

Irish Song Lyrics

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THE BARRYMORE TITHE VICTORY

There was a poor man and he had but one cow
The Parson had seized her and well he knew how,
So beauteous her horns and sleek her long tail
Each day in the season she'd fill a large pail,

cho: A drimon down deelish a heeda na moe
Niar challug do viunter ach marrid shead beo,
Tha Donal sa chardi go ladir sa gloe,
Is bualhig gach treanar sa taol a phuck loe.

The young little porkers had nothing to eat,
Or nothing to get from their dear mother Kate;
They'd make your heart bleed, friend, to hear them bewail
When empty each morning they'd find their fine pail.

Off to the pond did they one day repair,
'Twixt hunger, confusion, hope and despair
Their sad lamentations kind Parson assail'd
But he was bomb-proof and it nothing avail'd.

Brave sons of old Ireland, McDonnell, O'Neill,
Whether seated in coaches or thrashing with flail,
Oh, can you, or could you, or would you down lie,
And Kate and her young ones with hunger see die.

We can not, we will not, we'll go to the auction
And let us then see which foul fiend of the faction
Will purchase your cow, Kate, at cant or at fair
Or guarded by Lancers in fine hollow square.

Escorted in order and brought to parade
Poor cattle came drowsy, but still no noise made
When cheering of thousands ascended the sky
As no human being would Drimon dare buy.

The children have plenty of milk and sweet whey
For the Watergrass Hill boys for them won the day
And finding no person would venture to buy
Those slashing fine fellows soon drank the town dry.

Our good City Mayor and also his Sheriff
They came in the morning to shew they had spirit
And many sheer fellows had cock'd a clear eye
But the devil a Proctor in Cork would they spy.

Kitty's good neighbors did Peelers affright
And soon made them think perhaps all was not right
For no one dared meddle with Drimon's long tail
And Each child jumps for joy when he now sees the pail.