

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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The Irish Jubilee

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A short time ago an Irishman named Docherty
Was elected to the Senate by a very large majority

Sure he felt so elected that he went to Denis Cassidy
Who owned a bar room of a very large capacity

Arra, says Docherty go over to the brewer and order
A hundred kegs of lager beer and give it to the poor!

Then go over to the butchers shop and order up a ton of meat
Be sure the boys and girls have got all they want to drink and eat

They made me their senator, to show them all me gratitude
They'll have the finest supper ever given in the latitude

Tell them the music will be furnished by O'Rafferty
Assisted on the bagpipes by Felix Mick M'Cafferty

Sure whatever the expenses are, remember I'll put up the tin
And anyone who doesn't come, be sure and do not let them in

Now Cassidy at once sent out the invitations
And anyone who came was a credit to the nation

Some came on bicycles because they had no fares to pay
And all those that did not come, made up their minds to stay away

Two by three they all rushed in the dining hall
Young men and old men and girls that were not men at all

Blind men and deaf men and men who had the chickenpox
Single men and double men and men who had their glasses on

Well in a few minutes nearly every chair was taken
Till the taprooms and mushroom rooms were packed to suffocation

When everyone was seated and we started to lay out the feast
Cassidy says rise up and give us each a cake apiece

He then said as manager he would try and fill the chair
We then sat down and all looked over the bill of fare

Well there was pigs heads, goldfish, mocking birds and ostriches
Ice cream, cold cream, Vaseline and sandwiches

Blue fish, green fish, fishhooks and partridges
Fishballs, snowballs, cannonballs and cartridges

We ate oatmeal till we could hardly stirabout
Ketch-up and hurry-up, sweet-kraut and sauer-kraut

Dressed beef and naked beef and beef with all its trousers on
Soda crackers, fire crackers, Cheshire cheese with breeches on

Beefsteaks and mistakes were down upon the bill of fare
Roast ribs and spare ribs and ribs that we couldn't spare

Reindeer, snowdeer and dear me and antelope
The women ate so much melon ,the men said they cantaloupe

Red herrings, smoked herrings, herrings from old Erin's Isle
Bangor loaf and fruit cake and sausages a half a mile

Hot corn, cold corn, and corn cake and honey-comb
Red birds and red books, sea bass and sea foam

Fried liver, baked liver, Carter's little liver pills
And everyone was wondering who was going to pay the bill

Well we ate everything that was on the bill of fare
And then we looked on the back to see if any more was there

Well for dessert we had ice picks, tooth picks and a piece of
skipping rope
And we washed them all down with a big piece of shaving soap

The bad played hornpipes, gaspipes and Irish reels
And we danced to the music of "The wind that shakes the Barley
fields"

Then the piper played ould tunes and spittoons so very fine
Then in came fiddler Pat and gave to him a glass of wine

Arra a finer set of dancers you never set your eyes upon
And anyone who couldn't dance was dancing with their slippers on

Some danced jig steps door steps and highland flings
And Murphy took his penknife out and tried to cut the "Pigeon's
wings"

When the dance was over Cassidy told us all to join hands and sing
this good old chorus:

Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgot, who ever you may be
Lets think of the good ould times we had at the Irish Jubilee!

from Robin Morton's "Folksongs sung in Ulster" MR
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