide world, poor, helpless, forlorn ;  
I look back with regret, and my heart-strings are torn,  
Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh !

With principles pure, patriotic, and firm,  
Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh !  
Attach'd to my country, a friend to reform,  
Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh !  
I supported old Ireland, was ready to die for it,  
If her foes e'er prevailed, I was well known to sigh  
for it ;  
By my faith I preserved, and am now forced to fly  
for it ;  
Erin, mavourneen, slan laght go bragh !

•

The Night Before Larry Was Stretched.  
Written by the late J. P. Curran, Esq.

The night before Larry was stretched,  
The boys they all paid him a visit,  
A bit in their sacks too they fetched,  
They sweated their duds till they riz it ;  
For Larry was always the lad,  
When a friend was condemned to the squeezer,  
But he'd fence all the togs that he had,  
To help a poor friend to the sneezer,  
And moisten his gob 'fore he died.

“ I'm sorry now, Larry,” says I,  
“ To see you in this situation ;  
Pon my conscience, my lad, I don't lie,  
I'd rather it had been my own station.”

“ Och hone ! ’tis all over,” says he,  
“ For the neckcloth I’m forced to put on,  
And by this time to-morrow you’ll see,  
Your Larry will be dead as mutton,  
Because why, my dear, my courage was good.”

The boys they came crowding in fast,  
They drew all their stools round about him ;  
Six glims round his trap-case were placed.  
He could not be well waked without them ;  
I axed if he were fit for to die,  
Without having duly repented ?  
Says Larry, “ that’s all in my eye.  
It’s only what gownsmen invented,  
To get a fat bit for themselves.”

The cards being called for, they played  
Till Larry found one of them cheated,  
He made a smart stroke for the head,  
(The boy being easily heated),  
“ Och! by the holy, you thief,  
I’ll scuttle your nob with my daddle,  
You cheat me because I’m in grief,  
But soon I’ll demolish your noddle,  
And leave you your claret to drink.”

Then in came the priest with his book,  
He spoke him so smooth and so civil,  
Larry tipped him a Kilmainham look,  
And pitched his big wig to the devil.  
Then stooping a little his head,  
To get a sweet drop of the bottle,  
And pitiful sighing he said,  
Oh, the hemp will be soon round my throttle  
And choke my poor windpipe to death.

So moving his last words he spoke,  
We all vented our tears in a shower ;  
For my part, I thought my heart broke,  
To see him cut down like a flower.  
On his travels we watched him next day,  
Oh the hangman I thought I could kill him,  
nor one word poor Larry did say,  
Not changed till he came to King William.  
Then my dear his color turned white.

When he came to the nubbling chit,  
He was tucked up so nate and so pretty  
The rumbler jogged off from his feet,  
And he died with his face to the city.  
He kicked too—but that was all pride  
For soon you might see ’twas all over,

Soon after the noose was untied,  
And at dark we waked him in clover,  
And sent him to take a ground sweat.

•

### I'm Leaving Old Ireland

I'm leaving old Ireland,  
The land of my heart,  
Oh ! bless me, dear mother,  
Before I depart ;  
I know you will miss me,  
I fear you will grieve,  
When darkly between us  
The dark waters heave ;  
But heaven will watch o'er you  
And kindly befriend,  
And still your poor Kathleen  
From danger defend.  
I'm leaving old Ireland,  
The land of my heart,  
Oh ! bless me, dear mother,  
Before I depart.

When far among strangers,  
I wander alone,  
My thoughts will be straying  
To days that are gone ;  
Asleep or awaking,  
I'll think of you still,  
And our turf-covered cabin,  
Beside the green hill ;  
The hour will be joyous  
And welcome to me,  
When after long absence  
My dear home I see.  
I'm leaving old Ireland,  
The land of my heart,  
Oh ! bless me, dear mother,  
Before I depart.

•

### The Laud of Potatoes, O ! Air—Morgan Rattler.

If I had on the clear  
But five hundred a year,  
'Tis myself would not fear  
Without adding a farthing to 't ;  
Faith if such was my lot,

Little Ireland's the spot  
Where I'd build a snug cot,  
    With a bit of garden to 't.  
As for Italy's dales,  
With their Alps and high vales,  
Where with fine squalling gales,  
    Their signoras so treat us, !  
I'd ne'er to them come,  
Nor abroad ever roam,  
But enjoy a sweet home  
    In the land of potatoes, !  
Hospitality, all reality, no formality,  
    There you ever see ;  
But free and easy 'twould so amaze ye, you'd think us  
    all crazy,  
        For dull we never be !

If my friend honest Jack,  
Would but take a small hack,  
And just get on his back,  
    And with joy gallop full to us ;  
He, throughout the whole year,  
Then should have the best cheer,  
For faith none so dear  
    As our brother, John Bull, to us !  
And we'd teach him, when there,  
    Both to blunder and swear,  
And our brogue with him share,  
    Which both genteel and neat is, O !  
And we'd make him so drink,  
    By St. Patrick, I think,  
That he never would shrink  
    From the land of potatoes, !  
        Hospitality, &c.

Though I freely agree  
I should more happy be  
If some lovely she  
From Old England would favor me ;  
For no spot on earth  
Can more merit bring forth,  
If with beauty and worth  
You embellish'd would have her be ;  
Good breeding, good nature,  
You find in each feature,  
That nought you've to teach her—  
So sweet and complete she's, !  
Then if fate would but send  
Unto me such a friend,  
What a life would I spend  
In the land of potatoes, !  
        Hospitality, &c.

•

Oh ! Once We Were Illigant People  
From “ Charles O’Malley.”

Oh ! once we were illigant people,  
Though we now live in cabins of mud ;  
And the land that ye see from the steeple  
Belonged to us all from the flood.  
My father was then king of Connaught,  
My grandaunt viceroy of Tralee ;  
But the Sassenach came, and signs on it !  
The divil an acre have we.

The least of us then were all earls,  
And jewels we wore without name !  
We drank punch out of rubies and pearls—  
Mr. Petrie can tell you the same.  
But, except some turf mould and potatoes,  
There’s nothing our own we can call :  
And the English—bad luck to them !—hate us,  
Because we’ve more fun than them ah !

My grandaunt was niece to St. Kevin,  
That’s the reason my name’s Mickey Free!  
Priest’s nieces—but sure he’s in Heaven,  
And his failing is nothin’ to me.  
And we still might get on without doctors,  
If they’d let the ould island alone ;  
And if purplemen, priests, and tithe-proctors  
Were crammed down the great gun of Athlone.

•

Kill or Cure.

Written and Composed by J. H. Ogden.

I’m a roving Irish boy, I was born in Ballaragian,  
And christen’d with much joy after my father Patrick  
Faghan ;  
I had a sweet-heart Katty, and I courted her so gaily,  
Divil a thought had I of trouble as I twisted my shillelah.  
Musha Katty O’Shaughnessy, she’s the girl for me,  
Whack fal the daddy, musha Katty O’Shaughnessy.

Och ! ’Twas herself I courted, a girl both nate and cosey,  
She said she loved me in return, her cheeks were round  
and rosy,  
Of sov’reigns I had twinty, and says she I’ve siventeen,  
Faith we’ll join ourselves and them together, and live like  
king and queen.  
Musha Katty O’Shaughnessy, she’s the girl for me,  
Whack fal the daddy, musha Katty O’Shaughnessy.

So we both set sail for Liverpool and pack'd our kits to-  
gether,  
And married got so nate and cool in spite of wind and  
weather ;  
With our money we open'd a shop in a business not  
amiss,  
We sold oysters, haddocks, mac' rel, mussels, praties and  
fry'd fish.  
Musha Katty O'Shaughnessy, she's the girl for me,  
Whack fal the daddy, musha Katty O'Shaughnessy.

In business we did well, till one day she was taken ill, sir.  
And the doctor almost ruin'd me with sending in his bill,  
sir,  
So I made a bargain with him " kill or cure" for twenty  
pounds, so frisky,  
He was a decent sort so I thought I'd stand a naggin of  
whiskey.  
Musha Katty O'Shaughnessy, she is the girl for me,  
Whack fal the daddy, musha Katty O'Shaughnessy.

But she grew worse and worse, which made me quake with  
fear, sir,  
The doctor he attended her for more than half a year,  
sir.  
Till one fine morn she died, and myself it did bewilder,  
And the doctor wanted his twenty pounds (Spoken) says I  
you never cur'd her ?  
No says he, then says I (singing) you dar not say you  
kill'd her !  
Musha Katty O'Shaughnessy, she was the girl for me,  
Whack fal the daddy, Musha Katty O'Shaughnessy.

So gintlemen injoy yourselves, the whiskey drink like  
thunder.  
Yez cannot help but own yourselves there's mirth in an  
Irish blunder,  
But when for your wives a doctor yez want, mind and yez  
be sure,  
Make the bargain like I did myself with the doctor " kill  
or cure,"  
Musha Katty O'Shaughnessy, that's the style for me,  
Whack fal the daddy, musha Katty O'Shaughnessy.

•

Pat's Curiosity Shop.  
A New Comic Song.

You've heard talk of Paddy's museum,  
Its modern and ancient antiques,



If not, when you listen you'll hear 'em,  
Of their fame all ould Ireland speaks.  
I was ever looked on as a lover  
Of ancient antiques from my birth,  
So I thought I'd a right to discover,  
What nobody else could on earth.

CHORUS :

Oh, a fig for your Barnum's Museum,  
When you can, at my house you may stop,  
You'll be split like a stone when you see 'em,  
At Pat's curiosity shop.

I've bolted ten times through the globe, sir,  
To bring all my wonders away ;  
I have borrowed the patience of Job, sir,  
To keep me awake night and day ;  
With politeness, oh ain't I been treated,  
Never kilt—though thrice cut in two—  
But you'll stare at me when I've repeated,  
My string of antiquities through.  
Oh, a fig, &c.

I've two, more than all I take pride in,  
One's old mother Shipton's birch broom,  
On which the old gal would fly striding—  
And the watch of the man of the moon.  
I've a frozen, flame from Mount Etna,  
Caught by a man passing by :  
A sly Cupid's dart forged at Gretna,  
With the lash of Pope Gregory's eye.  
Oh, a fig, &c

I've got a full grown alligator,  
That in sleep turned himself inside out ;  
The tail of the great Agitator,  
With a knot of the first Russian Knout.  
I've a pair of kid shoes made of satin,  
A nutmeg as big as your head ;  
The chair that old King Canute sat in,  
And a cobweb as heavy as lead.  
Oh, a fig, &c.

I've a walking stick thick as my arm,  
That belonged to O'Brien, the brave,  
I've got mother Hubbard's great charm,  
Drowned sailors from shipwreck to save,  
I've the bustle of Jupiter's mother,  
With Mercury's grandmother's stays ;  
And I've got the steel pen of my brother,  
With which he wrote all Shaksneare's plays.

Oh, a fig, &c.

I've got Dr. Bushby's old table,  
The cap of Bill Soiners the fool,  
The roof of the tower of Babel,  
With prince Donohoe's three-legged stool.  
I've a beetle as big as a bowl,  
That would hold twenty gallons or more,  
And the very identical roll  
The baker gave Mrs. Jane Shore.

Oh, a fig, &c.

I've the snout of old Whittington's cat,  
Patched coats without any stitches ;  
Adam's spade, and his four-and-nine hat,  
With a pair of King William's breeches.  
I've got the snuff-box of Mahomet,  
An Irish nobleman's wig ;  
And Miss Queen Elizabeth's bonnet,  
And the brain of the famed learned pig.

Oh, a fig, &c.

I've the bone of the shoulder of mutton,  
That was roasted at Anthony's least,  
And a beautiful pearly white button,  
Off the coat of an old Druid priest.  
I've got, too, the harp of Timotheus,  
That played Alexander to sleep.  
The poker with which he killed Clytus,  
Which caused all the country to weep.

Oh, a fig, &c.

I've got his great horse's tail too,  
Domitian's long baccy pipe,  
Cleopatra's purple silk sail too,  
And a bee twice the size of a snipe.  
I could tell—but the doctors declare  
More singing would soon turn my brain,  
But some other time I don't care,  
When yon drop in, to sing 'em again.

Oh, a fig, &c.

.

My Heart's in Old Ireland.

My bark on the billow dash'd gloriously on,  
And glad were the notes of the sailor-boy's song ;  
Yet sad was my bosom and bursting with woe,  
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,  
Oh ! my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go.

More dear than the flowers that Italy yields,  
Are the red-breasted daisies that spangle thy fields,  
The shamrock, the hawthorn, the white blossom sloe,  
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,  
Oh ! my heart's, &c.

The shores they look lovely, yet cheerless and vain,  
Bloom the lillies of France, and the olives of Spain ;  
When I think of the fields where the wild daisies grow,  
Then my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,  
Oh ! my heart's, &c.

The lillies and roses abandon the plains,  
Though the summer's gone by, still the shamrock  
remains,  
Like a friend in misfortune it blossoms o'er the snow ;  
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,  
Oh ! my heart's &c.

I sigh and I vow, if e'er I get home,  
No more from my dear native cottage I'll roam ;  
The harp shall resound, and the goblet shall flow,  
For my heart's in old Ireland wherever I go,  
Oh ! my heart's, &c.

The Emerald ; or, Book of Irish melodies (1863)  
Subject : Songs, English ; English poetry  
Publisher : New York, Dick & Fitzgerald  
Language : English  
Digitizing sponsor : Sloan Foundation  
Book contributor : The Library of Congress  
Collection : library\_of\_congress ; americana  
Notes : Pages re-number.

Source : Internet Archive  
<http://archive.org/details/emeraldorbookofi00newy>

Edited and uploaded to [www.augty.org](http://www.augty.org)  
August 30 2013