The Cork Leg

The Cork Leg

I'll tell you a tale now without any flam
In Holland there dwelt Mynheer Von Clam
Who every morning said, "I am
The richest merchant in Rotterdam"

cho: Ri tu di nu
Di nu, Di nu
Ri tu di ni nu ri
Tu di nu ri nay

One day, when he had stuff'd him as full as an egg,
A poor relation came to beg,
But he kick'd him out without broaching a keg,
And in kicking him out he broke his leg

A surgeon, the first in his vocation,
Came and made a long oration,
He wanted a limb for anatomization,
So he finish'd his jaw by amputation

"Mr. Doctor" says he, when he'd done his work,
"By your sharp knife I lose one fork,
"But on two crutches I never will stalk,
"For I'll have a beautiful leg of Cork,"

An Artist in Rotterdam, t'would seem,
Had made Cork Legs his study and theme,
Each joint was as strong as an iron beam,
And the springs were a compound of clockwork and steam

The Leg was made, and fitted right,
Inspection the Artist, did invite,
Its fine shape gave Mynheer delight,
As he fix'd it on and screw'd it tight

He walked through squares and pass'd each shop,
Of speed he went to the utmost top,
Each step he took with a bound and a hop,
And he found his leg he could not stop!

Horror and fright were in his face,

The neighbours thought he was running a race,
He clung to a lamp post to stay his pace,
But the Leg wouldn't stay, but kept on the chase

Then he called to some men with all his might,
"Oh! stop this Leg or I'm murder'd quite!"
But though they heard him aid invite,
In less than a minute he was out of sight

He ran o'er hill and dale and plain,
To ease his weary bones he'd fain,
Did throw himself down--but all in vain,
The Leg got up and was off again!

He walk'd of days and nights a score,
Of Europe he had made the tour,
He died--but though he was no more,
The Leg walk'd on the same as before!

In Holland sometimes it comes in sight,
A skeleton on a Cork Leg tight,
No cash did the Artist's skill require,
He never was paid--and it sarv'd him right

My tale I've told both plain and free.
Of the rummest merchant that could be,
Who never was buried--though dead we see,
And I've been singing his L. E. G. (elegy.)

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