

Pictures

From

Taddyland.

WISHING  
YOU

A  
MERRY  
XMAS



W. H. B. 1894



(15635)

(E. Guset)

CIRCA  
1870'S

6 CHROMOLITHS.

To Miss Carrie King

From Maurice Mayfield

# Pictures from Paddyland.

The Rhymes by  
Bruce Wade.

The designs by  
Ernest Griset,  
Helena Maguire etc.



  
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# PASSIN' THE COMPLIMENTS

The top o' the mornin'! by this an' by that,  
'Tis charmed that I am wid the chance of a chat!

An', begorr,'tis the pigs that has illigant tastes,  
Joinin' in wid their squakin' like Christians, poor bastes.

An', spakin' of illigance-faix,'tis the thruth

The oulder ye're growin' 'tis growin' in youth,

An' beauty, an' slyness - but where would I stop? -

Ah, thin, jist for manners, the laste little dhrop.





OULD CRONIES.

Delighted to meet wid yez, Mistor Mr Cann!  
Troth, thin, it's yerself is the won'erful man!

Ye eclipse me entirely - I'm kep' on the rack  
Wid pains in the showlter an' shmall o' the back.

I wint to the doether, an' what do ye think? -

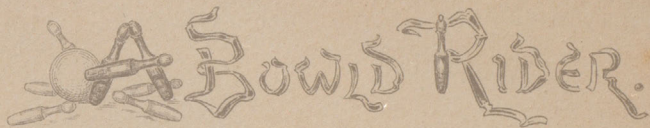
'Twas a dhrop o' good whiskey he towld me to dhrink;

'Tis the certain perscription himself 'ud go bail, -

An', honey, what's that peepin out from yer tail?







A Bowid Rider.

'Tis meself is the bhoys that can ride,  
Bedad!

There isn't the baste wid a hide  
Too bad.

Sure finces is nothin' at all  
(No lie!)

An' I jist condiscind wid a wall  
That high.

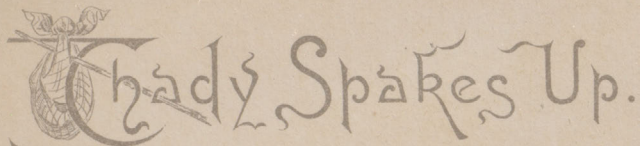
**S**his ass wid his bucks an' his kicks  
Is free,

But he don't make no freedom nor thricks  
Wid me.

Faith, some wan is pitched on a stone  
No joke!-

Begorra, the head is me own -  
An' broke!





Chady Spakes Up.

Faix, Misthress M'Carthy, ye're han'some an' hearty,  
An' younger aich day!

Be aisry, me Venus, the baskets between us -  
So what can they say?

An' yer little estate is cut out for pittaties -  
An' poulthry galore! -

What signifies spakin'? me heart is jist breakin' -  
Och, Judy asthore!



# REFLECTIONS ON PIGS.

Tin miles have I thramped - och!  
a murtherin' road!

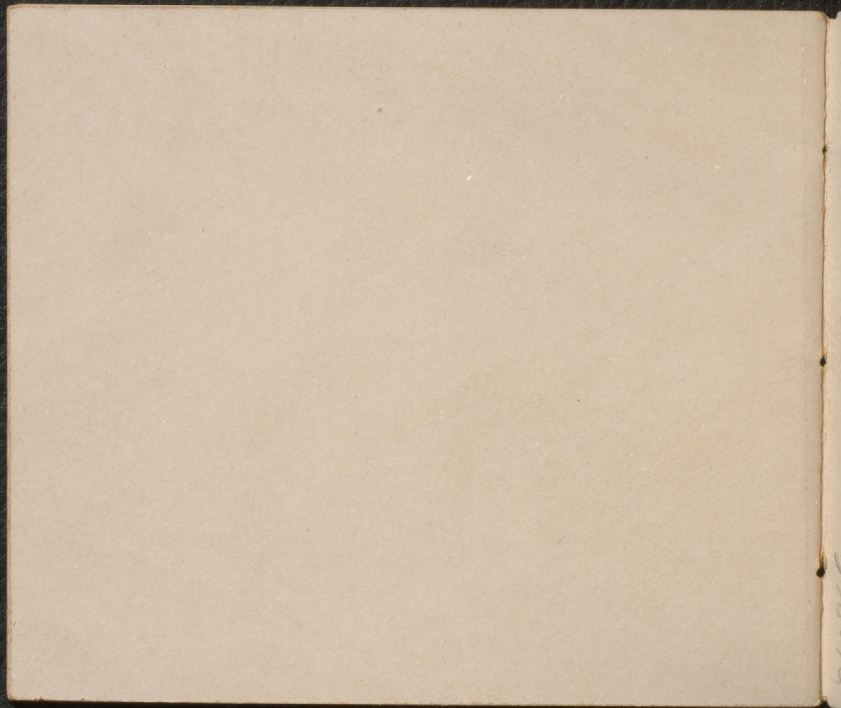
An' it roared an' it ramped an' it  
shnowed an' it blowed.

An' thanks - not a word from the pigs that must ride -  
It was squales that I heard an' bad langwidge beside.  
For onraison an' shtrife, an' the divle's own rig,  
Begorra, a wife is a fool to a pig.





9207LJ  
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I boasted of Irish  
blood & Maurice  
sent me this  
with the gloves  
case - His first  
present to me  
R. a M -

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