

The Cuffe Street Cinders As recited by Treas O'Byrne

If yez all shut up I'll tell yez a story, about a mot called Cinderella
Who always had to stay at home, because she never had a fella.

She used to do the housework for an ugly pair of sisters,
And they never even stamped her cards, the dirty pair of blisters.

She's no fully fashioned nylons, nor no powder for her nose,
And the only glam she ever had was her sisters' worn out clothes.

And when she was out walkin' she'd never get a click,
The fellas used to laugh and say "hey, who's the Mary Hick?"

But one day Cinderella got invited to a ball,
And the queen of all the fairies came in through the kitchen wall.

The queen she waved her wand and Cinders nearly lost her life,
For when she looked into the mirror, she was dressed up just like Rainier's wife.

The queen she waved her wand again, before she did disperse,
And there appeared a shiny carriage, like an undertaker's hearse.

With a tiny little coachman, about half the size of Jeff,
With rows of shiny buttons, just like the LDF.

Now she got to the Palace just as the dance did start,
And the prince said to his bodyguard, "Who's the smashin' tart?"

And if ya heard the sound of her chat, she was a perfect toff.
The fellas were all delighted, the mots were all browned off.

The prince asked for every dance, but she only gave him five:
The waltz, the tango, quickstep, the jitterbug and jive.

Then he asked her to the garden, just to hear the band,
But the dirty lookin' eejit wouldn't even hold her hand.

He said "she wouldn't like it, she was a real stand-offish stick",
And all the time poor Cinders was dyin' for the click.

The prince was doin' fairly well, and then the clock struck twelve,
And poor ould Cinderella she had to run like hell.

But she dropped her little slipper, when she dashed across the room,
To go down along Clanbrassil Street, the short cut to the Coombe.

The prince he called his bodyguard, before he went to bed,
And said "the mot that I was dancin' with is the only mot I'll wed.

So off yez go and find her now, yez shockin' pair of dafts,
She's the one with the Cuffe Street accent, and the lovely pair of shafts.

Off yez go and find for me the foot that fits this slipper,
And bring her back to Marlborough Street, I'll be waitin' in the chipper".

Well they tried the little slipper on every foot in town,
And such a stinkin' rotten job, [Jayz] it nearly got them down.

But Cinders was the only one successful in the test.
And so the prince he married her, and yez all know the rest.