

Irish Song Lyrics

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Páid O'Donoghue
Patrick Archer

The Yeos were in Dunshaughlin, and the Hessians in Dunreagh,
And spread thro' fair Moynalty were the Fencibles of Reagh,
While Roden's godless troopers ranged from Skreen to Mullachoo,
When hammered were the pikeheads first by Páid O'Donoghue.

Young Páid, he was as brave a boy as ever hammer swung,
And the finest hurler that you'd ever find the lads of Meath among;
And when the wrestling match was o'er no man could boast he threw
The dark-haired smith of Curroghá, young Páid O'Donoghue.

So Pádraig lived a happy life and gaily sang each day
Beside his ringing anvil some sweet old Irish lay,
Or roamed light-heartedly at eve thro' the woods of lone Kilbrue,
With her who'd given her pure heart's love to Páid O'Donoghue.

But Ninety-Eight's dark season came and Irish hearts were sore;
The pitch-cap and triangle the patient folk outwore;
The blacksmith thought of Ireland and found he'd work to do:
"I'll forge some steel for freedom," said Páid O'Donoghue.

Tho' the Yeos were in Dunshaughlin and the Hessians in Dunreagh,
Tho' spread thro' fair Moynalty were the Fencibles of Reagh;
Tho' Roden's godless troopers ranged from Skreen to Mullachoo,
The pike-heads keen were hammered out by Páid O'Donoghue.

And so in Curroghá each night was heard the anvil's ring,
While scouting on the roadways were Hugh and Phelim King,
With Gillic's Mat, and Duffy's Pat, and Mickey Gilsenan, too,
While in the forge for Ireland worked young Páid O'Donoghue.

But a traitor crept amongst them, and the secret soon was sold
To the captain of the Yeomen for the ready Saxon gold;
And a troop burst out one evening from the woods of dark Kilbrue,
And soon a rebel prisoner bound was Páid O'Donoghue.

Now Pádraig Óg pray fervently, your earthly course has run;
The captain he has sworn you'll not see the morrow's sun.
The muskets they are ready, and each yeoman's aim is true;
Death stands beside thy shoulder, young Páid O'Donoghue.

"Down on your knees, you rebel dog," the yeoman captain roared,
As high above his helmet's crest he waved his gleaming sword.
"Down on your knees to meet you doom, such is the rebel's due;"
But straight as pike shaft fore him stood bold Páid O'Donoghue.

And there upon the roadway where in childhood he had played,
Before the cruel yeoman he stood quite undismayed
"I kneel but to my God above, I ne'er shall bow to you;
You can shoot me as I'm standing," said Páid O'Donoghue.

The captain gazed in wonder, then lowered his keen edged blade,
"A rebel bold as this," he said "'tis fitting to degrade.
Here men!" he cried, "unbind him, my charger needs a shoe;
The King shall have a workman in this Páid O'Donoghue."

Now to the forge young Páid has gone, the yeomen guard the door,

And soon the ponderous bellows is heard to snort and roar;
The captain stands with reins in hand while Pádraig fits the shoe,
And when 'tis on full short the shrift he'll give O'Donoghue.

The last strong nail is firmly clenched, the captain's horse is shod!
Now rebel bold thine hour hath come, prepare to meet thy God!
But why holds he the horse's hoof there's no more work to do?
Why clenches he his hammer so, young Páid O'Donoghue?

A leap! a roar! a smothered groan! the captain drops the rein,
And sinks to earth with hammer-head sunk deeply in his brain;
And lightly in the saddle fast racing towards Kilbrue
Upon the captain's charger sits Páid O'Donoghue.

A volley from the pistols, a rush of horses' feet
He's gone! and none can capture the captain's charger fleet;
And on the night wind backwards comes a mocking loud "Halloo!"
That tells the yeomen they have lost young Páid O'Donoghue.

Young Páid fought at Tara, you know the nation's tale;
Though borne down in that struggle, not hopeless is the Gael,
For still in Meath's fair county, there are brave lads - not a few
Who would follow in the footsteps of bold Páid O'Donoghue.