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The Irish Butcher's Frolick

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The Irish Butcher's FROLICK.

Prints Printer Wholesale Toy & Marble Warehouse
6. Great st, Andrew street,

ITS of an Irish butcher who liv'd in London town
He was a most clever youth his name it was Jack
Brown,

A taylor's wife went out some meat for to buy, (cry
What do you want good woman the Butcher he did
I want a loin of mutton if you don't ask too dear,
Come hither honest woman I'll use you kind & fair,
You are the most charming woman I have seen to-
day. (go away

I'd have you come and view my meat before you
She took the loin of mutton and lik'd it very well;
And said now Mr. Butcher the price of it me tell
My dear it's at your service or any joint I have
If you'll but tell me where you live your company
I crave,

The place where I do live is by the Blazing Star
If you ask for the Hand and Shears you'll surely
find me there,

To morrow night for certainty I'll come & visit thee
With all my heart kind sir you're welcome unto me
She took the loin of mutton refuse it she would not
And quickly home she took it and put it in the pot
And when the taylor he came home she told him
what she had, [very glad

Which made him dance and leap for joy he was so
She said my dearest husband how must this con-
served be,

To morrow night depend on it the butcher comes
to me,

You must get underneath the bed and take a sword
with you. (run him thro.

And if the butcher he does come then swear you'll
I never handled sword nor fought in all my life

Butchers are fierce fellows he'll surely take my life,
You must not be faint hearted but fight the hero bold

And if you win the victory you'll gain a store of gold
The butcher he betdought himself he'd best provi-
ded be,

For fear the taylor and his wife should play a trick
on he,

He took a brace of pistols & threw them on the bed
Which made the taylor shake for fear and lay like
one half dead.

Pray what is that that stinks so the butcher he did
cry, (lie,

Tis my husband's little dog that under the bed does
If 'tis your husband's little dog I'll kill him out of
strife, (wife;

O spare my life the taylor cries and you may kiss my
O then cry'd the butcher let you and I agree.

That I may come when I like your loving wife to
see (my wife.

With all my heart he cry'd you're welcome to
For I never was so frightened before in all my life