

LAYS, LYRICS AND LEGENDS

He swung it around as a lasso is swung,
The Dutchman he hit with bologna,
The full mug of beer the Dutchman then flung,
On the boiled shirt of Moike Maloney.

Faith just had this trouble but hardly begun.
In a way that was really distressin,
Maloney declared with an oath on his tongue
"To Hill wid yer delicatessen."

Maloney looked down on his boiled shirt an' saw
(It was brown as a hide in the tan.)
He growled wid a wink an' a grin on his jaw
"Now what mane ye, says he, "me good man?"

The table was tilted when down came the cheese,
It fell in a lump on the floor;
The clothes that Maloney had on, if you please,
The like av thim never he wore.

They were down on the floor when Roney came in,
Says he "Phwat now is the matter in here,"
Maloney, mien bellonies, is fightin' to win,
Mit cheeze an' a mug av strong beer.

The engagement he made wid Norah O'Flynn
Sure he cancelled it well in this way.
Our tame in the game I'm sure cannot win,
An' I think I'll postpone it to-day.