

Easy and Slow

It was down by Christ Church that I first met with Annie
A neat little girl and not a bit shy
She told me her father had come from Dungannen
And would take her back home in the sweet bye and bye

And what's that to any man, whether or no
Whether I'm easy, or whether I'm true
As I lifted her petticoat, easy and slow
And I tied up my sleeve for to buckle her shoe

All down the way Thomas Street, down to the levy
The sunlight was gone, and the evening grew dark
Along Whitemans Bridge, and by God in a jiffy
My arms were around her, beyond in the park

And what's that to any man, whether or no
Whether I'm easy, or whether I'm true
As I lifted her petticoat, easy and slow
And I tied up my sleeve for to buckle her shoe

Oh, from city or country, a girl is a jewel
And well made for grippin', the most of the while
But any young fellow is really a fool
If he tries at the first time to go a bit far

And what's that to any man, whether or no
Whether I'm easy, or whether I'm true
As I lifted her petticoat, easy and slow
And I tied up my sleeve for to buckle her shoe

And if ever ye go, to the town of Dungallen
You can search till your eyeballs are empty and blind
Be you lyin or walking or sitting or running
A girl like Annie youll never find

And what's that to any man, whether or no
Whether I'm easy, or whether I'm true
As I lifted her petticoat, easy and slow
And I tied up my sleeve for to buckle her shoe