

The English may sing of their red and white roses,
While Irishmen boast of their shamrock clad vale ;
Let Scotland delight in her haggis and broses,
While we sing the glories of Canavan's swale.

In Adjala swamp lives one Mr. Canavan,
There's where the choicest of cedars abound,
And all the wild beasts you would see in a caravan,
Playing their antics and prowling around.
But he plays them a tune on his flute so melodiously,
Bears and wild tigers come wagging their tails,
And lie down to sleep at his feet, so commodiously—
Nothing but comfort in Canavan's swale.

And now is the time to get rails for your farm,
To baffle the pigs and the breechy big steers ;
A couple of thousand will save you from harm,
A good stake and rider has nothing to fear.
Go down through Loretto, and call at Mick Ellard's,
He keeps the best liquor, wholesale and retail ;
Then up with your horn, and down with your three-
pence—
It shortens the road to Canavan's swale.

Loretto's the spot you'll find doctors and lawyers,
Who practise their calling in exquisite style,
And other lay members, both blacksmiths and sawyers,
Who earn a living by hard honest toil.
And there you will find jolly subjects of Bacchus,
Discussing the merits of whiskey or ale ,
So take my advice, and keep out of a fracas
When going or coming from Canavan's swale.

But if you want rails, you must certainly work for
them—
Flynn or John Haffey can show you the road—