

“ THE BALLAD OF PERSSE O'REILLY.”

Have you heard of one Hump - ty Dump - ty how he
 fell with a roll and a rum - ble and curled up like Lord O - la - fa
 Crum - ple by the butt of the Mag - a - zine Wall of the
 Mag - a - zine Wall Hump. hel - met and all Da Capo

Have you heard of one Humpty Dumpty
 How he fell with a roll and a rumble
 And curled up like Lord Olofa Crumple
 By the butt of the Magazine Wall,

**(Chorus) Of the Magazine Wall,
 Hump, helmet and all?**

He was one time our King of the Castle
 Now he's kicked about like a rotten old parsnip.
 And from Green street he'll be sent by order of His
 Worship

To the penal jail of Mountjoy
**(Chorus) To the jail of Mountjoy!
 Jail him and joy**

He was fafafather of all schemes for to bother us
 Slow coaches and immaculate contraceptives for the
 populace,
 Mare's milk for the sick, seven dry Sundays a week,
 Openair love and religion's reform,

**(Chorus) And religious reform,
 Hideous in form.**

Arrah, why, says you, couldn't he manage it?
 I'll go bail, my fine dairyman darling,
 Like the bumping bull of the Cassidys
 All your butter is in your horns.

**(Chorus) His butter is in his horns.
 Butter his horns!**

We had chaw chaw chops, chairs, chewing gum, the
 chicken-pox and china chambers
 Universally provided by this soffsoaping salesman.
 Small wonder He'll Cheat E'erawan our local lads
 nicknamed him

When Chimpden first took the floor
**(Chorus) With his bucketshop store
 Down Bargainweg, Lower.**

So snug he was in his hotel premises sumptuous
 But soon we'll bonfire all his trash, tricks and
 trumpery
 And'tis short till sheriff Clancy'll be winding up his
 unlimited company
 With the bailiff's bom at the door,

**(Chorus) Bimbam at the door.
 Then he'll bum no more.**

Sweet bad luck on the waves washed to our island
 The hooker of that hammerfast viking
 And Gall's curse on the day when Eblana bay
 Saw his black and tan man-o'-war.

**(Chorus) Saw his man-o'-war.
 On the harbour bar.**

Donnez-moi scampitle, wick an wipin'fampiny
 Fingal Mac Oscar Onesine Bargearse Boniface
 Thok's min gammelhole Norveegickers moniker

Og as ay are at gammelhore Norveegickers cod.

**(Chorus) A Norwegian camel old cod.
He is, begod.**

It was during some fresh water garden pumping
Or, according to the *Nursing Mirror*, while admiring
the monkeys
That our heavyweight heathen Humpharey
Made bold a maid to woo

**(Chorus) Woohoo, what'll she doo!
The general lost her maidenloo!**

He ought to blush for himself, the old hayheaded
philosopher,
For to go and shove himself that way on top of her.
Begob, he's the crux of the catalogue
Of our antediluvial zoo,

**(Chorus) Messrs. Billing and Coo.
Noah's larks, good as noo.**

He was joulting by Wellington's monument
Our notorious hippopotamuns
When some bugger let down the backtrap of the
omnibus
And he caught his death of fusiliers,

He ought to blush for himself, the old hayheaded
philosopher,
For to go and shove himself that way on top of her.
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**(Chorus) Messrs. Billing and Coo.
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He was joulting by Wellington's monument
Our notorious hippopotamuns
When some bugger let down the backtrap of the
omnibus
And he caught his death of fusiliers,

**(Chorus) With his rent in his rears.
Give him six years.**

'Tis sore pity for his innocent poor children
But look out for his missus legitimate!
When that frew gets a grip of old Earwicker

**(Chorus) With his rent in his rears.
Give him six years.**

'Tis sore pity for his innocent poor children
But look out for his missus legitimate!
When that frew gets a grip of old Earwicker
Won't there be earwigs on the green?

**(Chorus) Big earwigs on the green,
The largest ever you seen.**

Then we'll have a free trade Gaels' band and mass
meeting

For to sod the brave son of Scandiknavery.
And we'll bury him down in Oxmanstown
Along with the devil and Danes,

**(Chorus) With the deaf and dumb Danes,
And all their remains.**

And not all the king's men nor his horses
Will resurrect his corpus
For there's no true spell in Connacht or hell
That's able to raise a Cain.

**(Chorus) That's able to
Raise a Cain**

Won't there be earwigs on the green?

**(Chorus) Big earwigs on the green,
The largest ever you seen.**

Suffoclose! Shikespower! Seudodanto! Anonymoses
Then we'll have a free trade Gaels' band and mass
meeting

For to sod the brave son of Scandiknavery.
And we'll bury him down in Oxmanstown
Along with the devil and Danes,

**(Chorus) With the deaf and dumb Danes,
And all their remains.**

And not all the king's men nor his horses
Will resurrect his corpus
For there's no true spell in Connacht or hell

(bis) That's able to raise a Cain.

The general lost her maidenloo! 44.22 – 47.29

**Hirp! Hirp! for their Missed Understandings! chirps the Ballat of Perce-Oreille. (175.27-8)
a hole in the ballad for Hosty; two dozen of cradles for J.F.X.P. (211.19-20)**

By old Grumbledum's walls. Bumps, bellows and bawls. (273.01-2)

**Have You Erred off Van Homper or Ebell Teresa Kane.Marak! Marak! Marak! He drapped has
draraks an Mansianhase parak And he had ta barraw tha watarcrass shartclaths aff the
ark-bashap af Yarak! (491.16-20)**

vallad of Erill Pearcey O (493.03)

**(have you heard of one humbledown jungleman how he bet byrn-and-bushe playing
peg and pom?): the maudlin river then gets its dues (586.10-12)**