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Mc. Mahon's Dream

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THE BLACK VELVET BAND.



London:—H. SUCH, Printer and Publisher.
177, Union Street, Boro'.—S.E.



TO go in a smack down to Barking, where a boy as apprentice

I was bound,
Where I spent many hours in comfort and pleasure in the town.

At length future prospects were blighted, as soon as I could understand,

So by my downfall take warning, beware of a black velvet band.

One day being out on the ramble, alone by myself I did stray,
I met with a young gay deceiver, while cruising in Ratcliffe Highway;

Her eyes were as black as a raven, I thought her the pride of the town,
Her hair, that would hang o'er her shoulders, was tied with a black velvet band.

She towed me in port and we anchored, from virtue she did me decoy,

When it was proposed and agreed to that I should become a flash boy,
And drinking and gaming, to plunder to keep up the game was soon planned,

But since I've had cause to remember the girl with the black velvet band.

Flash girl if you wish to turn modest and strive a connexion to gain
Do not wear a band over your forehead as if to tie in your brain,
Some prefer Victoria fashion, and some their hair braided so grand,
Myself I think it much better than a girl with a black velvet band.

Young men from my fate take a warning, from all those gay ladies refrain,

And seek for a neat little woman that wears her hair parted quite plain,
The subject that I now do mention though innocent soon me trepanned,

In sorrow my days will be ended, far from the black velvet band.

She towed in a bold man-of-war's man, her ogle she winked on the sly,

But little did I know her meaning till I twigg'd her a faking his cly,
He said, I'm bound for the ocean, and shortly the ship will be maun'd.

But still I've a strong inclination for the girl with the black velvet band.

A score was invented to slight me, and banish me out of her sight,
A fogle she brought of no value, saying, more I will bring to-night,
She slipped it sly into my pocket, false girl, and took me by the hand,

They gave me in charge for the sneezer, bad luck to the black velvet band.

I quickly was bailed and committed and cast in the jug for a lag,
For a wipe that she pinched and bunged to me, and valued no more than a flag;

The judge said to me, you are sentenced to a free passage to Van Dieman's Land,
Far, far away from relations; adieu to the black velvet band.



Mc. MAHON'S DREAM.



ONE lovely evening I did stray, through woodbine bowers I took my way,

On the banks of sweet primroses—'twas there I sat me down;
I heard a voice of harmony, crying out for liberty,

My eyes began to twinkle and there I lulled to sleep.

I thought a visage came in sight, in armour he was dress'd so bright,

With sword in hand, smiled with delight, as he walked o'er the plain,

He blew his horn three times three, come on, my men, to victory!

In blood I will stand up to my knees, for Ireland must be free.

I thought I saw I do declare, fifty thousand Frenchmen there,

With brave Mc. Mahon in the rear, these words he then did say—

For old Ireland must be free, as well as great Italy,

I will plant a tree of liberty in front of College Green.

I thought O'Neil stood on Vinegar Hill with thirty thousand Irishmen

All well armed to begin, to meet their daring foe.

With eighty cannons I thought I saw, with a noble artillery,

Enough to clear the country and leave thousands in their gore.

A dreadful volley did display, which made the enemy run away,

Come on my men, Mc. Mahon did say, to glory let us steer,

The Frenchmen they were not slow, with brave John Mitchell at their back,

With thirteen thousand units of the American line,

Young Mahon I thought I saw, leading the Irish cavalry,

He swore by vengeance he would see his country free once more,

For it is eighteen years ago, since we meant to strike the fatal blow,

In forty-two we were forced to go and leave our native land.

They fought from seven till sunset, when the enemy was forced to retreat,

Full forty thousand met their fate upon that glorious day,

When brave O'Donnell did not fail with twenty thousand men of Spain,

For Erin's cause I will maintain until the day I die;

The Orange flag I will pull down, what don't get shot they must be drowned,

We will drive dissension out of Ireland, and that without delay,

When seven thousand of the Orange gang, got cut up to a man,

Says brave O'Donnell I will lead the van, for Ireland must be free.

I thought to my great surprise that Doctor Cullen did arrive,

And Doctor Mc.Hale by his side, those learned men of fame,

For fresh laws we will dictate we will have satisfaction for the year 98

Our Parliament House we will decorate, as it was in the days of yore,

Our drums and fifes they did play, sweet Garry Owen and Saint Patrick's day;

Set the green flag flying M'Mahon did say, 'tis the colour I do adore,

The land that gave my forefathers birth, the bravest nation on the earth,

With sword in hand I will protect—and freedom for evermore.

I thought O'Connell searched the country round, there was not an Orangeman to be found,

And next day Mc.Mahon was crowned King of the Emerald Isle.

He says, I will rule this country and put down all bloodshed and tyranny,

Away with bigots and bribery which caused thousands to deplore.

I dreamt Doctor Cahill with Cross in hand, began for to bless the land,

May God bless Mitchell and Mc.Mahon who our rights they did restore,

I dreamt Napoleon he came too, saying, revenge we must have for Waterloo,

I woke just as the cock did crow, and found 'twas all a dream!