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**THREE**

**Famous New Songs**

**CALLED**

**Effects of Whisky.**

**The Valley Below.**

**LARRY O'GAFF.**



**PAISLEY:**

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## EFFECTS OF WHISKY.

Whisky maks us sometimes foolish,  
Whisky maks our pockets light,  
Whisky maks us aften mulish,  
Whisky gars us aften fight.

Whisky sometimes cures the head-ache,  
Whisky aften cures the gripes  
Whisky aye can cure the tooth-ache,  
Whisky's gude when ta'en wi' swipes.

Whisky maks us scant o' money,  
Whisky maks an empty house,  
Whisky maks us mair than funny,  
Whisky gars us a' crack crouse.

Whisky's gude for a' complainia',  
Whisky cures when doctors fail,  
Whisky cheers a winter's evening,  
Whisky quicken's head and tail.

Whisky still brings on distempers,  
Whisky kills, but canna cure,  
Whisky changes o' our tempers,  
Whisky maks few rich, but many poor.

Whisky gars slow tongues gang quicker,  
 Whisky turn the quick to slow,  
 Whisky is a potent l quor,  
 Whisky answers yes or no.

Whisky secrets ne'er can keep,  
 Whisky aften tells the truth,  
 Whisky is a friend o' sleep,  
 Whisky maks a grey hair'd youth.

Whisky worketh every evil,  
 Whisky maks my conscience pine,  
 Whisky it can dare the devil,  
 Whisky is the prince of crime,

Whisky's praise could ne'er be ended,  
 Whisky's wars are sad and lang,  
 Whisky still is we'el befriended,  
 Whisky finishes this sang.

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## THE BEAUTY OF THE VALLEY BELOW.

Ye Muses divine, your theme pray refine  
 To characterize a beautifull maid  
 Whose bright celestial charms  
 My senses has alarm'd  
 By her angelic form I'm subdued

Fair Helen or Venus with her cannot vie  
 She appeared like an angel unto my eye  
 I submissively approached her  
 On my word you may rely  
 I espied her in yon valley below  
 In amazement I gazed on that bright celest-  
     ial creature  
 With my blood trembling in every vein  
 Like Cupid alarmed my passion assailed  
 I exclaimed in a tottering pain  
 Saying you bright celestial charms  
 Your aid I implore to extricate my misery  
 My liberty restore  
 I am deeply bewailing come aid therefore  
 For the beauty of the valley below  
 Dame nature has studied to form each feature  
 She's an ornament of the creation I'm sure  
 Her majestic department and angler statre  
 Are the sources of those tortures I endure  
 In excruciating torturee I'm sorely oppressed  
 And by nocturnal phantoms 'm I deprived of  
     my rest  
 I'm involved in misery and sorely oppresed  
 For the beauty of the valley below  
 The gods from Olympus view'd her with ad-

## meration

As she gracefully moved along  
 Attend by that goddess whom they call Venus  
 Or the nymphs that around her does throng  
 Still viewed her with admiration  
 That sweet nymph divine  
 It is on her that those graces  
 Does perpetually shine  
 She is altogether lovely  
 Oh! if she was mine  
 She's the beauty of the valley below  
 Her hair in golden traces  
 On her shoulders doth adorn  
 And her cheeks are of vermillion dye  
 Her eyes shine with lustre  
 My senses has alarmed  
 Indian pearl with her teeth cannot vie  
 Pandora whom the Gods  
 With such graces has endowed  
 Was never so resplendant as by angels  
 Or the train of captive lovers  
 That daily does surround the beauty of the  
 valley below  
 Was I richer than great Alexander  
 Or a ruler of the terr'stial ball

That seraphic fair ~~one~~ I freely would give  
 For she totally proves my downfall  
 In deep reverbration I'll range the world o'er  
 Namely from the pole to the Atlantic  
 Still void of consolation now & for ever  
 For the beauty of the valley below.

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### LARRY O'GAFF.

Near a bog in sweet Ireland I'm told sure that  
 born I was;

Well I remember a fine muddy morn it was;

My father, poor man, would cry "What a green  
 horn I was!" [laugh! "

Three months I'm married—O dear, how they'll

Says he to my mother,—"Tioth, Judy I'll leave  
 you joy!" [my boy

Says Judy to him— "Och, the devil may care,  
 St. Patrick," says he, "but I'll leave you  
 both here to cry

What will we do for our Mr. O'Gaff?

With my dideroo whack, off I am,

None of your blarney, ma'am,

Keep your brat, to him chat

All the day, so you may; [Larry,

By the powers I won't tarry!"—So he left little

And I never saw more of my daddy O'Gaff.

D then I grew up, and a sweet looking chick I was  
 Always the devil for twirling the stick I was ;  
 But somehow or other my numscull so thick it was  
 Go where I would every creature would laugh.  
 rambled to England, where I met with a squad  
 of boys,

Got me pi. noted to carry t'ie hod, my boys ;  
 crept up the ladder like a cat newly shod, my  
 boys —

"A steep way to riches," quoth Larry O'Gaff.

Crying dideroo whack, in and out.

Ladder crack, break your back,

Head turning round about,

Ladder crack, break your back,

Tumble down, crack your crown !

My dear master Larry, this hod that you carry  
 Disgraces the shoulders of Mr. O'Gaff.

Then I got a master, and dress'd like a fop I was,  
 In an new and span new from bottom to top I was ;  
 But the ould fellow popt in as taking a drop I was  
 says he "Mr. Larry, you bog trotting calf,  
 Get out of my house, or I'll lay akis about your  
 back !" [smack ;

The twig in his fist like the mast of a herring-  
 Over my napper he soon made the switch to crack,  
 So he turned off Mr. Lawrence O'Gaff.

Singing "dideroo whack, hubbub-bow,

Drums beating rowdy-dow,

Od's my life, piay the fife,  
Patrick's day, fire away!

In the army so frisky, I'll tipyle their whisky,  
With a whack for old Ireland," says Larry O'Gaff  
Then they made me a soldier,—but O, how ge  
teel I was!

Scarlet and tape from the head to the heel I wa  
"But Larry," says I, when brought to the fiel  
I was,

'Larry, you dont like this fighting by half!  
But we fought like the devil, as Irishmen ought  
Neatly we beat Mr. Boney at Waterloo; [to do,  
Now the war's over and peace we have got for you  
Welcome to Ireland sweet Larry O'Gaff!  
With my dideroo whack, saved my neck,  
Round and sound free from wound,  
With a wife spend my life,  
Sport and play, night and day! [Kearneys,  
Arrah none of your blarney, for the breed of the  
Would die for old Ireland, with Larry O'Gaff.

FINIS.



