

Old Bog-hole - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

OLD BOG-HOLE.

The pig is in the mire, and the cow is in the grass.
And a man without a woman through this world will sadly pass;
My mother likes the ducks, and the ducks likes the drakes.
An ah ! sweet Judy Flanagan, I'd die for your sakes.
My Judy she's as fair as the flowers on the lea,
She's neat and complete from the nick to the knee;
We met the other night, our heart to condole,
And I set my Judy down by the old bog-hole,

Chorus.

Arrah! cushla mavonrneen, will you marry met
Arrah: gramacree mavonrneen, will you marry me!
Arrah! cushla mavourneen, will you marry me!
Arrah! would you fancy the bold, bouncing Barney Magee

Judy, she blushed, and she hung down her head.
Saying: Barney, you blackguard, I'd like to get wed,
But you are such a rogue, and you are such a rake ;
Don't believe it, says I, it is all a mistake.
To keep you genteel, I'll work at my trade,
I'll handle a hook, a shovel and spade.
And the turf I'll procure, which is better than coal.
And I'll dig to my knees in the old bog-hole.
Arrah ! cushla mavourneen, will you marry me! &c.

Fine children we will have, for you must mind that;
There will be Darby, Judy, Barney, Pat;
There will be Mary, so meek, and Kitty, so bluff;
And-Stop, stop! she cries, have you not got enough!
I will not, says I, nor I won't be content,
'Till once I have as many as there's days In Lent;
How the people they will stare, when we go for a stroll.
When we are promenading by the old bog-hole.
Arrah : cushla mavourneen, will you marry me! &c.

By the hokey! says she, I can scarcely refuse,
For Barney the blarney he knows how to use,
He has bothered my heart with the picture he has drawn.
If I thought I could trust you the job might be done;
Holy murthur! says I, do you doubt what I say
If I thought I could trust you, I'd swear half a day;
Oh ! no, she says, Its of no use at all-
And she gave her consent by the old bog-hole.

Chorus.

Then give me your hand, my joys and delights;
Be aisy, you blackguard, until it's all right:
And when we are wed, we'll kiss and condole,
And we will go dig for eels in the old bog-hole.