

The Waterford Boys

For Fun and Diversion we have met together,
I tell you from Waterford hither we came,
We crossed the Big Ocean in dark stormy weather,
Our pockets were light and our Hearts were the same,

Sad at leaving Old Ireland we're once more on dry land,
By the roadside a tavern I chanced for to spy,
And as I was melting my pockets I felt in,
For the price of a drink I was mortally dry.

For we are the boys of such Fun and such Eloquence,
Drinking and Dancing and all other Joys,
For Ructions Destructions Diversions an Devilment,
Who's to compare with The Waterford Boys.

In the tavern I rolled in the landlord he strolled,
And good morrow says he and says I if you please,
Will you give me a bed and then bring me some bread,
And a bottle of porter and a small piece of cheese,
My bread and cheese ended I then condescended,
To take my repose sure I bade them good-night,
When under the clothes I was trying to doze,
First I stuck in my toes and then popped out the light.

Well I wasn't long sleeping when I heard something creeping,
And gnawing and chawing around the bed post,
My breath I suspended but the noise never ended,
Thinks I you have damnable claws for a ghost,
Now to make myself easy for I felt rather lazy,
Well over my head I again pulled the clothes,
When "Moses what's that, sure a great big jack-rat,
With one leap from the floor jumped right up to my nose."

Well I reached for a hobnail and made him a bobtail,
And wrestled with rats to the clear light of day,
When the landlord came in and he said with a grin,
For your supper and bed you've five shillings to pay,
"Five shillings for what, now don't be disgracing yourself,
Says I to the rogue if you please,
When I can't sleep with these rats you've the devil's own face on you,
To charge me five shillings for dry bread and cheese. "

Oh the landlord went raring and lifting and tearing,
He jumped through the window and he kicked in the door,
When he could go no further he roared, "meela murder,
These rats they are eating me up by the store,
Sure they sleep in my stable they eat from my table,
They've wrestled my dogs and they've killed all my cats,"
"Truth then," says I, "just give me those five shillings,
And I'll tell you a way to get rid of the rats."

"I will then," said he, "we'll invite them to supper,
And dry bread and cheese lay before them for sure,
Never mind if they're willing, but charge them five shilling,
And devil the rat will you ever see more.