

Irish Jubilee

As sung by
F. S. Putz
1941 Almond, WI

The Irish Jubilee

A short time a - go, boys, an I-rish-man named Do-her-ty was e -

lect-ed to the sea-sate by a ver-y large ma-jor-i-ty. He felt so e-la-ted, so he

went to Den-nis Cas-si-dy, who owned a build-ing of a ver-y large ca-pac-i-ty.

(After last verse only)

"Should old ac-quaint-ance be for-got, wher - ev-er we may be." Think

of the good old time we had at the I - rish Ju - bi - lee."

Verse 1.

A short time ago, boys, an Irishman named Doherty
Was elected to the Senate by a very large majority
He felt so elated, so he went to Dennis Cassidy
Who owned a building of a very large capacity.

Verse 2.

He says to Cassidy, "Go over to O'Leary
For a thousand pounds of chewing gum and give it to the poor.
Then go over to the butcher shop and order up a ton of meat.
Be sure that the boys and girls have all they want to drink and eat.

Verse 3.

Send out invitations in twenty different languages.
Don't forget to tell them to bring their own sandwiches.
They've made me their Senator and so to show my gratitude
They'll have the finest supper ever given in this latitude.

Verse 4.

Tell them the music will be furnished by O'Rafferty
'ssisted on the bagpipes by Felix McCafferty.
Whatever the expenses are, remember I'll but up the tin
And anyone who doesn't come, be sure and do not let them in.

Verse 5.

Cassidy at once sent out the invitations
And every one that came was a credit to their nations.
Some came on bicycles because they had no fare to pay
And those who didn't come at all made up their minds to stay away.

Verse 6.

Two by three they marched into the dining hall
Young men, old men, girls who were not men at all,
Single men and double men, men who had their teeth in pawn,
Blind men, deaf men and men who had their glasses on.

Verse 7.

Before many a minute, nearly every chair was taken
Till the front rooms and mushrooms were packed to suffocation.
When everyone was seated, they started to lay out the feast.
Cassidy says, "Rise up and give us each a cake of yeast."

Verse 8.

He then said as manager, he would try and fill the chair.
We all sat down and we looked at the bill of fare.
There was pig's head, goldfish, mocking birds and ostriches,
Ice cream, cold cream, vaseline and sandwiches.

Verse 9.

Blue fish, green fish, fish hooks and partridges,
Fish balls, snow balls, cannon balls and cartridges.
We ate oatmeal till we could hardly stir about,
Catsup, a-hurry up, sweet 'nd sauer kraut.

Verse 10.

Dressed beef, naked beef, and beef with its dresses on,
Sody crackers, fire crackers, limburger cheese with tresses on,
Beef steaks and mistakes were down on the bill of fare,
Roast ribs, spare ribs and ribs that we couldn't spare.

Verse 11.

Reindeer, snow deer, deer meat and antelope –
The woman ate some mushmelon, the men said "They can't elope."
Red herring, smoked herring, herring from old Ireland'
Baloney, fruit cake and sausages a half a mile.

Verse 12.

There was hot corn, cold corn, corn salve and honey comb,
Reed birds, read books, see bass and sea foam,
Fried liver, baked liver, Carter's little Liver pills,
Everyone was wondering who was going to pay the bills.

Verse 13.

For dessert we had toothpicks, ice picks and skipping rope.
We washed them all down with a big piece of shaving soap.
We ate everything that was down on the bill of fare,
'Nd then looked on the back of it to see if any more was there.

Verse 14.

The band played horn pipes, gas pipes and Irish reels.
We danced to the music of the wind that shakes the barley fields,
'Nd the pipers played old tunes and spit-toons so very fine.
Then came the Piper Heizig and handed him a glass of wine.

Verse 15.

They welted the floor till they heard for miles around.
When Gallagher was in the air, his feet were never on the ground.
A finer lot of dancers you never set your eyes upon
And those who couldn't dance at all were dancing with their slippers on.

Verse 16.

Some danced jig steps, door steps 'n highland flings.
Murphy took his knife out and tried to cut a pigeon wing.
And when the dance was over, Cassidy then told us to join hands together
And sing that good old chorus: "Should auld acquaintance be forgot
Wherever we may be." Think of the good old time we had at the Irish Jubilee.

Transcription and lyrics from the Helene Stratman-Thomas Collection.

Critical Commentary

Transcriptions by Peters, p. 286, and HST

HST notes:

In the Professional Papers series:

This song of the vaudeville stage became a favorite in the lumbercamps. The words were written by the popular monologist of the 1890s, Jim Thornton, the music by Charles Lawler.

The mental feat of memorizing the nonsensical rhymes unquestionably entertained the lumberjacks in the bunkhouse as thoroughly as the patrons of New York theaters.

Version A sung by F.S. Putz, age 67, Almond, 1941.

This was picked up from having heard others sing it. He doesn't know whether this is folk or not, but has never known it to be published.

Version B sung by Emery de Noyer, age 63, Rhinelander, 1941.

Sources:

Peters, Harry B., ed. *Folk Songs out of Wisconsin: An Illustrated Compendium of Words and Music*. Madison, WI: The State Historical Society of Wisconsin, 1977.

Randolph, Vance, collector and editor. *Ozark Folksongs*. Vol. III. Columbia, Mo.: State Historical Society of Missouri, 1946-50.

Spaeth, Sigmund. *Weep Some More, my Lady*. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company, 1927.

K.G.