

THE GALBALLY FARMER

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ONE EVENING OF LATE AS I HAPPENED TO STRAY
TO THE COUNTY TIPP'RARY I STRAIGHT TOOK MY WAY
TO DIG THE POTATOES AND WORK BY THE DAY
I HIRED WITH A GALBALLY FARMER
I ASKED HIM HOW FAR WE WERE BOUND FOR TO GO
THE NIGHT BEING DARK AND THE NORTH WIND DID BLOW
I WAS HUNGRY AND TIRED AND MY SPIRITS WERE LOW
FOR I GOT NEITHER WHISKEY NOR CORDIAL

THIS MISERABLE MISER, HE MOUNTED HIS STEED
TO THE GALBALLY MOUNTAINS HE HASTENED WITH SPEED
AND SURELY I THOUGHT THAT MY POOR HEART WOULD BLEED
AS I TRIED TO KEEP UP WITH HIS TRAVEL
WHEN WE CAME TO HIS COTTAGE, I ENTERED IT FIRST
IT SEEMED LIKE A KENNEL OR A RUINED OLD CHURCH
SAYS I TO MYSELF "I AM LEFT IN THE LURCH
IN THE HOUSE OF OLD DARBY O LEARY!"

I WELL RECOLLECT IT WAS MICHAELMAS NIGHT
TO A HEARTY GOOD SUPPER HE DID ME INVITE
A CUP OF SOUR MILK THAT WAS MORE GREEN THAN WHITE
'TWOULD GIVE YOU THE TROTTING DISORDER
THE WET OLD POTATOES WOULD POISON THE CAT
AND THE BARN WHERE MY BED WAS WAS SWARMING WITH RATS
'T WAS LITTLE I THOUGHT IT WOULD EER BE MY LOT
TO LIE IN THAT HOLE UNTIL MORNINGS
[ALTERNATE TO LAST TWO LINES:
THE FLEAS WOULD HAVE FRIGHTENED THE FEARLESS SAINT PAT
WHO BANISHED THE SNAKES O'ER THE BORDER!]

BY WHAT HE HAD SAID TO ME I UNDERSTOOD
MY BED IN THE BARN IT WAS NOT VERY GOOD
THE BLANKET WAS MADE AT THE TIME OF THE FLOOD
THE QUILT AND THE SHEETS IN PROPORTION
'T WAS ON THIS OLD MISER I LOOKED WITH A FROWN
WHEN THE STRAW WAS BROUGHT OUT FOR TO MAKE MY SHAKE-DOWN
AND I WISHED THAT I NEVER SAW GALBALLY TOWN
OR THE SKY OVER DARBY O'LEARY!

I'VE WORKED IN KILCONNEL, I'VE WORKED IN KILMORE
I'VE WORKED IN KNOCKAINY AND SHANBALLYMORE
IN PALLAS-A-NICRER AND SOLLOHODMORE
WITH DECENT RESPECTABLE FARMERS
I WORKED IN TIPPERARY, THE RAG, AND ROSEGREEN
AT THE MOUNT OF KILFEAKLE, THE BRIDGE OF ALEEN

BUT SUCH WOEFUL STARVATION I HAVE NEVER YET SEEN
THAN I GOT FROM OLD DARBY O~LEARY!