

The Old Irish Jig.

Tripudium Hibernicum.

OH! my blessing be on you old Erin,
 My own land of frolic and fun;
 For all sorts of mirth and "diversion"
 Your like isn't under the sun.
 Bohemia may talk of its polka,
 And Spain of its waltzes grow big—
 Och! sure they are nothing but limping,
 Compared with our own Irish Jig.

HIBERNIA, sis benedicta!
 Jucunda enim insula es:
 Gratiore non occurrit viator
 Quocunque dirigitur pes.
 Bohemia de Polka se jactet—
 Hispania jactet et se—
 Hibernica solum chorea
 Delectat tripudium, me.

CHORUS—

CHORUS—

Then a jig for your new-fashioned waltzes,
 Imported from Spain and from France,
 And a jig for the thing called the polka,
 Our own Irish Jig is the dance.

Hinc Gallicæ, ergo, choreæ!
 Hispanæ, valete et vos!
 Valete, Bohemia, vestræ!
 Oblectat, tripudium nos.

I heard how this jig came in fashion,
 And believe that the story is true,
 By Adam and Eve 'twas invented,
 The reason was—partners were few.
 Although they could both dance the polka,
 Eve thought it was not over chaste,
 She preferred our jig to be dancing,
 And, 'faith, I approve of her taste.

Tripudii fama inceptum
 Adami ingenio dat,
 Hevæque, nam in paradiso
 Consortium non fuit sat—
 Potuerunt et Polka saltare,
 Sed Heva non gaudens in re
 Tripudium magis dilexit
 Et bene dilexit, nonne?

The light hearted daughters of Erin,
 Like the wild mountain deer that can
 bound,
 Their feet never touch the green island,
 But music is struck from the ground.

Puellæ venustæ nostrates
 Ceu cervæ resiliunt, et
 Non possunt attingere terram
 Quin musicæ sonitum det.