

# The Irish Washerwoman

Irish Folk Song, Jig

Traditional

Musical notation for measures 1-6. The piece is in 6/8 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests. The bass line features dotted half notes and quarter notes.

Musical notation for measures 7-13. Measure 7 is marked with a '7' above the staff. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. A repeat sign is present at the end of measure 13. The bass line includes dotted half notes and quarter notes.

Musical notation for measures 14-19. Measure 14 is marked with a '14' above the staff. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass line features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. Dynamic markings '1x f' and '2x mp' are present in the bass line.

Musical notation for measures 20-25. Measure 20 is marked with a '20' above the staff. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. A repeat sign is present at the end of measure 25. The bass line features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. Dynamic markings '1x mp' and '2x f' are present in the bass line.

Musical notation for measures 26-31. Measure 26 is marked with a '26' above the staff. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass line features a rhythmic pattern of eighth notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

When I was at home I was merry and frisky,  
My dad kept a pig and my mother sold whisky,  
My uncle was rich, but never would by aisey  
Till I was enlisted by Corporal Casey.  
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey,  
My dear little Shelah, I thought would run crazy,  
When I trudged away with tough Corporal Casey.

I marched from Kilkenny, and, as I was thinking  
On Shelah, my heart in my bosom was sinking,  
But soon I was forced to look fresh as a daisy,  
For fear of a drubbing from Corporal Casey.  
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!  
The devil go with him, I ne'er could be lazy,  
He struck my shirts so, ould Corporal Casey.

We went into battle, I took the blows fairly  
That fell on my pate, but they bothered me rarely,  
And who should the first be that dropped, why, and please ye,  
It was my good friend, honest Corporal Casey.  
Och! rub a dub, row de dow, Corporal Casey!  
Thinks I you are quiet, and I shall be aisey,  
So eight years I fought without Corporal Casey.