Come listen to me for a while Me good friends one and all And I'll sing to you a verse or two About a famous ball Now the ball was given by some friends Who lived down Ashe Street In a certain house in the Liberties Where the ragmen used to meet Well the names were called at seven o'clock And every man was on the spot And to show respect for the management Every ragman brought his mot I must admit that I brought mine At twenty five minutes to eight And the first to stand up was Kieran Grace For to tell me I was late Then up jumps Humpy Soodelum And he says: 'I think somehow' By the ways are all going on tonight Is a looking for a row Now listen here, Grace if you want your face You'd better not shout or bawl There's a lot of hard chews gonna be here tonight To respect the ragman's ball Well for eating we had plenty now As much as we could hold We drank Brady's Loopline porter Until round the floor we rolled In the midst of all the confusion Someone shouted for a song When up jumps oul' John Lavin and sings 'Keep rollin' your barrel along' Then says my one; 'You're quare one now' And Biddy you're hard to beat Oh when up jumps Liza Boland And she told her to hold her prate Then my one made a clout at her She missed her and hit the wall And the two of them went in the ambulance The night of the ragman's ball Then we all sat down to some ham parings When everything was quiet And for broken noses I must say We had a lovely night Black eyes they were in great demand Not to mention split heads and all So if anyone wants to commit suicide Let them come to the ragman's ball