

## **Black Joke (The Original black Joke, sent from Dublin, 1720)**

No mortal sure can blame ye man,  
Who prompted by Nature will act as he can  
With a black joke, and belly so white:  
For he ye Platonist must gain say,  
that will not Human Nature obey,  
in working a joke, as will lather like soap,  
and ye hair of her joke, will draw more yn a rope,  
with a black joke, and belly so white.

The first yt came in was an English boy,  
and then he began for to play and toy,  
With her black etc..  
He was well vers'd in Venus's School,  
Went on like a Lyon came off like a fool,  
From her coal black etc.

Then Shonup a Morgan from Holly-head  
Was stark staring mad to go to bed,  
To her black etc.  
His cruper her saddle did not fit,  
So out of door she did him hit;  
With her Coal black etc..

Then hastily came in a Hilland man,  
His chanter and pipe both in his hand,  
To her black etc.  
But his main spring it was not strong  
For he could only flash in the pan  
Of her Coal black etc.

A Frenchman oh yn with ruffles and wig  
With her he began for to dance a Jig  
With her black etc.  
and when he felt what was under her smock,  
Begar said Mounsier 'tis a fine Merimot  
With a Coal black etc..

A rich Dutch skiper from Amsterdam  
He came with his gilt ready in his hand,  
To her black etc.  
He fancy'd himself very fit for ye game,  
She sent him to Holland all in a flame,  
By her Coal black etc.

Then next came in a brave Granadeer,  
and calls in for plenty of Ale and beer,  
For her black etc.  
The cuning sly Jade show'd him a trick  
and sent him away with fire in his stick  
From her Coal black etc..

The good Irish Man he cou'd not forbear  
But yt he must have a very good share,  
Of her black etc.  
Madam said he for money I have none.  
But I'll play a tune on ye jiging bone  
Of your Coal black etc.

Traverse ye Globe and you'll find none,  
Who is not addicted and very much prone,  
To a black etc.

The Prince, ye Priest, ye Peasant do love it,  
and all degrees of Mankind do covet  
A Coal black etc.

Le 'Joak' fait référence au sexe féminin. Plusieurs hommes (un Anglais, un Gallois, un Ecossais, un Français, un Hollandais et un Irlandais) tentent de satisfaire le désir sexuel d'une courtisane. Aucun ne réussit sauf, semble-t-il, l'Irlandais, mais aucun homme au monde (le prince, le prêtre, le paysan) ne peut résister au 'black joak' !

### **The White Joak**

Gay Myra, Toast of all the Town,  
By powder'd Fops encircled round,  
Charms ev'ry Beau, yet's charm'd by none,  
Charms ev'ry Beau, yet's charm'd by none.  
At Park, at Play, at Masquerade,  
She gains the Prize from ev'ry Maid,  
And when she sings, her Voice so clear,  
With Harmony does glad the Ear ;  
For thrilling Sounds dwell on her Tongue,  
For Thrilling Sounds dwell on her Tongue.

Fidelio, grac'd with ev'ry Charm,  
That cou'd the Heart of Virgin warm,  
For Myra sigh'd, for her alone,  
For Myra, &  
Yet wou'd not Pity touch the Fair  
To gently footh his deep Despair ;  
And tho' she ever frown'd Disdain,  
He still must languish, tho' in vain ;  
For sweetest Sounds dwell on her Tongue,  
For sweetest, &

Papilio smart, with flutt'ring Air,  
Breath'd artfully his mimick Care ;  
With gaudy Charms the Fopling shone,  
With gaudy, &  
No one like him could sing or dance,  
The Spark was newly come from France,  
He ap'd, caress'd, and fondly swore,  
He never lov'd a Belle before ;  
For melting Sounds dwelt on her Tongue,  
For melting, &

Cordelio, gen'rous, prudent, wise,  
The sprightly Dame did thus advise,  
Young Florio's borrow 'd Love to shun,  
Young Florio's, &  
Since false Papillio soon wou'd prove,  
And was not worthy of her Love ;  
Fidelio's Flame was chaste and pure,  
And wou'd 'till ebbing Life endure ;  
His Heart sincere as was his Tongue,  
His Heart, &

At lenght with flatt'ring Courtship cloy'd,  
And faithless Vows, of Passion void,  
She found she'd been amus'd too long :  
She found, &  
She Florio told, he ne'er was true ;  
Papilio, he was false she knew ;  
Fidelio's Sighs she must approve ;  
And when she crown'd his constant Love,

Enchanting Sounds dwelt on her Tongue,  
Enchanting Sounds, &

La belle et charmante Myra a plusieurs prétendants. Ne sachant pas lequel choisir, le sage Cordelio lui conseille de rejeter le menteur Florio et le séducteur Papillo, et de porter son choix sur Fidelio, qui lui restera fidèle.

### **Fancy's all**

BLACK, White, Yellow or Red,  
Woman's a charming lovely Creature.  
Get her but fairly to Bed  
And boggle no more about the Matter,  
'Tis not Complexion  
That causes Affection;  
Nor Graces appearing,  
That make her endearing;  
But Fancy in Lovers,  
Such secrets discovers  
As presently set their Spirits in motion.  
Woman's a Treasure,  
Created for Pleasure;  
And what are their Faces,  
Compared to Embraces?  
If Joan is but ready,  
She's good as her Lady:  
A Proof that Delight is the Daughter of Notion.

Toutes les femmes sont de charmantes créatures; qu'elles soient brunes ou blondes, dames ou servantes, prenez celle qui veut de vous car la femme est un trésor créé pour donner du plaisir, et c'est bien la preuve que Plaisir est fille de Désir.

Ah, the poor Shepherd (to the tune of Galashiels)  
AH, the poor shepherd's mournful fate,  
When doom'd to love and doom'd to languish,  
To bear the scornful fair one's hate,  
Nor dare disclose his anguish!  
Yet eager looks and dying sighs  
My secret soul discover,  
While rapture, trembling through mine eyes,  
Reveals how much I love her.  
The tender glance, the reddening cheek,  
O'erspread with rising blushes,  
A thousand various ways they speak  
A thousand various wishes.

For, oh! that form so heavenly fair,  
Those gentle eyes so sweetly smiling,  
That artless blush and modest air  
So fatally beguiling;  
Thy every look, and every grace,  
So charm, whene'er I view thee,  
Till death o'ertake me in the chase  
Still will my hopes pursue thee.  
Then, when my tedious hours are past,  
Be this last blessing given,  
Low at thy feet to breathe my last,  
And die in sight of heaven.

Ah, le triste sort du pauvre berger, condamné à aimer et à languir, à endurer la haine de la belle méprisante, et n'oser révéler son tourment !  
Que de regards désireux et de soupirs mourants mon âme secrète découvre, tandis que l'enchantement, vibrant à travers mes yeux, révèle combien je l'aime.

Le regard tendre, les pommettes rougissantes s'expriment de mille différentes façons, mille souhaits divers. Oh ! Cette silhouette si divine, ces doux yeux souriant si gentiment, cette rougeur naïve et cette modestie, si fatalement attirants.

Chacun de tes regards et chacune de tes grâces me charment dès que je les vois et jusqu'à ce que la mort m'emporte mes espoirs te poursuivront.

Alors, quand mes heures fastidieuses toucheront à leur fin, que cette dernière bénédiction me soit donnée, m'étendre à tes pieds pour rendre mon dernier soupir, et alors mourir en vue du paradis.

### **Eileanóir a Rún (sean-nós)**

Mo ghrá den chéad fhéachaint thú, Eileanóir a Rún,  
Is ort a bhím an smaoinemh, tráth a mbím i mo shuan,  
A ghrá den tsaol agus a chéadsearc, 's tú is deise ná ban Éireann,  
A bhruinnillín deads óg 's tú is deise is milse póg,  
Chúns a mhairfead beo beidh gear agam ort,  
Mar is deas mar a sheolfainn na gamhna leat, Eileanóir a Rún.

Bhí bua aici go meallfadh sí na h-éanlaith den chrann,  
'Gus bhí bua eile aici go dtógfadh sí an corp fuar ón mbás.  
'S bhí bua eile aici nach ndearfaidh mé, is í grá mo chroí is mo chéad searc,  
A bhruinnillín deads óg 's tú is deise is milse póg,  
Chúns a mhairfead beo beidh gear agam ort,  
Mar is deas mar a sheolfainn na gamhna leat, Eileanóir a Rún.

An dtiocfaidh tú, nó an bhfanfaidh tú, Eileanóir a Rún,  
Nó an aithneofá an té nach gcáinfeadh thú, a chuid den tsaol 's a stór?  
Ó tiocfaidh mé ach ní fhanfaidh mé, is maith a d'aithneoinn an té nach gcáinfeadh mé,  
A bhruinnillín deads óg 's tú is deise is milse póg,  
Chúns a mhairfead beo beidh gear agam ort,  
Mar is deas mar a sheolfainn na gamhna leat, Eileanóir a Rún.

English :

My love to you at first sight, Eileanóir my dear,  
It's of you that my mind thinks, while I lie asleep.  
My love and my first treasure,  
The most precious of the women of Ireland,  
Lovely young maiden, of the nicest and sweetest kiss,  
As long as I live, I'll desire you,  
For I'd love to drive the calves with you, Eileanóir my dear.

She had the gift to entice the birds from the tree,  
and another gift for to take the cold corpse from death,  
one other gift, oh - I can not tell,  
She, the love of my life and first treasure,  
Lovely young maiden, of the nicest and sweetest kiss,  
As long as I live, I'll desire you,  
For I'd love to drive the calves with you, Eileanóir my dear.

Will you come or will you stay, Eileanóir my dear?  
Or would you recognize he who'd not slander you, my everything and treasure?  
Oh, I will come, but I'll not stay,  
It's well I'd recognize he who'd slander me,  
Lovely young maiden, of the nicest and sweetest kiss,  
As long as I live, I'll desire you,  
For I'd love to drive the calves with you, Eileanóir my dear.

Mon amour pour vous au premier regard, Eleanor ma chère. C'est vers vous que mon esprit s'évade lorsque je suis endormi. Vous êtes la jeune femme la plus précieuse de toute l'Irlande, celle dont les baisers sont les plus doux. Tant que je vivrai je vous désirerai, et j'aimerais pouvoir conduire les veaux à vos côtés, ma chère Eleanor.

Elle avait le don d'attirer à elle les oiseaux dans les arbres. Un autre don était celui de prendre le cadavre froid de la mort, un autre don, oh – je ne peux le dire, Elle, l'amour de ma vie et premier trésor.

Viendrez-vous ou resterez-vous, Eleanor ma chère ? Ou reconnaîtrez-vous celui qui ne vous calomnierait point, mon tout et mon trésor ?

Oh, je viendrai, mais ne restera pas, je reconnaîtrais bien celui qui me calomnierait.

Belle jeune femme, aux baisers les plus doux, tant que je vivrai je vous désirerai, et j'aimerais conduire les veaux avec vous, Eleanor ma chère.

### **Ailen aroon an Irish Ballad Sung by Mrs [Kitty] Clive at ye theater Royal**

Du ca tu non Vanna tu Aileen aroon  
San Duca tu non Vanna tu aileen aroon  
Duca tu non Vanna tu  
Duca tu non Vanna tu  
Duca tu, Duca tu, Duca tu non Vanna tu  
O Duca tu non Vanna tu aileen aroon.

Kead mille Faltie rote aileen aroon  
Kead mille Faltie rote aileen aroon  
Kead mille Faltie rote  
Kead mille Faltie rote  
Oct mille, nee mille, deh mille Faltie rote  
O Faltie gus fine rote aileen aroon.

Tuca me sni anna me sgra ma chree stu  
O Tuca me sni anna me sgra ma chree stu  
Tuca me sni anna me  
Tuca me sni anna me  
Tuca me sni anna me sni anna me sgra me chree stu.

*Aileen mon amour secret*

*Fuiras-tu avec moi Aileen mon amour secret ou resteras-tu ici ?*

*Mille fois bienvenue à toi*

*Je viendrai, je ne resterai pas ici, amour de ma vie.*

### **Teague, the Irish Trooper: BEING His Sorrowful Lamentation to his Cousin Agra, and the rest of his Fellow Soldiers, recounting their Misfortunes in the most remarkable Fights, from the River BOYNE, to the Surrender of LIMERICK, their last Hope.**

Dear Cousin Agra, and my Friends now attend  
To this doleful Ditty, which poor Teague has penn'd:  
The Irish Nation be Chreest now is lost,  
In [all] our designs we are utterly crost:  
We still have been forc'd to Surrender and Yield,  
To K. William's Army who Conquers the Field.

When first his vast Army set foot on the Land,  
Against them we marcht, yet not able to stand:  
For they did with Courage and Conduct appear,  
Which caused us streightways to tremble for fear:  
When e're they drew near, we were forced to Yield,  
To K. William's Army who Conquer'd the Field.

They threaten to put then the Kill upon Teague,  
Therefore by my soul we run one, to three League,  
Too many for us they have been all along,  
Which makes me to sing this sorrowful Song;  
As being compell'd to Surrender and Yield,  
To K. William's Army which Conquers the Field.

There's fair Drogheda, nay, and Dublin too,  
This Conquering Army in short did subdue;  
While we to the Bogs, and the Mountains did fly,  
Dear Cousin, cause Teague was unwilling to dye:  
Thus were we constrain'd to Surrender and Yield,

To K. William's Army, which Conquers the Field.

I put on my Shackboots, and left Cart and Plow,  
And thought to have been a Commander e're now,  
But I must return like a poor tatter'd Rogue,  
Without e're a Shirt, Coat, nay Stocking, or Broague,  
Since famous fair Limerick is forced to Yield,  
To K. William's Army, who Conquers the Field.

A curse of the French would they ne'er had come here,  
By them our sorrows has been most severe;  
But seeing we find how we have been misled,  
Great William for ever shall now be our head;  
To His Royal Power and Conduct we'll Yield,  
Where ever he goes let him conquer the Field.

*Teague, le soldat Irlandais: sa lamentation douloureuse à sa cousine bien aimée et d'autres de ses compatriotes, soldats comme lui, qui racontent leurs malheurs dans des batailles terribles, du fleuve de Boyne jusqu'à la capitulation de la ville de Limerick, leur dernier espoir. Cette chanson décrit, du point de vue de Teague, la 'Battle of the Boyne' (1690) où tant de soldats Irlandais, combattant aux côtés du roi James II d'Angleterre, ont trouvé la mort.*

### **Will ye go to Flanders?**

Will ye go tae Flanders, my Mally-o,  
Will ye go tae Flanders, my Mally-o,  
We'll get wine and brandy,  
Sack and sugar candy,  
Will ye go tae Flanders, my Mally-o.

Will ye go tae Flanders, my Mally-o,  
Tae see the chief commanders, my Mally-o,  
You'll see the bullets fly,  
And the sodgers how they die,  
And the ladies how they cry, my Mally-o.

*Viendras-tu en Flandres, ma Mally O, nous aurons du vin et du cognac, des sacs plein de sucreries. Viendras-tu en Flandres, ma Mally O, voir les commandants en chef, tu verras les balles voler et les soldats mourir, et les dames pleurer.*

### **Killiecrankie**

Where ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?  
Where ha'e ye been sae brankie, O?  
Where ha'e ye been sae braw, lad?  
Cam' ye by Killiecrankie, O?  
And ye had been whare I ha'e been,  
Ye wadna been sae cantie, O,  
An ye had seen what I ha'e seen  
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O.

I've faught at land, I've faught at sea;  
At hame I faught my auntie, O;  
But I met the Devil and Dundee,  
On the braes o' Killiecrankie, O!  
And ye had been etc.

The bauld Pitcur fell in a fur,  
And Claverse gat a clankie, O;  
Or I had fed an Athole gled,  
On the braes o' Killiecrankie O.  
And ye had been etc.

J'ai combattu sur la terre et en mer.  
Chez moi, je me suis bagarré avec ma tante,  
Mais j'ai rencontré le diable et {le Vicomte} Dundee  
Sur les collines de Killiecrankie.

### **ANNA, a favourite Irish Song**

Shepherds ! I have lost my Love :  
Have you seen my ANNA,  
Pride of every shady grove,  
Upon the Banks of BANNA ?  
I for her my home forsook,  
Near yon misty mountain ;  
Left my flock, my pipe, my crook,  
Greenwood, shade, and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,  
Until her returning ;  
All the joys of life are o'er,  
From gladness chang'd to mourning.  
Whither is my Charmer flown ?  
Shepherds ! tell me, whither ?  
Ah ! woe for me, perhaps she's gone  
For ever and for ever.

Bergers, j'ai perdu mon amour, avez-vous vu mon Anna?  
J'ai quitté mon foyer et mon troupeau, vers les montagnes brumeuses, pour la retrouver.  
Ma vie est passée de joie à deuil, peut-être est-elle partie à jamais.

### **The world is always jarring from *Polly*, an Opera by John Gay**

The world is always jarring ;  
This is persuing  
T'other man's ruin,  
Friends with friends are warring,  
In a false cowardly way.  
Spurr'd on by emulations,  
Tongues are engaging,  
Calumny, raging,  
Murders reputations,  
Envy keeps up the fray.  
Thus with burning hate,  
Each, returning hate,  
Wounds and robs his friends.  
In civil life,  
Even man and wife  
Squabble for selfish ends.

Le monde est éternellement discordant ; chaque homme cherche la ruine d'un autre, même les amis se querellent. Stimulées par l'émulation, les langues se délient, la calomnie, et la rage règnent en maîtresses. Animé d'une haine dévorante, chacun, dent pour dent, blesse et vole ses amis. Dans la vie conjugale, même maris et femmes se chamaillent à des fins égoïstes.

### **Up wi't Ailey**

Then up wi't Ailey, Ailey,  
Up wi't Ailey now;  
Then up wi't Ailey, quo' cummer,  
We's a' get roaring fu'

And one was kiss'd in the barn;  
Another was kiss'd on the green;  
And the other behind the pease-stack,

Till the mow flew up to her een.  
Then up wi't Ailey, &c.

Now fy, John Thomson, rin,  
Gin ever ye ran in your life;  
De'il get ye, but hie, my dear Jock,  
There's a man got to bed with your wife.  
Then up wi't Ailey, &c.

Then away John Thomson ran,  
And I trow he ran with speed;  
But before he had run his length,  
The false loon had done the deed.  
Then up wi't Ailey &c.

Ailey, apporte à boire !  
Cours John Thomson, cours, avant que l'on t'attrape,  
Gare à toi Jock, un autre homme couche avec ta femme.  
Alors John Thompson courut et je vous le jure courut vite.  
Mais avant qu'il ne se sauve, le diable avait fait son travail.

### **Moggy Lawther (from *The Beggar's Wedding* by Charles Coffey)**

Sure Woman was at first design'd,  
As Nature's richest Treasure,  
To sooth the Passion of Mankind,  
With each bewitching Pleasure :  
But she in ev'ry State of Life,  
E'er since the first Creation,  
Whether as Widow, Maid, or Wife,  
Still proves our whole Vexation.

Certes la femme était d'abord conçue comme le plus grand trésor de la nature, pour apaiser la Passion de l'Humanité par des plaisirs envoûtants : mais elle est à chaque étape de la vie, et ce depuis la Création, qu'elle soit veuve, jeune fille ou femme, la preuve de toute notre contrariété.

### **My Nanny O**

While some for Pleasure pawn their Health,  
'Twi't *Lais* and the *Bagnio*,  
I'll save myself, and without Stealth,  
Kiss and caress my *Nanny-O*

She bids more fair t'engage a *Jove*,  
Than *Leda* did or *Danae-O* :  
Where I to paint the Queen of Love,  
None else should fit but *Nanny-O*

How joyfully my Spirits rise,  
When dancing she moves finely-O :  
I guess what Heav'n is by her Eyes,  
Which sparkle so divinely-O

Attend my Vow, ye Gods,  
while I Breath in the blest *Britannia*,  
No humans Bliss I shall envy,  
While thus ye grant me *Nanny-O*.

*My bonny, bonny Nanny-O,*  
*My lovely charming Nanny-O,*  
I care not tho' the World shou'd know  
How dearly I love *Nanny-O*.



Tandis que certains pour un peu de plaisir mettent leur santé en gage, entre Lais et la maison close, je me sauverai, et sans furtivité, embrasserai et caresserai ma Nanny-O. Elle offre plus d'attraits pour attirer un Jupiter, que Leda ou Danae : si je devais peindre la Reine d'Amour, aucune autre que Nanny-O correspondrait.

Comme joyeusement mon esprit s'élève, lorsqu'en dansant elle se meut avec finesse : je devine ce qu'est le Paradis à travers ses yeux, qui étincellent si divinement. Assistez à mon serment, dieux, tandis que je respire au sein de la Grande-Bretagne bénie, je ne saurais envier le bonheur d'aucun humain, tant que vous m'accorderez Nanny-O.

Ma belle, belle Nanny-O, ma charmante Nanny-O, je me moque que le monde sache à quel point j'aime Nanny-O.