

There's Monny a Shlip
 Irish Song.
 by Pro Phundo Basso.
 [Philip Paul Bliss]

1.
 Och, list to my sorryfull song;
 For matthers is all goin wrongp;
 And shure I must shpake,
 Or me heart it will break,
 An' I'll not be detainin ye long.
 Bad luck to Miss Kittie McKay!
 She's taken me sineses away
 Sayin "Monny a shlip
 Twixt the cup and the lip"--
 Ah there's monny a shlip, now, they say.

CHORUS

There's monny, there's monny, there's monny a shlip,
 There's monny a shlip they say,
 There's monny, there's monny a shlip 'twixt the cup and the lip,
 There's monny a shlip they say.

2.
 Ah, Kittie was nate as ye plaze,
 Faith she could make butter and chaze,
 She minded the pig,
 And the praties she'd dig
 In sich illegant ladylike ways.
 I bot me a rake and a shpade,
 A gim of a gairden I made,
 "Coom tind it," I said,
 But she shook her swate head
 And I'm wonderfull sorry indade.

(CHORUS)

3.
 My shanty I plashtered wid mud,
 And I shtop'd all the howles that I could,
 Thin my blankets I shpread
 Wid new shtraw in my bed
 And the matther so pleasantly shtood.
 Then I towld her my love and intint,
 But she said she wad niver consint,
 And from my poor lip, thin,
 The cup she let shlip, thin,
 And off wid Mike Rooney she wint.

(CHORUS)

4.
 And sure, I'll be niver supplied,
 While her shweetness to me is denied,
 Me heart is so lone,
 In my bosom, och, hone!
 I's as soon we'd a both of us died.
 My sorrows to shmodder I'll try,
 Tho' monny a time will I sigh,
 To think of the cup
 Which others may sup
 Has no dhrop for my two lips so dry.

(CHORUS)