

Humpty Dumpty

The Dubliners

Have you heard o' one Humpty Dumpty?
How he fell with a roll and a rumble
Crawled up like lord Oliver Crumble
As the boot of the magazine wall
The magazine wall, hump helmet and all

He was one time our king of the castle
Now he's kicked about like a rotten old parsnip
And from Green Street he'll be sent
By order of his worth ship
To the penal jail of Mount Joy
To the jail of Mount Joy, jail him with joy

He was for father of all things for to bother us
Slow coaches and the market contraceptive for the metropolis
Mayors milk for the sick
Seven dry Sunday's a week
Open air love and religion reform
Religion reforms, so hideous and forms

And o' why says you couldn't he menage it
I'll go bail me fine dearie mount darling
Like the bumping bullet the Cassidy's
All his butter's in his horns
His butter's in his horns, butter his horns

Sweet Pad looks to the waves washed to old Ireland
The hooker of the hammer fast Viking
And gold's cursing the day that at Blanna bay
Saw his black and tan men a war
Saw his black and tan men a war, at the Harber bar

He was jointed by Wellington's monument
O' a retorious hippo' po potomus
When some bugger let down the back strap at the omnibus
And he got his dead with of fusiliers
When he's rented his rears, give em six years

Oh he'll have a free trade gael's banned in mass meeting
For to saws that brave son of Scandinavery
And we'll berry him down in Oxmond's Town
Along with the devil and Dane's
The death and dom Dane's, and all their remains

Now all the Kings men not his horses
Could never resurrect his corpses
For there's no true spell, in Curington hell
That's able to raise a cane