

August 2019

The Irish Blunder

Author Unknown

Follow this and additional works at: https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk

 Part of the [Folklore Commons](#), and the [Music Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Unknown, Author, "The Irish Blunder" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 626.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/626

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Kenneth S. Goldstein Collection: Broadside Ballads at eGrove. It has been accepted for inclusion in Broadside Ballads: England by an authorized administrator of eGrove. For more information, please contact egrove@olemiss.edu.



The Irish

B L U N D E R.

Printed and Sold by J. Pitts, 14. Great St
Andrew street, Seven Dials.

DEAREST captain M Granis I am going to list,
Will you send me the loan of your hand in my
fist.

I am going to Dublin is this the right way,
I set off the last night to get there yesterday.

The first time they prest me they carried me to sea,
It was in cold winter a making of hay.
They sent me on board of the ship call'd Torbay.
Bad luck to her guns they did fright me away.

The boatswain says Paddy what brought you here?
There's no grass to make hay tis a wrong time of the
year.

Blood anons then cried Paddy I wish I was gone,
For your small wooden kingdoms I don't understand.

The first thing they gave me it was a red coat,
With two stripes of leather made of the same cloth,
With my gun by my side and a sword in my hand
For to fight in the wars that ne'er did begin.

Then next they gave me was a long gun,
And up to the trigger I plac'd my fore thumb,
No sooner I pull'd she began for to smoke,
Then she hit my shou'der a damnable stroke.

The next thing they gave me it was a brown sack,
Where I was obliged to snooze on my back,
And there did I lay till the clock struck one bell,
And the man upon deck cry'd all is well.

The next thing I heard it was a great noise,
The boatswain at each hatchway calls all hands ahoy,
And Jack with his lanthorn comes tumbling down,
Crying show me a leg or I'll cut you all down.

The sergeant he cries tumble up you marines,
That you scarce can get time to keep yourself clean,
With grumblin and growling and making sad moan
With pulling and hawling the dam'd holy stone.

What a damnable place is this Newcastle,
Ye fair maidens of London can't do as they please,
Was I in dear Dublin against the green bushes,
I would danee over bogs unto the green rushes.