

## 72.—LIMERICK IS BEAUTIFUL

Oh, then, Limer-ick is beau-ti-ful as ev-'ry bo-dy  
 knows, The Riv - er Shan-non full of fish be-  
 -side that ci - ty flows. 'Tis not the riv-er nor the fish that  
 preys up-on my mind Nor— with the town of  
 Lim - er-ick Have I an - y fault to find.

Oh, the girl I love is beautiful and fairer than the dawn,  
 She lives in Garryowen and she's called the Colleen Bawn.  
 But proudly as the river flows beside that fair citie,  
 As proudly and without a word that colleen goes by me.

Oh then, if I was the Emperor of Russia to command  
 If I was Julius Caesar or Lord Lieutenant of the land.  
 I'd give my fleet, my golden store I'd give up my armie  
 The horse, the rifle and the foot and the Royal Artillerie.

I'd give my fleet of sailing ships that range the briny seas  
 I'd give the crown from off my head, my people on their knees  
 A beggar I would go to bed and proudly rise at dawn  
 If by my side, all for a bride, I found the Colleen Bawn.

## 73.—THE BOYS OF KILKENNY

Oh, the boys of Kil - kenny are stout rov - ing  
 blades And when ev - er they meet with the nice lit-tle  
 maids They'll kiss them and coax them and spend their money  
 free, And of all towns in Ire-land, Kil - ken-ny for  
 me, And of all towns in Ire-land Kil-kenny for— me.

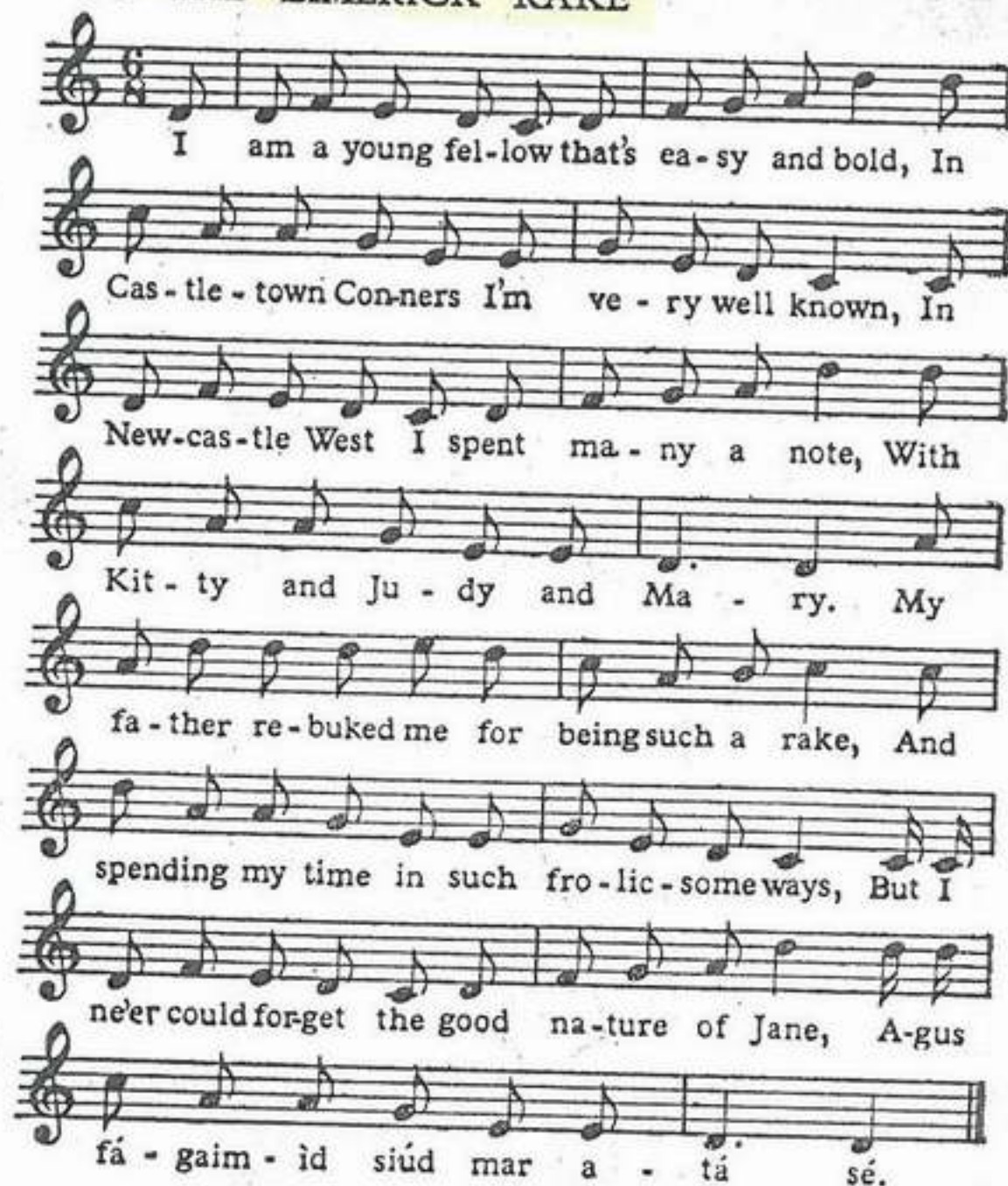
Through the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,  
 In the town of Kilkenny there lives a fair dame,  
 Her lips are like roses, and her cheeks much the same,  
 Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream  
 Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed coal,  
 Which through my poor bosom have burnt a great hole.  
 Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear and pure,  
 But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure  
 But her heart is more hard than its marble, I'm sure.

Oh, Kilkenny's a fine town, it shines where it stands  
 And the more I think of it, the more my heart warms.  
 And if I was in Kilkenny, I'd think myself at home  
 For 'tis there I'd have sweethearts but here I have none  
 For 'tis there I'd have sweethearts but here I have none.



# 42.—THE LIMERICK RAKE



I am a young fel-low that's ea-sy and bold, In  
 Cas-tle-town Con-ners I'm ve-ry well known, In  
 New-cas-tle West I spent ma-ny a note, With  
 Kit-ty and Ju-dy and Ma-ry. My  
 fa-ther re-buked me for being such a rake, And  
 spending my time in such fro-lic-some ways, But I  
 ne'er could forget the good na-ture of Jane, A-gus  
 fá - gaim - id siúd mar a - tá sé.

My parents had rear'd me to shake and to mow,  
 To plough and to harrow to reap and to sow.  
 But my heart being too airy to drop it so low  
 I set out on a high speculation  
 On paper and parchment they taught me to write  
 In Euclid and Grammar they opened my eyes  
 And in multiplication in truth I was bright.

*Agus fágaimid siúd mar atá sé.*

If I chance for to go to the town of Rathkeal  
 The girls all round me do flock on the square  
 Some give me a bottle and others sweet cakes  
 To treat me unknown to their parents.  
 There is one from Askeaton and one from the Pike  
 Another from Arda my heart has beguiled  
 Tho' being from the mountains her stockings are white  
*Agus fágaimid siúd mar atá sé.*

To quarrel for riches I ne'er was inclin'd  
 For the greatest of misers must leave them behind  
 I'll purchase a cow that will never run dry  
 And I'll milk her by twisting her horn.  
 John Damer of Shronel had plenty of gold  
 And Devonshire's treasure is twenty times more  
 But he's laid on his back among nettles and stones  
*Agus fágaimid siúd mar atá sé.*

This cow can be milked without clover or grass  
 For she's pamper'd with corn, good barley and hops  
 She's warm and stout, and she's free in her paps  
 And she'll milk without spancel or halter.  
 The man that will drink it will cock his caubeen  
 And if any one cough there'll be wigs on the green  
 And the feeble old hag will get supple and free  
*Agus fágaimid siúd mar atá sé.*

If I chance for to go to the market of Croom  
 With a cock in my hat and my pipes in full tune  
 I am welcome at once and brought up to a room  
 Where Bacchus is sporting with Vénus  
 There's Peggy and Jane from the town of Bruree  
 And Biddy from Bruff and we all on the spree  
 Such a combing of locks as there was about me  
*Agus fágaimid siúd mar atá sé.*

[cont. on p. 210]