

THE IRISH WALK.

WRITTEN BY HICKORY WOOD. COMPOSED BY ERNEST HASTINGS.







R & Cº 1087.



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Then Shaughnessy he came along – an interfering chap – And said that everybody ought to have a handicap: He thought that it would be a very interesting match If he had half an hour of start, and we were all at scratch: But Barney said, the older that you were, you got the more, And he would take a good half day, for he was sixty-four: We had a nasty argument about it then and there; But, in the end, we settled it and got it fair and square. J

I started the first of all Because of the corns I had; Barney started in front of *me*, Because of his leg that's bad: Micky started in front of both Because of his feet that's sore; But Shaughnessy wanted to be in time, So he started the night before.

Then, first of all, the judges to the winning-post we sent, And, with the prize they waited there the winner to present. We all of us got ready— quite prepared to do or die, And to our wives and families we bid a last good-bye. The starter cried "Now for it, boys—Get ready! One—two—Go!" And, while we were in sight of him, we walked it heel and toe. But, when we'd walked a mile or two, and left the public gaze; We thought we'd do the rest of it in other kinds of ways.

I went in an omnibus,
Micky— he went by car.
Barney took the railway train,
Because it was so far.
Shaughnessy went on a bicycle,
And had a nasty fall,
And the funniest thing about the walk,
Was, that nobody walked at all.

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Then, when I got within about a mile or so of Cork, I got out of the omnibus and started on the walk; The people came to meet me, and they naturally cheered "Hurrah! here comes the winner, boys!" as soon as I appeared. The other ones were not in sight, and so, of course, I knew That I was number one, whoever else was number two; And everybody shouted, as I reached the winning post, But, as I'd won the prize, I was the one who shouted most.

I came in at half past four Micky got in at five, Pat and Barney missed the train, And so they didn't arrive: Shaughnessy fractured his ankle-bone, In hospital he lies; And I found when I got to the winning-post That the judges had swallowed the prize.

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