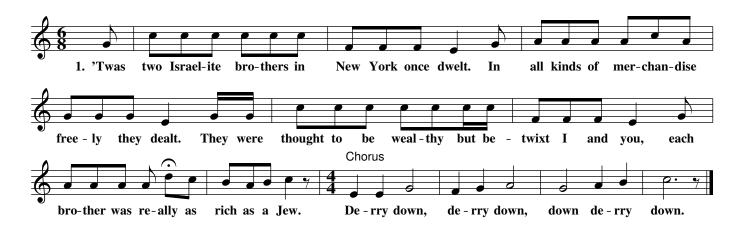
## The Barrel of Pork



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] baulked, 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.

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