

He tears her cap and kicks her sound,
 What a hubbub is under ground !
 Such sport cannot for life be missed
 By each drunken sweet vocalist,
 The ballad singers join the strife,
 And like gentlemen back the wife.
 It is an Irishman's delight,
 For the sake of the fun to fight.
 A wooden leg one does unstrap,
 And gives the husband many a rap ; 260
 Another drunker still, and blind,
 The sieve of eggs by chance does find ;
 He whirls it round his head and squalls,
 The eggs fly out and daub the walls,
 Or soil the beds, while each one hides
 From the circle that he describes.
 The combatants avoid or flee
 The dangerous proximity.
 Another drunken vocalist,
 The strong temptation can't resist ; 270
 He has no arms, yet takes a part,
 If not with hand, at least with heart ;
 Conspicuous he's in the fight,
 Lustily he can kick and bite.
 So drunk is the remaining one,
 He hasn't a leg to stand upon.
 In a tub of suds down he's thrown
 And he snorts like a porpoise blown ;
 He sings, well moistened with the souce,
 " There is na luck about the house." 280
 With prowess and with main and might
 Long do the fuddled champions fight.

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