A New Song on the Taxes



All you young men and maidens come and listen to my song, It is something short and comical it won't detain you long. Go where you will by day or night, the town or country through, The people cry and wonder what with us they mean to do.

(Chorus)

No wonder people grumble at the taxes more and more, There never was such taxes in Ireland before.

They're going to tax the farmers, and their horses, carts and ploughs, They're going to tax the billygoats, the donkeys and the cows; They're going to tax the mutton, and they're going to tax the beef, And they're going to tax the women if they do not learn to read. They will tax the ladies' chignons and their boas, veils and mats, They're going to tax the mouse traps and the mousies, cats and rats; They'll tax the ladies' flouncey gowns, their high-heeled boots and stays, And before the sun begins to shine they'll tax the bugs and fleas.