

The Ragman's Ball

Come listen to me for a while
Me good friends one and all
And I'll sing to you a verse or two
About a famous ball
Now the ball was given by some friends
Who lived down Ashe Street
In a certain house in the Liberties
Where the ragmen used to meet

Well the names were called at seven o'clock
And every man was on the spot
And to show respect for the management
Every ragman brought his mot
I must admit that I brought mine
At twenty five minutes to eight
And the first to stand up was Kieran Grace
For to tell me I was late

Then up jumps Humpy Soodelum
And he says: 'I think somehow'
By the ways are all going on tonight
Is a looking for a row
Now listen here, Grace if you want your face
You'd better not shout or bawl
There's a lot of hard chews gonna be here tonight
To respect the ragman's ball

Well for eating we had plenty now
As much as we could hold
We drank Brady's Loopline porter
Until round the floor we rolled
In the midst of all the confusion
Someone shouted for a song
When up jumps out' John Lavin and sings
'Keep rollin' your barrel along'

Then says my one; 'You're quare one now'
And Biddy you're hard to beat
Oh when up jumps Liza Boland
And she told her to hold her prate
Then my one made a clout at her
She missed her and hit the wall
And the two of them went in the ambulance
The night of the ragman's ball

Then we all sat down to some ham parings
When everything was quiet
And for broken noses I must say
We had a lovely night
Black eyes they were in great demand
Not to mention split heads and all
So if anyone wants to commit suicide
Let them come to the ragman's ball