

Irish Song Lyrics

BOLD THADY QUIL

Ye maids of Dunhallow who're anxious for courting

A word of advice I will give unto ye:

Proceed to Banteer, to the athletic sporting

And hand in your name to the club committee.

But do not commence any sketch of your progress

till a carriage ye see comin' over the hill,

And down through the valleys and glens of Kilcorney

With that Muskerry sportsman, the bold Thady Quill

cho: For ramblin', for rovin', for football or courtin'

For drinkin' strong liquor as fast as you fill;

In all your days rovin', you'll find none so jovial

As the Muskerry sportsman, the bold Thady Quill.

Thady was famous in many other places;

At the athletic meeting held out in Cloghroe

He won the long jump without throwing off his braces

Goin' fifty=four feet every sweep he would throw.

At the pullin' o' the weight there was a Dublin man foremost

But Thady outreached and exceeded him still

And around the whole field rang the wild ringing chorus

"Here's luck to our hero! the bold Thady Quill."

At the great hurlin' match between Cork and Tipperary

'Twas played in the park by the banks of the Lee

Our own darlin' boys were afraid of being baten,

So they send for bold Thady to Ballinagree. '

He hurled the ball left and right in their faces

And show'd those Tipp'rary boys learnin' and

If they came in this way, shure he surely would br

And the papers full of the praise for Thade Quill.

In the year ninety-one before Parnell was taken,

Thade was outrageously breaking the peace

He got a light sentence for causin' commotion,

And six months hard labour for batin' police.

But in spite of coercion he's still agitatin'

Ev'ry drop of his life's blood he's willing to spill,

To gain for old Ireland complete liberation,

"Till then there's no rest for me" says bold Thady Quill

At the Cork Exhibition there was a fair lady,

Whose fortune exceeded a million or more;

But a bad constitution had ruined her completely,

And medical treatment had failed o'er and o'er.

"Oh Mama" said she, I know what'll cure me

And all me diseases most certainly kill,

Give over your doctors and medical treatment,

I'd rather one squeeze outa bold Thady Quill.

Recorded by Clancys