

# Irish Song Lyrics

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## THE CHARITY SEED (NEVER DIED IN WINTER YET)

To Strabane last Thursday I was walking  
And quite early in the day,  
I overheard two neighbours talking  
Just before me on the way;  
On the times they were- discussing,  
Wealthy people and their greed,  
Farmers that had full and plenty,  
All applying for the charity seed.

cho: There's lots of food and prospects good,  
Plenty of crops, my boys, don't fret,  
Providence provides for all,  
We never died in winter yet.

The people say near Ballintra,  
When times were good, Richmond proved their cause;  
Walter Black, the people say,  
Got more than a strong horse could draw.  
He got a ton of good potatoes,  
And for them he had no need,  
Believe me now, it's true you'll find,  
You'll see a row about the seed.

Great distress was in the west,  
Disraeli got a dreadful scare,  
The land of Connaught, depend upon it,  
It was near to be civil war;  
Gladstone now will quell the row  
And I hope next year there will be no need;  
Believe me now, it's true you'll find  
You'll see a row about the seed.

Now and then you will find men  
If the land was full from north to south  
And a double price for their produce  
That poverty's still in their mouth.

From Songs of the People, Henry