

## THE PARTY AT CROGAN'S

"Twas a foine time we had down at Crogan's:  
The five av us slept not a wink,  
Wid a fiddle to stir up our brogans,  
An' plenty o' toddy to dhrink.  
The grog it was free as the air is,  
An' we managed to store it away;  
We whistled and sang like canaries.  
An' who was the five, did ye say?

The two Crogans, that's one; Mike Sployd, that's two;  
Tim Horigan's three; an' meself—but there was five av us.

We played forty-five. Mike as b'atin'  
An' Horrigan called him a cheat,  
Then they threw off their coats without waitin'  
An' tuk at it like dogs in the shreet.  
They stirred up our blood wid their brawlin'  
Till we all got mixed up in the fray,  
The five of us pullin' an' haulin'  
But who was the five, did ye say?

Mike Sployd, that's one; Tim Horrigan's two; the two  
Crogan's is three; an' meself—sure there was five av us.

Pat Crogan he tuk up his fiddle,—  
Och, Pat is a merry gossoon!—  
An' he drew the bow over the middle  
An' played us a bit av a chune;  
Himself round the kitchen went prancin',  
Such a jog as PatCrogan can play!—  
An' it set the wholefive, did ye say?

Meself, that's one; Mike Spoyld, that's two; the two  
Crogans is three; Tim Horrigan's four — I thought there  
was five av us.

It was early daylight in the mor-rning  
When the party at Crogan's broke up;  
The cock in the shed called a war-rning,  
An' we all tuk a turn at the cup;  
But the truest of friends must be parted,  
An' each av us then went our way,  
The five av us all happy hearted.  
But who was the five, did ye say?

The two Crogans, that's one; Mike Sployd, that's two; Tim  
Horrigan's three; meself—och, I guess there was only four  
av us, afther all.

Florence J. Boyce