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Another Comic Food Song: The Irish Jubilee

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is any likelihood that they have been digitized and made accessible? If we knew the identity of the "English princes" of 1933 it would help.

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ANOTHER COMIC FOOD SONG: THE IRISH JUBILEE

Following the success of the last poetic contribution from Dr Máirtín Mac Con Iomaire of Dublin, I have pleasure in offering his next instalment, which he introduces thus: 'When I first heard this song in Hughes Pub on the final session of Sean-Nós Cois Life over ten years ago sung by one of the Góilin singers, I knew straight away I would have to learn it due to its rich food theme. It has been recorded by Barry Gleeson on his album *Path across the Ocean*, and is found in print in John Wyse-Jackson and Hector McDonnell's book *Ireland's Other Poetry: Anonymous to Zozimus*. I have recited this classic food-related song/ballad/poem on a number of occasions at the Oxford Symposium on Food and Cookery. It tells of a famous banquet that took place on the election of an Irish-American Senator Doherty in thanks to his constituents. It is a robust nineteenth-century view of Irish political shenanigans in America. The song might relate to the election of John Doherty (1826-1859) to the New York State Senate for the 7th District in 1858. John was the son of Patrick Doherty (1794-1849) who came to New York from Ireland c. 1811 and fought in the 1812 War. John Doherty had been alderman for the 19th ward in New York from 1852 and 1853 and seems to have died on the day that the legislature adjourned on 19 April 1859. A report in the *New York Times* on the 22 April 1859 on the late Senator Doherty notes that "he left his mark, if not on the legislation of the past two years, certainly on the memory of all his colleagues. He was a bachelor, eminently genial, good natured and disposed to be merry under all circumstances... When entirely sober his address must have been very pleasing. Whatever his condition, he never forgot to be gentlemanly, courteous and merry." The report continues to outline how he was hijacked by the various lobby groups and nearly killed with hospitality. There are a number of versions of this song available but the one below is my favourite and the version performed in Oxford.

A short time ago an Irishman named Docherry
Was elected to the Senate by a very large majority
Sure he felt so elected that he went to Denis Cassidy
Who owned a bar room of a very large capacity
Arra, says Docherry go over to the brewer and order
A hundred kegs of lager beer and give it to the poor!
Then go over to the butchers shop and order up a ton of meat
Be sure the boys and girls have got all they want to drink and eat
They made me their senator, to show them all me gratitude
They'll have the finest supper ever given in the latitude
Tell them the music will be furnished by O'Rafferty
Assisted on the bagpipes by Felix Mick McCaffery
Sure whatever the expenses are, remember I'll put up the tin
And anyone who doesn't come, be sure and do not let them in
Now Cassidy at once sent out the invitations
And anyone who came was a credit to the nation
Some came on bicycles because they had no fares to pay
And all those that did not come, made up their minds to stay away
Two by three they all rushed in the dining hall
Young men and old men and girls that were not men at all
Blind men and deaf men and men who had the chickenpox
Single men and double men and men who had their glasses on
Well in a few minutes nearly every chair was taken
Till the taprooms and mushrooms were packed to suffocation
When everyone was scared and we started to lay out the feast
Cassidy says rise up and give us each a cake apiece
He then said as manager he would try and fill the chair
We then sat down and all looked over the bill of fare
Well there was pigs' heads, goldfish, mocking birds and ostriches
Ice cream, cold cream, Vaseline and sandwiches
Blue fish, green fish, fishhooks and partridges
Fishballs, snowballs, cannonballs and cartridges
We ate oatmeal till we could hardly strabout
Ketch-up and hurry-up, sweet-kraut and sauer-kraut
Dressed beef and naked beef and beef with all its trousers on

Soda crackers, fire crackers, Cheshire cheese with breeches on
 Beefsteaks and mistrakes were down upon the bill of fare
 Roast ribs and spare ribs and ribs that we couldn't spare
 Reindeer, snowdeer and dear me and antelope
 The women ate so much melon, the men said they cantaloupe
 Red herrings, smoked herrings, herrings from old Erin's Isle
 Bangor loaf and fruit cake and sausages a half a mile
 Hot corn, cold corn, and corn cake and honey-comb
 Red birds and red books, sea bass and sea foam
 Fried liver, baked liver, Carter's little liver pills
 And everyone was wondering who was going to pay the bill
 Well we ate everything that was on the bill of fare
 And then we looked on the back to see if any more was there
 Well for dessert we had ice picks, tooth picks and a piece of skipping rope
 And we washed them all down with a big piece of shaving soap

The band played hornpipes, gaspipes and Irish reels
 And we danced to the music of "The wind that shakes the Barley fields"
 Then the piper played auld tunes and spittoons so very fine
 Then in came fiddler Pat and gave to him a glass of wine
 Arra, a finer set of dancers you never set your eyes upon
 And anyone who couldn't dance was dancing with their slippers on
 Some danced jig steps door steps and highland flings
 And Murphy took his penknife out and tried to cut the "Pigeon's wings"
 When the dance was over Cassidy told us all to join hands and sing this
 good old chorus:
 Should Old Acquaintance Be Forgot, whoever you may be
 Let's think of the good auld times we had at the Irish Jubilee!

EL BULLI

The El Bulli show that was in Barcelona is coming to London for all of you
 that are Modernist fans. It will be at Somerset House, 5 July–29 September
 2013. On the subject of Modernist cuisine, which I now use as shorthand
 for molecular gastronomy, *avant-garde*, etc., I found another use of the
 phrase by the esteemed authority Rachel Laudan. Readers will know her

as an advocate of our need to embrace modernity and the changes to life
 that it brings, and her distaste for many forms of nostalgia. Her website is a
 place that all of us should visit, full of information, opinion and interesting
 speculative ideas. One of her more inflammatory pieces was a review of
 Carlo Petrini's book on Slow Food which was published in *Food Culture and
 Society*. I had occasion to re-read it not long since and I urge you to do the
 same. Good, fighting stuff. She has put a PDF on her website. The addresses
 you need are: <<http://www.rachellaudan.com/>>, and for the PDF it's: <<http://www.rachellaudan.com/wp-content/uploads/2011/12/Slow-Food.pdf>>. She
 uses the phrase 'Culinary Modernism' to encompass not those chefs at
 the cutting-edge of the world of ponce, but all those strides taken by
 progressive waves of advocates of improvement to extend the bounty once
 reserved for the upper crust to the likes of you and me – and far beyond.

PPC PRICES

I fear that the back cover of this issue indicates a new subscription price
 for *PPC*. As the best market traders would have it, I do this with a heavy
 heart. The new prices imposed by Royal Mail in April this year constitute
 a significant ramp up from previous levels. If I send a single issue of *PPC*
 abroad by surface mail, it costs at least £3.25. This is unsustainable without
 an increase.

THE GLORIES OF PROSPECT BOOKS

It's with real pleasure and bursting pride that I am able to announce that
 Caroline Conran's book, *Sud de France*, has been chosen as Food Book of
 the Year not only by the trustees of the André Simon Memorial Fund,
 Fortnum & Mason. This is a fantastic achievement on Caroline's part and
 of course well merited.

Our publishing activity has been in minor key this year as I struggle
 to fulfil my commitment to the Oxford University Press and the slight
 revision of Alan Davidson's *Companion*. However, I was really pleased to see
 through the press John Fitch's translation of the late-Roman agricultural
 treatise by Palladius. It is an excellent translation and a handsome volume,
 and I hope it will occupy the shelves of all those classicists who have not
 yet seen a decent English version. Our books for the second half of the