

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Wonderful Irishman

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There was a lady lived at Leith, a lady very stylish, man;
And yet, in spite of her teeth, she fell in love with an Irishman.
A nasty, ugly Irishman, a wild tremendous Irishman:
A tearing, swearing, thumping, bumping, ramping, roaring Irishman!

His face was no ways beautiful; for, with small-pox 'twas scarred across;
And the shoulders of the ugly dog were almost double a yard across.
Oh! the lump of an Irishman, the whisky-devouring Irishman!
The great he-rogue, with his wonderful brogue, the fighting rioting Irishman!

One of his eyes was bottle-green, and the other was out, my dear;
And the calves of his wicked-looking legs were more than two feet across, my dear.
Oh! the great big Irishman the rattling, battling Irishman!
The stamping, ramping, swaggering, staggering, leathering swash of an Irishman!

He took so much of Lundy-Foot that he used to snort and snuffle, O!
And, in shape and size, the fellow's neck was as bad as the neck of a buffalo.
Oh! the horrible Irishman, the thundering, blundering Irishman!
The slashing, dashing, smashing, lashing, thrashing, hashing Irishman!

His name was a terrible name, indeed, being Timothy Thady Mulligan;
And whenever he emptied his tumbler of punch,
He'd not rest till he filled it full again, the boozing, bruising Irishman!
The whisky, frisky, rummy, gummy, brandy, no-dandy Irishman!

This was the lad the lady loved, like all the girls of quality;
And he broke the skulls of the men of Leith, just by way of jollity.
Oh! the leathering Irishman, the barbarous, savage Irishman!
The hearts of the maids, and the gentlemen's heads
Were bothered, I'm sure, by this Irishman.

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