

The Irish Schoolmaster - song lyrics

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THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER.

Old Teddy O'Rourke kept a bit of a school,
At a place called Clarina, and made it a rule
If the mind wouldn't mark, faith, he'd soon mark the back,
And he'd give them their own with a devilish crack.
His scholars were: Jerry, Big Billy and Ned,
With Murrough McCarthy, Old Darby and Ted,
Tall Dermot O'Clany and Dennis O'Shea,
Faith, all noble boys to drive learning away.

Spoken-Well, my boys, says old Ted, as you are all here, I'll
just be calling your names over, to see if any of ye are missing,
Geraltl McShee.-I am not here, sir.-Then where are you, agrah?
-I'm astride of the door, sir.-Then come in. and I'll beat you.-
Corney O'Flinherly.-I'm bare, but my brother Barney ain't.-
-Then whera is your brother Barney?-Faith, sir, he's dead, and
they are going to wake him.-Poor fellow! I'm sorry he's gone
home, for he was my own scholar; but do you go and sit down,
and don't fall asleep, or I'll be after waking you.

Chorus.

Bo long life to old Teddy, For he's always ready
To kick up a row or the whisky to smack;
With drinking and eating, He's birching and beating,
And his hubaboo, philaloo, row de dow whack.

Faith, Ted had a nose as big as a ton,
And a chin, too! och, honey! but they were all one;
A grin, too, he had, and if there was a noise,
He'd just give a squint and frighten the boys;
A fortune he had, too'-his birch and his wig,
A black ugly cow, and an old dirty pig,
A pratty plantation, a dog and a cat,
And his head that he kept in an old greasy hat.

Spoken-Phelim O'Mahency, says he one day, before you r
sit down, stand up and say your alphabet; so keep your five
fingers out of your head for a few minutes, and begin. What
letter's that, sir?-I don't know, sir -Arrah! botheration to you;
what was it I said when I saw you blacking Pat Mooney's eye?-
-Faith, sir, you said: Ah! you big blackguard.-Well, never
mind the blackguard, but say Ah.-Ah.-Now, what letter's that?
-Faith, sir, I don't know; you ought to know better than me.-
What makes the honey, and hold your whist?-B.-That's a good
boy. Now, what kind of a half-moon thing do you call that?-
don't know, sir.-Och! botheration, what do I do with my eyes?-
He! he! he!-Well, what do you laugh at, sir? I ask you what?
do I do with my eyes?-You? you squint!-And what else, sir?-
You see.-That's a good boy. Now go on.-D E-F-G-H.-Well!
why do you stop?-Because I can't go any further, sir.-What
has your mother got at the corner of her nose?-A pimple, sir I
Och. my service, t'ye, sir; and what else?-One eye. Devil take
you, and don't be getting into figures now. Say I without the
one.-I without the one.-What's the next? -It's something, sir,
but I don't know what.-What docs your mother open the door
with?-A string, sir, and sometimes her foot.-Well, did you
never have anything else?-Yes, sir, K.-That's a good boy; and
now, as you have got to L (hell) you may sit down and warm
yourself.-Chorus