The Maid of Cabra West

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I'll tell you a tale of a fair young maid
That in Cabra West did reside
Meself, I live up in Donnybrook
Its a one-and-a-fipenny ride
But there was a fly in the ointment now
That you very seldom see
For although I loved her terrible well
She was in love with a Portugee!

Now he was a nasty piece of goods
Gonzales was his name
And he couldn't wait till he got his hands
On Concepta - who was me dame!
So I made a vow be the Grand Canal
That I would do him in
'Cos I didn't think much of them Portugees
And in particular - I didn't like him!

So I follied them up to Grafton Street
One evening' just for one
Around by the Mercer's Hospital
It's next door to the Bartley Dunne!
Sure I spied them sitting' in the corner seat
They was kissing' and holding hands
Ah! There he was seducing her
With pints of Babycham

So I follied him up to his lodgings
In Rathgar or thereabouts
And as he was going up an alleyway
I battered him inside out
He gave out many's the curse and swear
'Til he was dead, I'm sure
Then I lifted up the manhole lid
And I dropped him down the sewer!

Now when the mot she heard of this
Sure she made me life a hell
So just for the sake of peace and quiet
I did her in as well
And its now I'm up before the judge
To answer for me crime

He says " I wouldn't mind the first one, Son
Ah, but not the second time"

So its all for the love of that fair young maid
And her Portugee sailor boy
For the passionate love of that fair young maid
I landed in Mountjoy
And if ever I get out again
I'll change me ways, you'll see
And I'll marry with a woman from Walkinstown
Who wouldn't look at a Portugee!

A song with everything - love, lust, violence, racism, sexism, extraneous information ..... Recorded by Frank Harte. MR
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