

Billie O'Rourke

Faith, I greased my brogues and took my stick the twen - ti - eth day of
May, sirs, And off to Dub - lin town I tripped to walk up-on the seas, sirs, To
see if I could get em-ploy to cut their hay and corn, sirs, To
pick up pence up - on the seas, the cock - neys I might learn, sirs,
With my phil - la - la - loo and my heart so true, Ar-rah, Bil - lie O'-Rourke's the boy, sirs.

I gave the captain six thirteens to carry me o'er to Porgate,
But before we got half o'er the road the wind it blew at a hard rate.
The sticks that grew up through the ship they sang out like a whistle,
And the sailors all, both great and small, says, "Boys, we are going to the devil."

(Chorus)

The men fell on their bended knees, the ladies fell a-fainting,
But I fell on the bread and cheese; I always mind the main thing.
The captain cries, "To the bottom you go." Says I, "I don't care a farthing,
You promised to take me to Porgate and I'll hold you to your bargain."

(Chorus)

The ship she sang us all to sleep till we came to the place of landing,
And those that were the most fatigued the sails were out a-handing.
They looked so smart they won my heart. Says I, "You fools of riches,
Although you've no tails to your coats, there's money in your britches."

(Chorus)

I met an honest gentleman a-traveling the road, sirs,
"Good morning," says I. "How do you do?" But he proved a mighty rogue, sirs.
For at the corner of a lane his pistol he pulled out, sirs,
And he rammed the muzzle, arrah, what a shame! onto my very mouth, sirs.

(Chorus)

"Your money, blast your eyes," he says. "Arrah, be merciful," cries I, sirs.
He swore my brains he would blow out if I should bawl or cry, sirs.
He leveled fair. Just for my sponce, three steps I did retire.
His pan it flashed, his brains I smashed; my shillalah don't miss fire.

(Chorus)

A widow next did me employ all for to cut and thrash, sirs.
No man like me could handle a flail, in troth I was a dasher.
She had a maid who used me well, but I being afraid of the beadle,
I says, "Good morning, mum," says I, "I think you'll have use for your cradle."

(Chorus)