

Digging For Gold - song lyrics

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DIGGING FOR GOLD

Darby Kelly below in Kilkenny did live,
A sketch of whose character I'm going to give;
He was thought by the people a green polished rogue.
He could waste the whiskey, or waste the old brogue;
All kinds of diseases with herbs he could cure,
He'd interpret your dreams to be certain and sure,
By the boys of the village he often was fool'd;
For aslape or awake, he was dreaming of gould.

He had a fine open house, but the winders were broke,
The gables were down to let out the smoke;
Some beautiful pigs, through the wide world to range,
Though they were thin, they were thick with the mange.
He was so neglectful of domestic affairs,
The rats ate the bottoms all out of the chains,
And the wife by the husband was so overruled,
When she asked him for coppers he was talking of gould.

The house thus neglected, sure nothing went right;
When a youth of the village came to him one night-
A nice boy he was, his name was Dan Mac,
And ready to fly with the duds on his back;
All the clothes that he had wasn't enough
To make him a bolster to stick on a crutch,
And his juvenile days in a limekiln was schooled,
But. he used to cod Darby about finding gould.

Says Dan: Ere last night I had a beautiful dream;
Bit bad luck to the doubt! last night I'd the same;
And to-day, as I dozed, after slacking some lime,
I dreamt it again for the third and last time.
Och, murder! says Darby, come tell us your dream,
Same time his two eyes like rockets did gleam,
Says Dan, I dreamt at the castle Kilcool
I found a jar that was crammed full of gould.

Poor Darby a big mouth opened like a dead Haicke,
Saying: You'll be a hero, just like your namesake;
You'll ride in your coach, you fortunate elf,
While I may be in one, going down to the Hulks.
No matter, said Darby, we must emigrate,
So come down at midnight, and don't be too late;
Bring some boys whose courage won't easy be cooled
And we'll dig till daylight to find all the gould.

They arrived at the castle at about one o'clock,
Where Dan dreamt he found all the gold in a crock,
They all set to work with picks, shovels, and spades,
And a hole that would swallow a house soon was made
Says Darby: Bad luck to the curse we must give,
Or we'll be beggars as long as we live!
Says Dan: May the devil on my back be stooled,
For I have bursted my breeches in digging for gould !

The prayers availed nothing, the crock was soon found,
Tim Rooney he lifted it over the ground;

With joy Darby leaped on the back of Ned Fail,
Like a fish from the stream with a hook in his tail.
Says Darby: My wife won't abuse me to-night,
When I take home the shiners so yellow and bright!
I'll buy house and land about Kilcool,
And we'll all bless the night we went digging for gould!

The crock was then placed on Darby's own back,
To carry home and each man have his whack;
They arrived at the door with the gould to be sacked,
When Mac with a spade knocked the crock into smash.
Poor Darby, near smothered, ran in with affright,
His wife jumps up to get him a light,
When she heard Darby mourning, her passion was cooled,
She knew by the smell he was covered with gould!