# Larry Grogan

Larry Grogan

Ye rakes that are jolly and hate melancholy,
Who through the wide world are a jogging;
In the land of good ale did you never hear tell,
Of that frolicksome lad Larry Grogan.
We'll send for sweet Larry, be merry, be merry;
Hah, there is his bagpipe a humming;
Zounds boys join in chorus, hey! all the world for us,
I knew the dear Joy was a coming.

Now peace with your singing, we'll make a'round ring, an
Young Larry, shall play in the middle;
Now for it my ranter, one tune from your chanter,
Shall beat the harp, hautboy or fiddle,
Your pipes Larry Grogan all other ones flogging,
Tune up in a measure so frisky,
To hear Lanstrum pone what heart can be stony,
While'er we've a bumper of whisky.

Come Larry play over the march of the rover,
The rakes and the drunkards and troopers;
Lads rather than quarrel we'll stave a whole barrel'
So damn it more work for the coopers.
Come drink about plumpers, lads fill up your bumpers,
And landlady bring us a twitcher;
But hearkee__ no roguing,--- you know Larry Grogan,
Can find out the hole in a pitcher.

Come drink about Larry, let's laugh and be merry,
This world is nothing but sorrow;
To day let us caper and sweal out life's taper,__
It may be extinguish'd tomorrow.
Yet if death do approach us, he never dare broach us;
The rascal had better be civil;
We'd call him a liar, put's dart in the fire,
And shove his dry bones to the Devil.

Amongst other crochets we'll play up to Hatchet's,
And drink a whole hogshead at Hammond's,
From there to Moll Wheelers we'll visit the females,
And toss off a cag to Doll Cummins.
We'll touzle the tatters of each mother's daughter,--
What says my young worthy sweet Larry?

Come lads never fear us, we'll rant it like heros,
   But mind we are never to marry.

Now faith Larry Grogan, with never a brogue on,
   I'll skip to thy music with pleasure;
So down with the glasses, and haul in our lasses;
   In dancing we'll stick to no measure.
Well broke Larry Grogan, 'tis time to be jogging,
   We reel with a motion so weary;
For piping and dancing for singing and prancing,
   Who e'er so a blade like young Larry.

* Pipe tune of which there are many versions, and now called "Langstern's pony". "Lastrum Pone" in the Neals' <<A Choice Collection of Country Dances>>, Dublin, c 1726; "Lestrum pone" in <<The Beggar's Wedding>>, 1729; "Lass Trumponey" in Walsh's <<Caledonian Country Dances>>, Book 1, c 1734; "Lastrumponey" in Oswald's <<Caledonian Pocket Companion>>, and elsewhere later.

The tune "Larry Grogan" was printed in 1736 in the second book of J. Walsh's <<Caledonian Country Dances, and>> appeared about the same time on a single sheet song with music, (noted in 6/4 rather than 6/8 time) with the title "Larry Grogan, or the London Rakes delight." This song is an English bacchanalian, and Larry Grogan appears only in the title. The tune "Larry Grogan" was also printed in J. Oswald's <<Caledonian Pocket Companion>>, Book 10, p. 12, c 1760.

Larry Grogan, or the London Rakes Delight.

Come Boys let's be jolly and drown melancholy,
   We'll tope off a Hogshead of Sherry, of Sherry.
Let doating old Puritans dye in their folly,
   While we that are Rakes will be merry, be merry
Each Rake with his Miss shall tipple & frolic it.
   Peggy & Nanny & Nanny & Sarah, & Sarah,
& Harry & Ionny & Robin no politick Dicky
   and Doll of the Dairy, the Dairy.

We'll Dance and sing and caper, rant, rattle, and Vapour,
   And revel like true Sons of Thunder, of Thunder,
Bauds, Pandors, and Bullies, Pimps, Whores & their Cullies,
   Amaz'd & afraid shall knock under Boys, under,
If they resist we'll beat them all back again,
   no Man our frolick shall hinder, shall hinder,
We'll Booze & we'll drink, & when in a merry Vein,
   Turn the House out the window, the window.

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When Drunk with good Sherry Champain of Canary,
We always are frisky & Jolly, & Jolly,
Each Lass of the Town that is free brisk and airy,
Young Cicely Bersheba and Polly, & Polly,
Shall fly to our Arms with am'rous embraces,
And meet a return from each Gallant, each Gallant,
While Liquor inspires us we mind no disgraces,
But boldly make use of our Tallent, our Tallent.

Our Bottles, Religion, our Lasses, a Region
Of bliss there our Joys we do Center, do Center,
While Bachus inspires us & Venus she fires us,
We Value not Hymens Indenture, Indenture,
Those that do marry do often miscarry,
Venus you know Cuckold'd Vulcan, old Vulcan,
His Horns oft did hinder the sight of his rival,
While Mars in a corner lay sculking, lay sculking.

Some Women are fickle & lov & to be tickl'd,
By those that to them should be Strangers, be Strangers,
The Rakes life is best tho' with Pox he is Pickl'd,
He need not to fear other dangers, Sir, dangers,
For what will come after we have no cause to fret,
Think not at all of to morrow, to morrow,
A whole pound of grief will ne'er pay an Ounce of Debt,
Hang care and cast away Sorrow, Boys, Sorrow.

Play: LRYGRGN, from single sheet issue song with music, the tune being "Larry Grogan." London, c 1730-40

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