

Darby O'Leary  
 The Dubliners  
 By Marcel Veltman.

Am C F  
 One evening of late as I happened to stray  
 C G  
 To the county Tipperary I straight took my way  
 Am C F  
 To dig for potatoes and work by the day  
 C G Am  
 For a farmer called Darby O'Leary

Am C  
 I asked him how far we were bound for to go  
 F C G  
 The night being dark and a cold wind did blow  
 Am C F  
 I was hungry and tired and me spirits were low  
 C G Am  
 For I got neither whiskey nor water

The dirty old miser he mounted his steed  
 To the Gull Belly Mountains he rode in great speed  
 I followed behind til my poor feet did bleed  
 And we stopped when his old horse was weary

When we came to his cottage I entered it first  
 It looked like a kennel or ruined old church  
 And I says to meself I am left in the lurch  
 In the house of old Darby O'Leary

I well recollect it was Michael mess night  
 To a hearty good supper he did me invite  
 A cup of sour milk that was more green then white  
 And it gave me a threatening disorder

The wet old potatoes would poison the cats  
 And the barn where me bed stood was sworn with rats  
 And the flees would have frightened the fearless Saint Pat  
 Who banished the snakes over the border

He worked me by day and he worked me by night  
 While he held an old candle to give me some light  
 I wished his potatoes would die of the blight  
 And himself would go off with the fairies

't Was on this old miser I looked with a frown  
 When the straw was brought in for to make me shake down  
 And I wished that I'd never seen him nor his town  
 Or the sky over Darby O'Leary

I worked in Kilconnal, I've worked in Kilmore  
 I've worked in Knockannie and Shanbalamore  
 And Pallas and Nigger and Salahatmore  
 With farmers so decent and cheery

I've worked in Tipperary, the rag in Rossgren  
 At the mount of Kilfacel, the bridge of Aleen  
 Such woefull starvation I never yet seen  
 As I got from old Darby O'Leary