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The Oul' Bog Hole

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WILL WATCH

THE

Bold Smuggler!



London:—H. SUCH, Printer & Publisher,
123, Union-street, Boro'—S.E.
The oldest Established Song Warehouse in England.



'T WAS one morn when the wind from the northward blew
keently,
And sullenly roar'd the big waves of the main;
The famed smuggler, Will Watch, kiss'd his Sue then serenely,
Took helm and to sea, boldly steer'd out again,
Will had promis'd his Sue that this trip if well ended,
Should coil up his ropes, and he'd anchor on shore,
When his pockets were lined, why his life should be mended
And the laws he had broken, he'd never break more.

His sea boat was trim, made her port took her lading,
Then Will stood for home reach'd the offing and cried,
This night if I've luck furls the sails of my trading,
In dock I can lay, serve a friend too beside.
Will lay too till night came on darksome and dreary,
To crowd every sail, then he pip'd up all hands,
But a signal soon spied 'twas a prospect uncheerly,
A signal that warn'd him to bear from the land.

The Philistines are out, cries Will we'll take no heed on't,
Attack'd, who's the man that will flinch from his gun,
Should my head be blown off I shall ne'er feel the need on't,
We'll fight while we can, when we can't boys we'll run,
Through the haze of the night a bright flash now appearing,
O now I cries Will Watch the Philistines bear down,
Bear a hand my tight lads e'er you think about sheering,
One broadside pour in should we swim boys or drown.

But should I be pepp'd off you my mates left behind me,
Regard my last words see them kindly obeyed,
Let no stone mark the spot, and my friends do you mind me,
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch would be laid,
Poor Will's yarn was spun out, for a bullet next minute,
Laid him low on the deck and he never spoke more.
His bold crew fought the brig, while a shot remained in it,
Then sheer'd and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.

In the dead of the night his last wish was complied with,
To few known his grave, to few known his end,
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died with,
He'd the prayers of his Susan, the tears of each friend,
Near his grave dash the billows, the winds loudly bellow,
Yon ash struck with lightning points out the cold bed,
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed lawless fellow,
Once feared, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead.



THE

OUL' BOG HOLE

—O:O:O:O:O:O—

THE pig is in the mire, the cow is on the grass,
And a man without a woman is no better than an ass,
My mother likes her ducks, and the ducks like the drake,
And sweet Judy Flanagan I'd die for her sake,
My Judy she's as fair as the flower on the lea;
She's neat and complete from the neck to the knee,
We met 'tother night our hearts to condole,
And I sat Judy down by the Oul' Bog Hole.
Singing, cushla mavourneen, will you marry me,
Arrah I cushla mavourneen, will you marry me,
Arrah I cushla mavourneen, will you marry me,
Would you fancy the bouncing young Barney Magee.

Then Judy she blushed, and hung down her head,
Saying—Barney, you blackguard, I'd like to get wed,
But they say you're so rough, and you are such a rake—
Don't believe it, says I, for it's all a mistake;
To keep you genteel I'll work at my trade,
I'll handle the shovel, the hook, and the spade,
The turf to procure which is better than coal,
And I'll work on my knees in the Oul' Bog Hole,
Singing, cushla mavourneen, &c.

Arrah, give me your hand and consent just at once,
Sure its not every day you will get such a chance;
When the priest makes us one, so happy I'll be,
With the beautiful, dutiful, Mistress Magee,
Tho' the meal should be scarce we'll have praties enough,
And if you still long for more delicate stuff,
I'll take out the ould rod which my grandfather stole,
And I'll go fishing for eels in the Oul' Bog Hole.
Singing, cushla mavourneen, &c.

Fine children we'll have; for we must mind that,
There'll be Darby, and Larney, and Dooney, and Pat,
There'll be Judy so meek, and Mary so bluff—
O stop, stop, she cried, have you not got enough?
I have not said I; sure I'll not be content,
Till you bring home as many as there's days in Lent,
How the neighbours will stare when we go for a stroll,
When we all promenade round the Oul' Bog Hole.
Singing, cushla mavourneen, &c.

By the hookey, says she, I can scarcely refuse,
Barney, the blarney you know how to use,
You have bothered my heart with the picture you've drawn,
If I thought I could trust you the job might be done,
Holy murder! says I, do you doubt what I say?
If I thought 'twould convince you, I'd swear half-a-day;—
O no, she replied, it's of no use at all,
Then she whispered consent by the Oul' Bog Hole.
Then give me a kiss, my joy and delight!—
Be aisy you blackguard, until it's all right?
Sure, after we're wed, we may kiss and condole,
And fish for eels in the Oul' Bog Hole.