

## Eastersnowe

At twilight in the morning  
As I roved out upon the dew  
With my morning cloak around me  
Intending all my flocks to view  
I spied a charming female  
She seemed to be a beauty bright  
And I took her for Diana  
Or the morning star that rules the night

I being so much surprised by her  
It being the forenoon of the day  
To see this charming creature  
Coming o'er the banks of sweet Lough Rea  
Her snow-white breast lay open  
And her cheeks they were a rosey red  
And my heart was 'captivated' by  
The two dark eyes rolling in her head

I said "Fair maid, your love I crave"  
"For Cupid is a cruel foe"  
"I'll roll you in my morning cloak"  
"And I'll take you home to Eastersnowe"  
"Go home acquaint your parents"  
"And indeed, kind sir, I will do the same"  
"And if both our parents give consent"  
"Neither you, nor I, will take the blame"

Sweet Omagh Town

From sweet Dungannon to Ballyshannon  
And from Cullyhanna to ould Arboe  
I've roved and rambled, caroused and gambled  
Where songs to thunder and whisky flows  
It's light and airy I tramped through Derry  
And from Portaferry in the County Down  
But for all my rakings and undertakings  
My heart was aching for sweet Omagh town

And when life grew dreary and I grew weary  
I set sail for England from Derry Quay  
And when I landed it was fate commanded  
To London city I made my way  
Where many's the gay night from dark till daylight  
I spent with people of high renown  
But for all their splendour and heaps to spend, sure  
My lips did venture "sweet Omagh town"

Then further going my wild oats sowing  
I crossed the ocean to Amerikay  
Where a congregation of rich relations  
Stood on the harbour to welcome me  
With grand apparel like duke or earl  
They dried to raise me with sword and crown  
But for all their glamour and uproarious manner  
My lips did stammer "sweet Omagh town"

And when life is over and I do hover  
Above the spot where Saint Peter stands

And he will call me for to install me  
Among the saints in that holy land  
And I will answer "I'm sure 'tis grand, sir"  
"To play the harp and to wear the crown"  
But I being humble, sure I'll never grumble  
If heaven's as fair as sweet Omagh town.

## The Factory Girl

As I went a-walking one bright summer's morning  
The birds in the bushes did warble and sing  
Gay ladies and lassies in couples were sporting  
Going down to yon factory their work to begin

I spied one amongst them more fairer than any  
Her cheeks like the red rose that none can excel  
Her skin like the lily that grows in the valley  
And she was a hard working factory girl

I stepped in beside her more closely to view her  
When on me she cast such a look of disdain  
Saying "young man have manners and do not come  
near me"  
"Although I'm a poor I think it no shame"

"Ah 'tis not for to scorn you fair maid I adore you"  
"But grant me one favour, tell me, where do you  
dwell?"  
"Kind sir, you'll excuse me, for now I must leave  
you"  
"For yonder's the sound of the factory bell"

"I have land, I have houses adorned with ivy"  
"I have gold in my pocket and silver as well"  
"And if you come with me, a lady I'll make you"  
"And no more need you heed the poor factory bell"

"Now love and temptation ruined many's the  
nation"  
"So marry a lady and may you do well"  
"For I am an orphan without friend or relation"  
"And today I'm a hard working factory girl"

With these words she turned and with less she had  
left me  
And all for her sake I'll go wander away  
And in some green valley where no-one will know  
me  
I will mourn for the sake of my factory girl

### **The SS Leinster Lass**

One evening fair to take the air  
I strolled along the Foyle  
I'll tell you true I stood to view  
All Nature in its pride  
I'll tell you true I stood to view  
The big ships sailing past  
When a steamboat brave  
Heaved up the wave  
It was the Leinster Lass

On Newfound green she had been seen  
Sailing up and down  
And in the docks of Liverpool  
Her equal can't be found  
A mermaid stood on yon green bank  
With her fine comb and glass  
Saying; "You're welcome back to Erin's Isle"  
"My lovely Leinster Lass"

It was on the seventeenth of March  
It was Saint Patrick's Day  
I heard a band march up the strand  
And oh how they did play  
Her colours flew red, white and blue  
The birds sailed 'round her mast  
Saying; "You're welcome back to Erin's Isle"  
"My lovely Leinster Lass"

Here's a health to her Commander  
All honour to his name  
And likewise her Sea Captain  
His name was Willy Kane  
Let every man on her deck stand  
Hold up a flowing glass  
And we'll rig and steer when danger's near  
On board the Leinster Lass

### **Classified Ads (In the Irish Post) By Simon Bourke**

#### **Property**

Three bedroom house and ten acres in Leitrim  
The toiling of three generations  
Ten thousand sterling will bring you to Carrick  
And take me to Paddington Station  
(Let's hope that's our last degradation)

#### **Lost and Found**

Lost on the train between Fishguard and London  
Somewhere along the long slide  
A parcel consisting of self-esteem, dignity,  
Kinship, identity, pride  
(And plenty of value besides)

#### **Situations Vacant**

Labourers wanted, no cowboys or wasters  
Demolition work in Cubbit Town  
Back in the fiftys 'twas Paddies that built it  
Now Paddie's can pull it all down  
(The Harp still performs for the Crown)

#### **Accommodation**

Stockbroker, Irishman upwardly mobile  
The triumph of books over slurry  
Seeks to exchange and address in North Wilsden  
For one in the green belt of Surrey  
(And he don't like the odour of currey)

#### **Thanksgiving**

Oh Blessed Mary and Sweet Heart of Jesus  
You who my prayers have heard  
I pray you to see me through all of my crises  
For thirty five pennies per word  
(Guaranteed blessings conferred)

#### **Missing Persons**

Reward for information concerning the  
whereabouts  
Of Donegal born John Magill  
Not seen or hear of for forty five years  
He's been named in his dead mothers will  
(Grist to some slick lawyer's mill)

#### **Anniversaries**

Third anniversary, fondly remembered  
Annual Mass Innisboffin  
He swore he'd come home in jag or a Rolls  
Instead he came home in a coffin  
(And he left his owl parents with nothin')

### **The Spermwhale Fishery**

The night that I was married  
And on my marriage bed  
Up came a bold sea captain  
Who stood at my bedhead  
“Arise, arise, young wedded man,  
and come along with me  
To the cold cold coast of Greenland  
To the spermwhale fishery

Now Greenland is a dreadful place  
A land that is never green  
It's a cruel habitation  
For a lover to be in  
Where cold winds blow  
Where whalefish go  
Where daylight's never seen  
And the cold cold coast of Greenland  
Lies between my love and me

No shoes nor stockings I'll put on  
No comb all in my hair  
Nor any lamp or candle  
Burn in my chamber bare  
Nor shall I lie with any young man  
Until the day I die  
Now the cold cold coast of Greenland  
Lies between my love and me

### **The Housemoving heroism of Hannibal Costello By Michael McDonnell**

We packed up all our fol der olls  
And put them in the van  
There was cups and saucers, kettles  
And a dusty our divan  
And when the house was empty  
And Rathclough was looking bare  
We filled the tank with petrol  
And we headed for Rosslare

But when we got to Wexford we were taken by  
surprise  
The sign said France was closed  
Sure we could not believe our eyes  
So wee took the boat to Fishguard  
We said we'd take the chance  
We were not so easily daunted  
House-moving down to France

This gallant plan was organised  
By Barney Costello  
An Amnesty International man  
From out the Callan road  
With amazing concentration  
And surprising nerves of steel  
We knew we'd surely make it  
Having Barney at the wheel

Three days later we reached Dover  
We were glad to see the sea  
But not so glad to see  
Ten thousand lorries on the quay  
By bribery and corruption  
We finally got a boat  
We shared the hold with horse  
But were glad to be afloat

In Ostend we had no problems  
So we hit the road again  
But when we reached the French frontier  
Our trouble soon began  
Our paperwork was out of line  
They would not let is pass  
“Oh begob” says Barney Costello  
“I knew it wouldn't last”

In the Customs we installed ourselves  
With blankets on the floor  
My mother stretched out on a desk  
And she began to snore  
I went and got the camping gas  
And made a pot of tea  
With cold sausages and sangwidges  
We were happy as could be

By the time we got to Bergerac  
The road was getting rough  
The hills and hollows, twists and turns  
Was makin' driving tough  
But Barney never left the wheel  
He just kept goin' ahead  
“I won't give in” said Barney  
“I would not let it be said”

When we reached our destination  
Barney jumped down from the van  
And I jumped down beside him  
And I shook him by the hand  
“You're some man” says I to Barney  
Barney answered “Don't you know”  
“For International Moving Houses”  
“Call on Costello”

### **The Salmon Song by Simon Bourke**

Faherty farmed the salty acres  
Ri na farraige, Ri na hAbhann  
Ploughed the furrows between the breakers  
Ri na Mara ar lar  
Faherty's curragh ranged the furthest  
King of the river and king of the sea  
Gathering in the silver harvest\*  
King of the river no more

Half a summer hunting salmon  
Ri na farraige, Ri na hAbhann  
Stands between the folk and famine  
Ri na Mara ar lar  
Sunset in the west is burning  
King of the river and king of the sea  
The King from exile is returning  
King of the river no more  
Salt and spray and the silver salmon is running  
Toil and sweat and the wind in the nets is humming  
He's gone and he's never returning

Faherty watches from the shore  
Ri na farraige, Ri na hAbhann  
Knows he'll hunt the King no mre  
Ri na Mara ar lar  
History's always been the same  
King of the river and king of the sea  
The wild is dead long live the tame!  
King of the river no more  
Stain and sweat for an empty net it's over  
Slán and fare thee well Atlantic rover  
By God you were good while you lasted

Lakes and rivers choked with poison  
Ri na farraige, Ri na hAbhann  
Storm clouds on the dark horizon  
Ri na Mara ar lar  
Faherty's kids will never reap  
King of the river and King of the sea  
The silver harvest of the deep  
King of the river no more  
Salt and spray and the estuary is barren  
Empty spray from Dingle Bay to Arran  
He's gone and he's never returning!

### **The Star of Enniskillen**

You lovers all both great and small  
Who dwell in Ireland  
I hope you will attention pay  
While I my pen command  
It was my cruel father  
Who sent my love away  
But still I hope we'll meet again  
In North Amerikay

My love was tall and handsome  
To him I gave my heart  
And little was our notion

That we would ever part  
It was in my father's garden  
That this flower did decay  
But still I hope it'll bloom again  
In North Amerikay

I did not want for money  
Good fortune on me shone  
Out of my fathers castle  
I stole five hundred pounds  
It was in the town of Belfast  
My passage I did pay  
My mind made up to follow my love  
Into North Amerikay

The Captain's wife was kind to me  
As you will understand  
She kept me in her cabin  
Until we reached dry land  
It was in the town of Quebec  
We landed on the quay  
But I never thought I'd find my love  
In North Amerikay

Well I was sick and sore and tired  
I went into an inn  
It was there I saw my William  
The lad I loved within  
I took him gently by the hand  
And this to him did say  
I never thought I'd see your face  
In North Amerikay

So now this couple have been wed  
As you might understand  
And I hear the live quite happily  
In a town they call Saint John  
And the money that she stole from home  
In gold she paid it down  
And she thinks no more of Ireland  
Nor Enniskillen town

### **Terror Time**

Heather will fade  
And the bracken will die  
Streams will run cold and clear  
And the small birds will be going  
And it's then that you'll be knowing  
That the terror time is here

Where will you go,  
Aye, and what will you do  
Now that the work's all done  
And the farmer does not need you  
And the Council does not heed you  
And the terror time is here

Woods give no shelter  
And the trees they are bare  
Snow's lying all around  
And the children they are crying  
For the bed on which they're lying  
Is frozen to the ground

When you need the warmth  
Of your own human kind  
You go near a town, and find  
That the sight of you is offending  
The police they soon are sending  
And you're on the road again

### **Down by the Liffeside**

Come all you thirsty tourists  
and travellers everywhere  
And I'll sing to you a verse or two  
In a grand old Irish air  
It's all about our famous stout  
That's known the whole world wide  
And it's made for you this lovely brew  
Down by the Liffeside

If you want to see our grand brewery  
It's up on James's Street  
Don't make a fuss  
Just take a bus  
Or travel on your feet  
That well known sight is on the right  
By the door there stands a guide  
Who'll point out to you  
Where they make the brew  
Down by the Liffeside

The barges neat on 'Watlin' Street  
Rock gently to and fro  
With winch and sling  
The barrels the swing  
Into the hatch below  
The hold and decks filled with 'double X'  
As they sail down on the tide  
That's 'specially made  
For the foreign trade  
Down by the Liffeside

So fill your glasses to the brim  
And drink a health with me  
To the noble house  
Of Guinnesses  
And their world famed brewery  
We Irishmen are proud of them  
And their product true and tried  
Lone may they live  
And employment give  
Down by the Liffeside