

The Barrel of Pork

The musical score is written on three staves. The first two staves are in 3/8 time, and the third staff changes to 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 1. 'Twas two Israel-ite bro-thers in New York once dwelt. In all kinds of mer-chan-dise free-ly they dealt. They were thought to be weal-thy but be-twixt I and you, each bro-ther was re-ally as rich as a Jew. De-rry down, de-rry down, down de-rry down.

1. 'Twas two Israelite brothers in New York once dwelt
In all kinds of merchandise freely they dealt.
They were thought to be wealthy but betwixt I and you
Each brother was really as rich as a Jew.

Chorus:

Derry down, derry down, down derry down.

2. No credit e'er went away from their door
Till death called on Moses to settle his score,
No mortal can ever evade such a call,
So Moses he slept, sir, his last sleep of all.
3. Now the will it ran thus "When I cease for to live
All my money and goods to my brother I give
Upon this condition that hard he will toil
To bury my body in good English soil."
4. Isaac tried every captain, but could not prevail
For none would agree with the body to fail.
Not to [be] balked, he settled quickly to work,
And embarked him at last as a barrel of pork.
5. Poor Moses was cut up by chopper and knife
He was never cut up half as much in his life.
Isaac wrote to his agent explaining the plan,
And begged them to bury the poor pickled man.
6. Some months after this as he walked on the wharf,
He met with the captain, a sallow-faced dwarf,
"Good captain," he cried, looking cautiously round,
"You delivered my barrel, I hope, safe and sound."
7. "Oh come there, friend Isaac, I'm sorry to say
That during our trip we were near cast away
When in sight of old England, we lay a sheer hulk
And in scarce of provisions were forced to break bulk."

8. "Break bulk" roared out Isaac, "You're worse than a Turk.
You surely have not broken my barrel of pork."
"Indeed" said the Captain, "don't huff
I'll pay you your price. It was devilish tough."
9. "Oh my God", said Isaac, "As I am a sinner
You ate up my poor brother Moses for dinner."
"Good zounds" said the captain, "Then me and my crew
Have [dined?] for three days on an old piece of Jew."
10. The captain again in the purse put the gold.
Which Isaac espied, saying "Good captain bold,
Though I cannot take cash for that brother of mine,
You must pay me, you know, for the barrel and brine."

Source: Sung by Higford Keyte, Ebrington. Collected by F Scarlett Potter 1892.