

The Waterford Boys - song lyrics

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THE WATERFORD BOYS.

Well, boys! for divarsion we've all met together,
I'll tell how from Waterford hither I came;
I cross'd the big ocean in dark, gloomy weather,
My heart it was light and my pocket the same.
Sad at l'avin' ould Ireland but once more on dry land
By the roadside a tavern I happen'd to spy,
And as I was meltin', my pockets I felt in,
The price of a drink-I was mortally dry.

Chorus.

For we are the boys of fun, wit, and element,
Drinkin' and dancin' an' all other joys,
For ructions, destruction, devarsion and devilmint,
Who can compare with the Waterford boys?

In the taven I stroll'd, out the master he roll'd,
"Morrow," sez he, sez I, " Av you please,
Provide me a bed, but first bring me some bread,
A bottle of porter and small piece of cheese.
For times they are queer, and provisions are dear,
If you cannot get meat with cheese be content."
Sez the landlord, "You're right," so he bro't me the bite;
I roll'd up my cuffs and at it I went.
For we are the boys of fun, wit, and, &c.

My bread and cheese ended, I then condescended
To seek some repose, so I ax'd for a light,
And soon in a doze I was under the clothes;
I popp'd in my toes and I popp'd out the light.
But wakin' rom sleepin' I heard somethin' creepin',
Meand'rip' and wand'rin, about my bed-post,
Squeakin' and scratchin', thinks I 'mid my watchin',
"Pon my conscience, you've mighty long claws for a ghost."
For we are the boys of fun, wit, and, &c.

My breath I suspended, the noise it soon ended,
I ventured to peep from beneath the bed-clothes,
"Millia murther! what's that?" a thumpin jack rat,
With a leap from the floor lit atop of my nose.
"Thunder sweep ye!" sez I, "for a schemin' ould vagabone,
Take that, and that," as I leaped on the floor,
Shouting ' Murther and fire, Tim, Jerry, Maria,
The rats they are eatin' me up by the score."
For we are the boys of fun, wit, and, &c.

The landlord affrighten' came with a light in,
"I'm murdered alive," sez I, " so must away."
Sez he, Before goin' I'd have you be knowin',
For supper and bed you've five shillin's to pay."
"Five shillins for what? och don't be disgracin'
Yourself for a rogue," sez I, "if you please;
When I can't sleep for rats, you, a brazen ould face on ye.
To charge me five shillin's for plain bread and cheese."
For we are the boys of fun, wit, and, &c.

Sez he, "Perish the rats, I wish they would l'ave me

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They ruin my trade and I'm not worth a rap."
Sez I, " The five shillin's would you forgive me,
An' I'll tell you how to keep out every rat."
"Agreed!" Then sez I, " To supper invite them,
And plain bread and cheese set before them, be sure.
Don't mind if they're willin', but charge them five shillin';
Bad luck to the rat that you'll ever see more."
For we are the boys of fun, wit, and, &c.