

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Captain McKean

Captain McKean

Bonny maidens all both great and small
Come listen a while to my ditty, my ditty
I'll sing you (a) song and before it belong
I'm sure you will say it is pretty is pretty
of Captain Mckean that jolly brave man
that lives in county of carry of carry
who carrys a p__k that's both long & thick
that makes all the lasses full merry, full merry

You maidens that (are) young be sure to come
and make your complaint to ye Captain ye (Captain)
and when you come there you need not to fear
that he will give you full slashes full slashes
Hurey(,) be not so coy when you meet a young b(oy)
that's willing to spend all his money his (money)
but smile in his face & pity his case
and surely he'll call you his honey his (honey)

There's a lass in this town she wears a g(reen gown)
she lies on her back & she's sive, she's (civil
he('s) worse then a clown that will not knel(l down)
and play up a tune to her fiddle her fiddle
No)t silver or gold nor jewels I'm told
will please this beautiful virgin, this virgin
untill that she feel both morning & eve (--?
a p--k in hand & it sloping it sloping

You Dublin Girls with ribbands & pear(ls)
ye'r decked like ladys of honour of honour
bell Briget & Nell & fair Isabel
and then like ways misconour muiscon (Miss Connor?
F)air Nell she is kind will tell you her minde
and call you aside with a whisper a whisper
if your p--k it be strong no matter how long
you may play up a tune to her sister her sister

There's never a lass betwixt cork and Belfast
but will drink with the man that she'll fancy she'll fancy
she'll sit at the table & drink while she able
and toss up a bumper of brandy of Brandy
Then without delay the reconing she'll pay
and pull out a hand full of money of money

a guinea in hand she'll give to that man
who freely will tickle her Cony her cony

In) the dead of the night his pleasure upright
she'll fill him a glass of Canary Canary
to cheerish his heart for she'll never part
untill that she find him grow weery grow weery

Up)on her dear breast he may take his rest
and sleep in her arms some hours some hours

A)fter pasing delight they shall both take their play (rhyme lost
And) sport in the shades of green bowers green bowers

Captain Mckean is a Jolly brave man
and into the battle will venture will venture
so boldly appears with a heart void of fea(rs)
and swears that a fort he will enter will enter (error? her fort
He's hardy & bold will not be Contrould
untill that he fires a volly a volly
at the port hole hes stand with his prick in hand
at the ballops all able to rallie to rallie

Altho' that porthole were as black as a cole
and its fringes all setteell(?) about it about it (settled?)
in the midst there's a hole most neatly Comp(ressed
which few men can do well without it without it
Now dear loving friends to make you an end
that man is much worse than a sinner a sinner
that would deny but freely comply
to raffle the Charms within it within it ('within her' ?

The tune for the song here may be found in Nicholas Carolan's edition of the Neals' Dublin work of c 1724, <<A Collection of the Most Celebrated Irish Tunes>>, no.12. See his note to that and "Morgan Magan," no. 37, for possible attribution to O'Carolan. About two years later the Neals gave a dance version in <<A Choice Collection of Country Dances>> (edited by Rich Jackson and George Fogg, Country Dance Soc., Cambridge, Mass, 1990). Here is given a vocal score, from Charles Coffey's ballad opera, <<The Beggar's Wedding>>, Act II, Air no. 1, 1729. Coffey also gave the tune in <<The Merry Coblery>>, 1735. The tune is credited to O'Carolan in the recent <<The Complete Works of O'Carolan>>, 2nd. ed., Cork, 1989, but no evidence for the attribution is cited.

George Colman wrote a new song for the tune which may be found without the tune in <<Davenport's Beauties of Song for 1803>>, commencing "The face of brave Captain Megan, was broad as a big frying pan." With the tune it may be found later in <<Crosby's Irish Musical Repository>>, p. 162, 1808, and the tune without a song in Moore/ Stevenson's <<A Selection of Irish Melodies>>, issue no. 3 (1810).

The song here is from a Scots manuscript collection of songs compiled c 1735-50, and although mostly Scots songs, the bawdiest are English and Irish. Narrow margins for binding have obscured beginning of lines on recto of leaves, and ends on ver

Captain Mckean (NLS MS 6299)

Play: CAPTMGN, from Beggar's Wedding, 1729.

WBO

Apr98