NO IRISH NEED APPLY

SURE, I was out the other night, on a such a wild goose chase,
I saw in an advertisement, about a decent place;
It is myself that it well would suit, but I cannot tell you why,
The lady said, did you not read, 'No Irish need apply'
If 'tis my country you dislike, I'm sure I don't know why,
Faith, it's all blarney when you say, 'No Irish need apply.'

Just take a trip to Ireland, they'll treat you like a man
The whiskey they'll pour into you, as long as you can stand,
With heart and hand they'll welcome you, tell me the reason why,
Our ears offend with that dirty end, 'No Irish need apply.'
So just look out and mind yourself, for I say bye-the-bye,
You all lose your senses when you say 'No Irish need apply.'

You talk about your soldiers, now tell me if you can
If the bravest of them all are not Irishmen;
In Russia, and in China too, and India, bye-the-bye
You never say when you want men, 'No Irish need apply.'
For if you want good soldiers, listen to me bye-the-bye,
Would you ever had a Wellington if 'No Irish need apply.'

Of generals and statesmen, old Ireland can boast,
Her poets too, it's well-known to you, are universal toasts.
There's Campbell, Moore, and Lover, and Goldsmith bye-the-bye,
You could not get their equals, if 'No Irish need apply.'
You talk about your country, but you know it's all my eye,
For the best feather in your cap, is when the Irish do apply.'

When the Queen was in Ireland enjoying the jaunting car,
The true-hearted boys they shouted out, "Cead mile failte."
To defend her Majesty they would fight and die,
And prove to the world, that Irish need apply.
So to conclude, toss off your glass, I see no reason why
You should put in your advertisement, 'No Irish need apply.'

AS I was a walking one morning in May,
I heard a pretty damsel these words for to say
Of all the callings, whatever they may be,
No life like a ploughboy all in the month of May
The lark in the morning rises from her nest,
And mount in the air with the dew round her breast,
And like the pretty ploughboy she'll whistle and sing,
And at night she'll return to her nest back again

When his day's work is done that he's for to do,
Perhaps to some country wake he will go,
There with his sweetheart he'll dance and he'll sing.
And then he'll return with his lass back again. And as they return from the wake in the town
The meadows being mown, and the grass cut down,
We chance'd to tumble all on the new hay—
It's kiss me now or never the maiden did say.

When twenty weeks were over and past,
Her mamma ask'd her the reason why she so thicken'd in the waist?
It was the pretty ploughboy, the damsel did say
That cause'd me to tumble on the new-mown hay
Come all you pretty maidens wherever you be
You may trust a ploughboy to any degree;
They're used so much to ploughing their seed for to sow,
That all who employ them are sure to find it grow.
So good luck to the ploughboys, wherever they be,
That will take a pretty lass to sit on their knee;
And with a jug of beer they will whistle and sing
And a ploughboy is as happy as a prince or a king.

THE LARK IN THE MORNING

H. DISLEY, PRINTER, 57, HIGH STREET, ST. GILES.

AS I was a walking one morning in May,