

(g) "Trottin' to The Fair" - - - - - C. V. Stanford  
(Old Air, "Will you take a flutter")

Trottin' to the fair,  
Me and Moll Molony,  
Seated, I declare,  
On a single po' v.  
How am I to know that  
Molly's safe behind,  
With our heads in—oh, that  
Awkward way inclined?  
By her gentle breathin'  
Whisper'd past my ear,  
And her white arms wreathin'  
Warm around me here.

Thus on Dobbin's back  
I discoursed the darling,  
Till upon our track  
Leaped a mongrel snarling,  
"Ah!" says Moll, "I'm frightened  
That the pony'll start—"  
And her hands she tightened  
Round my happy heart;  
Till I axed her, "May I  
Steal a kiss or so?"  
And my Molly's grey eye  
Didn't answer "No."

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES

(h) "Quick! We have but a Second" - - - Arranged by C. V. Stanford  
(Old Air, "Paddy O'Snap")

Quick! we have but a second,  
Fill round the cup, while you may;  
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,  
And we must away, away!  
Grasp the pleasure that's flying,  
For oh! not Orpheus' strain  
Could keep sweet hours from dying,  
Or charm them to life again!  
Then, quick! we have but a second,  
Fill round the cup while you may;  
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,  
And we must away, away!

See the glass how it flushes,  
Like some young Hebe's lip,  
And half meets thine and blushes  
That thou should'st delay to sip.  
Shame, oh! shame unto thee,  
If e'er thou seest that day  
When a cup or lip shall woo thee,  
And turn untouch'd away!  
Then quick! we have but a second,  
Fill round, fill round, while you may;  
For Time, the churl, hath beckon'd,  
And we must away, away!

THOMAS MOORE.

(i) "The Kilkenny Cats" - - - - - Arranged by C. V. Stanford  
(Air, "Better Let Them Alone")

[These ferocious monsters, entering upon a family quarrel, engaged each other with such inveterate and surprising fury, that after an encounter prolonged throughout an entire night, nothing but their tails remained upon the field of action.—OLD LEGEND.]

In the dacent ould days before stockings or stays  
Were invented, or breeches, top-boots, and top-hats,  
You'd search the whole sphere from Cape Horn to Cape Clear,  
And never come near to the likes of our Cats.  
Och, tunder! Och, tunder! you'd wink wid the wonder  
To see them keep under the mice and the rats,  
And go wild for half-shares in the phisants and hares  
They pulled up the back stairs to provision our Pats.  
Och! the Cats of Kilkenny, Kilkenny's wild Cats!

But the shame and the sin of the Game Laws came in  
With the gun and the gin of the landlord canats,  
And the whole box and dice of the rats and the mice  
Made off in a trice from our famishing Cats.  
What did the beasts do? What would I or would you?  
Is it lie down and mew till we starved on our mats?  
Not at all, faix! but fall, small and great, great and small,  
With one grand caterwaul on each other's cravats,  
Och! the Cats of Kilkenny, Kilkenny's wild Cats.

And that mortal night long we should hark, right or wrong,  
To the faste and the song of the Cannible Cats,  
Gladiath'rin' away till the dawn of the day  
In fifty-three sharps, semi-quavers, and flats;  
And when we went round with the molkcarts we found,  
Scattered over the ground like a sprinkle of sprats,  
All the rest, bit and sup, of themselves they'd ate up,  
Only just the tip-ends of the tails of the Cats.  
Och! the Cats of Kilkenny, Kilkenny's quare Cats!

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES