

August 2019

Paddy Swallowed By A Whale

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, "Paddy Swallowed By A Whale" (2019). *Broadside Ballads: England*. 1100.
https://egrove.olemiss.edu/kgbsides_uk/1100

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.

PADDY SWALLOWED BY A WHALE.



If you have never heard the tale
Of Paddy swallowed by a whale,
Oa list, and I, to show it's true,
In his own words will tell it you,
Says he, 'twas I my mother made
To go and larn the Greenland trade,
And I grew up, as was her wish,
In catching whales, the mighty fish.
Och, groan! Och Hone! all you that can,
Oue day a whale against us ran,
Capsiz'd the boat jist like a pan
And swallow'd me O'Callagan,
Whack fal lal lalal toodle hm,
Whack fal lal lalal toodle iddle lay.

Och, murder! murder! did I cry,
Sure, what a place I'm in! says I;
So large and big, och, mother dear,
What would you say to see me here?
Then there was fish the primest sort,
A cask of rum and a pipe of port!
Among the stores, too, I did find
A prayer book to cheer my mind.
Och, groan och hone! O'Callagan
Said I, as I to pray began,
May ev'ry priest put in his ban
The whale that swallys an Irishman.
Whack fal lal lalal, &c.

I had been gobbled near a week
When I was waken'd by a squeak
And lo! behold! my eyes did meet
A sarpant measuring ninety feet.
O! seeing me was rather shy,
You are American born, says I?
Says he, "Oh yes! and guess I can,
I calculate, you're an Irishman."
Och, groan och hone! O'Callagan,
The snake to say with me began,
"May ev'ry priest put in his ban
The whale that swallys an Irishman."

The viper said, as down he sot,
"The whale a babe in arms has got."
Sure, then said I, I know a plan
By which to save us both you can:
Do you go up on some pretence,

And offer to nurse a free of expence;
She'll jump at this, there is no doobt,
Then twist your tail and pull me out.
Och, groan och hone! O Callagan,
The creature said, "I like the plan.
And may the priest put in his ban
The whale that swallys an Irishman."

The sarpant doing as I bade,
Became the fish's babby's maid,
But ~~was~~ held him by the tail,
He slipp'd his cable and set sail,
Och, crocodile! ungrateful that,
To leave me there without relief
And robb'd of hope of seeing day.
I said my pray'rs and swoon'd away.
Och, groans och hone! O'Callagan—
Sure, didn't I suggest the plan—
May ev'ry priest put in his ban
The snake that cheats an Irishman.

I, on a sudden, was brought to
All by a mighty hullaballo,
And found myself wet tho' and thro',
Asquat amongst my owr ship's crew.
Said they, "Is that O'Callagan?"
Hurroo! said I, I am nat man!
But when I told 'em, in the beast
That I had been six weeks at least;
"Sure Jonah was ar O'Callagan!"
Exclaimed the unbelieving clan,
"So pipe all hanó and catch who can,
The whale that sallyed an Irishman."

Now, when I shed they'd take the whale,
Because it wou'd confirm my tale,
And said the ^{na}le would do the same,
But that he arn't appear for shame.
They laugh'd and swore both one and all,
I'd ne'er een in the fish at all,
That the had pull'd me from the sea
And now had just recover'd me.
Och hoe! says I, O'Callagan,
To hex the unbelieving clan!
But they said was—"Catch who can,
The wole that swallyed an Irishman."

London—Published at TAYLOR'S Song
Mart, 3 Brick Lane, near the Railway Arch