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Nell Flaherty's Drake

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Oh, my name it is Neil, quite candid I tell,
And I lived in Clonmell, which I'll never deny,
I had a large drake, and the truth for to speak,
My grandmother left me, and she going to die;
He was wholesome and sound; he weighed twenty pound,
And the universe 'round I would rove for his sake.
Bad luck to the robber, be he drunk or sober,
That murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.
His neck it was green, he was rare to be seen,
He was fit for a Queen of the highest degree,
His body so white, it would give you delight,
He was fat, plump and heavy, and brisk as a bee;
My dear little fellow, his legs, they were yellow,
He would fly like a swallow, and swim like a hake.
Until some wicked savage, to grease his white cabbage,
He murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

May his pig never grunt, may his cat never hunt,
May a ghost always haunt him in the dead of the night,
May his hen never lay, may his ass never bray,
May his coat fly away like an old paper kite;
May the lice and the fleas the wretch ever tease,
May the pinching north breeze make him tremble and shake,
May a four-year-old bug build a nest in the lug,
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's Drake.
May his cock never crow, may his bellows ne'er blow,
And a-pot or po, may he never have one,
May his cradle not rock, may his box have no lock,
May his wife have no smock to shield her back bone,
May his duck never quack, and his goose turn quite black
And pull down the turf with his long yellow beak.
May scurvy and itch, not depart from the breech,
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's Drake.

May his pipe never smoke, may his teapot be broke,
And to add to the joke may his kettle not boil,
May he lay in the bed 'till the moment he's dead
May he always be fed on lob-scouse and fish oil,
May he swell with the gout, may his grinders fall out,
May he roar, bawl and shout, with the horrid toothache.
May his temples wear horns, and all his toes corns,

The monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.
May his spade never dig, may his sow never pig,
Every nit on his head be as large as a snail,
May his house have no thatch and his door have no latch,
Nay his turkey not hatch, may the rats eat his meal,
May every old fairy from Cork to Dunleary,
Dip him in snug and easy in some pond or lake,
Where the eel and the trout may slime in the snout,
Of the monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's Drake.

May his dog yelp and growl with hunger and cold,
May his wife always scold 'till his brain goes astray,
May the curse of each hag, that e'er carried a bag,
Alight on his nag till his beard it turns grey,
May monkeys still bite him, and man-apes affright him,
And everyone slight him asleep or awake,
May weasels still gnaw him, and jackdaws still claw him,
The monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's Drake.
Then all the good news I have to diffuse,
'Tis for Peter Hughes, and blind Peter McFree,
There's big nosed Bob Manson, and buck-toothed Ned Hanson,
Each man has a grandson of my darling Drake,
My bird he had dozens of nephews and cousins,
And one I must get or my heart it will break,
To keep my mind easy or else I'll run crazy,
So this ends the song of Nell Flaherty's Drake.

Recorded by Tommy Makem, Irish Songs of Rebellion