

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Una's Lock

Una's Lock

'Twas on a sweet morning,
When violets were a-springing, O
The dew the meadows adorning,
The larks melodious singing, O
The rose-trees, by each breeze,
Were gently wafted up and down,
And the primrose, that there grows,
Bespangled nature's verdant gown.
The purling rill, the murmuring stream,
Stole gently through the lofty grove:
Such were the hours when Darbystole
Out to meet his barefoot love.

Sweet Una was the tightest,
Genteelest of the village dames;
Her eyes they were the brightest
That e'er set youthful heart in flames.
Her lover, to move her,
By every art in vain essayed;
In ditty, for pitty,
This lovely maid he often prayed;
But she, perverse, his suit denied.
Sly Darby being enrag'd at this,
Resolved, when they next met, to seize
The lock that scatters Una's piss.]

Beneath a lofty old oak
she sat with cow and milking pail,
Her lily hand at each stroke,
sweetly flowing stream of milk doth steal;
With peeping, and creeping,
Sly Darby now comes on apace,
In raptures the youth sees,
the blooming beauties of her face;
Fir'd with her charms, he now resolves
no longer to delay his bliss,
But instantly to seize upon -
the lock that scatters Oonagh's p---.

With his arms he seiz'd her,
then prest her to his panting breast,
What now could have appeas'd her,

but oaths which Darby meant in jest.
He swore, he'd adore, and
to death would constant to her prove,
He'd wed her, he'd bed her,
and none on earth but her he'd love;
With vows like these he won her o'er
to think for what was not amiss,
To let sly Darby seize upon -
the lock that scatters Oonagh's p---.

Upon her back he laid her,
turn'd up her smock so lilly white,
His joy to meet he prey'd her,
then gaz'd with wonder and delight!
Her T--s were, as snow fair,
and just between a crack:
With lips red, and o'er-spread
with curled moss of jetty black.
Transported Darby now beholds,
just glowing in the feast of bliss,
The Lock he long had wished to seize -
and that which scatters Oonagh's p---.

His p---e stood erected,
his breeches down about his heels,
And what he long expected,
he now with boundless rapture feels:
Now enter'd, concenter'd,
the lovely maid lay in a trance,
His a--- goes, like elbows
of fiddlers in a country-dance:
With broken sighs, the fair one cries,
oh! I'd part with life for joy like this!
With showers of sperm they jointly oil'd -
the lock that scatters Oonagh's p---.

[1825, reprint of <<Merry Muses>>, 1st verse as 1st above, song continues:]

Beneath a lofty old oak
She sat, with cow and milking pail;
From lily hands, at each stroke
In flowing streams the milk doth steal.
With peeping and creeping,
Sly Darby now comes on a pace,
In raptures, the youth sees,
The blooming beauty of her face
Fir'd with her charms, he now resolves
No longer to delay his bliss,

But instantly to catch the lock
That scatters pretty Una's piss.

Within his arms he seiz'd her,
And press'd her to his panting breast;
What more could have appeas'd her,
But oaths which Darby meant in jest;
He swore he'd adore her,
And to her ever constant prove;
He'd wed her, he'd bed her,
And none on earth but her he'd love.
With vows like these he won her o'er,
And hop'd she'd take it not amiss,
If he'd presume to catch the lock
That scatters pretty Una's piss.

Upon her back he laid her,
Turn'd up her smock, so lily white;
With joy the youth surveyed her,
Then gaz'd with wonder and delight.
Her thighs were as snow fair,
And just between appeared a crack;
The lips were red, and overspread
With curly hairs of jetty black.
Transported, Darby now beholds
The sum of all his promis'd bliss,
And instantly he catch'd the lock
That scatters pretty Una's piss.

His ----- stood erect,
His breeches down about his heels;
And what he long expected,
He now with boundless rapture feels.
The beauteous maid lay in a trance;
His ----- goes like elbows
Now enter'd, now concenter'd,
Of fiddlers in a country dance.
The melting Una, now she cries,
I'd part with life for joys like this;
With show'rs of bliss they jointly oil'd
The lock that scatters Una's piss.

The tune here is that in <<The Scots Musical Museum>>, no. 447, a setting for Robert Burns' "Sae flaxen were her ringlets," and there called 'An Irish Air.' Burn's knew the tune as "Oonagh's waterfall." Thomas Moore used the tune, under the title "Oonagh," in 1810 for his song commencing "While gazing on the moon's light," the fourth song in the third issue of <<A Selection of

Irish Melodies>>.

The song was known by several titles, and is here "The Lock that scatters Oonagh's P---. from <<The Festival of Anacreon>>, 1789. A few obvious misprints in the text have been corrected here. The song was given later as "Una's Lock" and as "Darby's Key to Una's Lock," the latter in the c 1825 'Dublin' edition of <<The Merry Muses of Caledonia>>. This latter copy, which contains several more misprints, also contains an additional verse, as the second, and is here annexed. The latter copy of the song is printed from the 1825 'Dublin' <<Merry Muses>> in the J. Bark and S. Goodsir Smith edition of <<The Merry Muses of Caledonia>>, 1959, 1964, where the title is given as "Una's Lock." I have some doubts about their stated source. I have a rather rare reprint edition of the c 1825, 'Dublin' <<Merry Muses>>, in which the song is entitled "Darby's Key to Una's Lock," from which

I am somewhat mystified by the apparent connection of the song with two tunes that do not fit it, both of which are reels.

1: "The Cumberland Reel or Una's Lock," in <<Longman and Broderick's Second Selection of Country Dances>>, p. 5 (c 1791). This is given as "Miss Gibson's (or the Cumberland) Reel," in Gow's <<Complete Repository>>, Book 2, p. 31 [1802].

2: "Downey's Lock," or "The Lock Downey Pissed Through," in Gale Huntington's edition of a manuscript of c 1800-04, <<William Litten's Fiddle Tunes>>, p. 13, 1977.

Play : UNALOCK, from Scots Musical Museum

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