

Darby O'Leary

One evening of latest as I happened to stray
To the county Tipperary I straightened me way
To dig for potatoes and work by the day
For a farmer called Darby O'Leary

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

The dirty ould miser he mounted his stead
To the Gull Belly mountains he road in great speed
I followed behind till my poor feet did bleed
When we stoppeded when his old horse was weary

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

I well recollected was mickle must night
To a hearty good supper he did me invite
A cup of sour milk that was more green than white
And it gave me the threatened disorder

The wet ould potatoes would poison the cats
And the barn where me bed was with sworn with rats
The fleas would have frightened the fearless Saint Pat'
Who banished the snake o'er 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 these potatoes would die of the blight
Or himself would go off with the fairies

'tWas 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
Nor the sky over Darby O'Leary

I've 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 Rossgreen
At the mount of Kilfacel the bridge of Aleen
Such woe-full starvation, I never yet seen
As I got from ould Darby O'Leary