

Irish Song Lyrics

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William Bloat
Traditional

In a mean abode on the Shankill Road, lived a man named William Bloat
And he had a wife, the bane of his life, who always got his goat
And one day at dawn, with her nightdress on, he slit her bloody throat

Now, he was glad he had done what he had as she lay there stiff and still
'Til suddenly awe of the angry law filled his soul with an awful chill
And to finish the fun so well begun, he decided himself to kill

Then he took the sheet from his wifes cold feet, and he twisted it into a rope
And he hanged himself from the pantry shelf - 'twas an easy end, let's hope
With his dying breath and he facing death, he solemnly cursed the Pope

But the strangest turn of the whole concern is only just beginning
He went to hell, but his wife got well, And she's still alive and sinning
For the razor blade was German-made, but the rope was Belfast linen