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The Lass Wp the Bonnie Blue 'Een

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JUDY'S Black Eyes!

To be sure I can't sing an oration,
To shew how I'm greatly allied,
But a pair of black eyes botheration,
Has bother'd my family pride;
My mother ne'er did as they bid her,
Such rank did their lineage adorn,
And she took just nine months to consider,
Before she would let me be born.

CHORUS. { Yet I belong to the Calaghan's, Bralagan's,
Nowlan's, and Dowlan's likewise,
What's birth to the lustre of beauty.
That peeps from my Judy's black eyes.

My father sold mouse traps and rabbits,
Pigs treacle and all other game,
Would you know the sweet town he inhabits,
'Tis jolly Dungary by name,
My grandfather there married a Quaker,
My uncle made hay with a fork,
My uncle is a great grand brogue maker,
In that beautiful city called Cork.
Yet I belong to the Calaghan's, &c.

At chapel I first saw my darling,
I'll ever remember the day,
She sung like a peacock or starling,
Which made me unto her to say,
I'm related to all the Macartney's,
But meniality I do disclaim;
If you miss a husband so free and hearty,
You never will get him again.
Yet I belong to the Calaghan's, &c.

Those words being moving and tender,
Which no female could misunderstand,
I determined a letter to send her,
So took up my pen in my hand,
But just on the point of inditing,
By the powers it was rather too bad,
I forgot that I had'nt learnt writing,
And she could not read if I had.
Yet I belong to the Calaghan's, &c.

O Judy, arrah! you're my honey,
Your coolness sets me in a flame,
I'll marry you if you have money,
In spite of my family name;
Myself I was rear'd very tender,
A gentleman born too and bred,
And my sister now lives in great splendour,
With one Justice Mooney that's dead.
Yet I belong to the Calaghan's, &c.



THE LASS

WI' THE BONNIE

BLUE'EEN.

J. Harkness. Printer, 121, Church-Street, Pretson.
Sold by Bentley. Bradford; Stewart, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; Meadows, Halshaw Moor.

O! saw you the lass with the bonnie blue 'een,
Her smile is the sweetest that ever was seen;
Her cheeks like the rose but fresher I ween,
She's the loveliest dancer you'll see on the green,
The home of my love is down in the valley,
Where wild flowers welcome the sun's rosy beam,
But the sweetest of flowers on that spot is seen,
Is the lass that I love with the bonnie blue 'een.
O! saw you the lass, &c.

When night overshadows the cot in the glen,
She'll steal out to meet her lov'd Donald again,
And when the moon shines over the valleys so green,
I'll welcome the lass with the bonnie blue 'een;
As the dove that has wander'd away from his mate,
He'll return on love's pinions wi' joy all elate,
And love and tranquillity fall quite serene
On the maid that I love with the bonnie blue 'een.
O! saw you the lass, &c.

JUDY'S BLACK EYES, CONTINUED.

So now without any more bother,
My mind being on the thing bent,
I'll marry yourself and no other,
And afterwards ask your consent,
Politeness an Irishman's trade is,
So on that sweet day that we're wed,
I'll hand cake and tea to the ladies,
And dance till we are all put to bed.
And we'll visit the Calaghan's, Bralaghan's,
Nowlan's and Dowlan's likewise,
And we'll bother them all with the beauty,
That peeps from my Judy's black eyes.