

Waxies Dargle

^D Says my old one to your old one,
^G
^D Will you come to the Waxies Dargle,
^G
^D Says your old one to my old one,
^A ^D
^A Sure I havn't got a farthing,
^D I went up to Monto Town,
^G ^A
^D To see uncle Mc Ardle,
^D ^G
^A But he wouldn't give me half a crown,
^D
^A To go to the Waxies Dargle.

Says your old one to my old one,
Will you go to the Galway races,
Says your old one to my old one,
I'll hump the old man's braces,
I went down to Capel Street,
To the Jew man moneylenders,
But they wouldn't give me a couple of bob,
On the old man's red suspenders.

Says my old one to your old one,
We have no beef or mutton,
But if we go down to Monto Town,
We might get a drink for nothin,
Here's a nice piece of advice,
I heard from an old fishmonger,
When food is scarce and ye see the hearse,
You know you have died of hunger.

What will ye have, I'll have a pint,
I'll have a pint with you sir,
And if one of you's doesn't order soon,
We'll be trown out of the boozer.