

# 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