

# I

## Recollections of joining the D. M. P.

It was in February 59, that first I left Belfast,  
Round the rocky coast, of Ireland, to Dublin I was to  
I landed safe on the North Wall, my course I straight did take  
To seek employment in the D. M. P. from noble Colonel Lake,  
Who inspected me from tip to toe with Military skill.

And ordered Sergeant Masterson to send me up for drill.  
I received a kindly welcome from my old friend Samuel Kea<sup>D</sup> 92  
Who kindly instructed me both what to do and say.

He took me to the fire where I scarcely got sat down.  
When in dropped Sergeant Callaghan to welcome me to town  
Who handed me a batallogue that hung against the wall,  
And told me not to seem dismayed for I should learn it all  
He then gave me a lecture which seemed to him no stress.

And wound it up by asking me to pay a fortnights mess,  
I then produced the puzzling purse my spirits all a gloom.  
While a Meath Recruit, he evening said is that the torch-man's loom  
So when that was paid for the fortnights mess my puzzler was no use  
So I threw it in the closet to save me from abuse.

Next morning sharp at seven I was ordered on parade.  
When by Mr Wards eagle eye my outfit was surveyed.  
With my leather stock and baver hat I looked so very bad  
I was ordered from the Barrack square to join the  
awkward Squad.

I found Paddy O. more humane than eagle eyed  
John Ward.

He gave me such a setting up that I thought I was a Lord.  
The several evolutions I went through without trouble.  
But the baver hat fell to my waist when we got  
the word to double.

Some say the hat was worn first by the Amstle  
Dan O'Connell.

While others trace it further back to the O'Neill  
and the O'Donnells

But I leave to Antiquarians the matter to explain  
I bought it for one and threepence in a shop in Golden Lane.  
Our six weeks drill being over though not yet free of sin.  
An order from the castle come to have us sworn in  
With buoyant hearts we sallied forth for the lower castle yard  
About four or twenty Northerns in command of Mr Ward  
The citizens they queried us to know why did we join  
For they seemed to think us Lunatics because we crossed the <sup>bridge</sup>  
Once more before brave Colonel Lake who put us to the test.  
On the theory of law that a Constable should possess.  
The examination being over I was told off for the D.  
While ambition whispered what a force you had a right to get thy  
I knew I had answered fairly well for a clown so far from home  
But discretion values eldest son says let well enough alone.  
I started off for Phoenix Street the Head quarters of the D.  
A filthy den of bugs and fleas at the reer of Arran quay.  
The Liffly seemed a tatty stream the Four Courts scarce worth a view.  
While ambition whispers clear the way here's Constable 82.  
When I arrived at Phoenix Street Ambition stood dismayed  
I was confronted by a Constable called Tipperary Head, 52 D.  
The many wrinkles of whose face and hair as black as soot.  
I could have sworn that nature formed him to frighten an escort.  
Sergeant Flower trained me in with me he took great pains  
He showed me all the Thoroughfares  
The courtways and the Lanes.  
He told me not to gossip while posted on my beat.  
And not to mind those flurts of girls  
That trot about the street,  
Whose wearied composition is mixed with an alloy.  
That would never make an honest wife.  
For any labouring boy.

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Ah, Mr. W. how times are changed,  
Since I composed this rhyme.  
And how the downy cheeks of youth;  
As hoary grown with time.  
And how the comrades of those days,  
Are gone, gone, God knows where,  
And you and I were left behind.  
But, where are our heads of hair.  
You still have got a fair supply,  
Of nature's noble fleece,  
And I hope we long may wear it,  
As chief of D. N. Police.

You can well afford to pardon  
The mistakes of lads like me.  
It's dishonourable to be anonymous.  
So farewell to 130 D.  
Robert Morgan.  
33 Berkeley Road.