

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Bodhran Song

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(Brian O'Rourke - MÓC Music)

Oh I am a year old kid
I'm worth scarcely fifteen quid.
I'm the kind of beast you might well look down on
But my value will increase
At the time of my decease
For when I grow up I want to be a bodhrán.

If you kill me for my meat
You won't find me very sweet.
Your palate I'm afraid I'll soon turn sour on.
Ah but if you do me in
For the sake of my thick skin
You'll find I make a tasty little bodhrán.

Now my parents Bill and Nan,
They do not approve my plan
To become a yoke for every yob to pound on
Ah but I would sooner scamper
With a bang than with a whimper
And achieve reincarnation as a bodhrán.

I look forward to the day
When I leave off eating hay
And become a drum to entertain a crowd on
And I'll make my presence felt
With each well-delivered belt
As a fully qualified and licensed bodhrán.

And 'tis when I'm killed and cured
My career will be assured
I'll be a skin you'll see no scum nor scour on
But with studs around my rim
I'll be sound in wind and limb
And I'll make a dandy, handy little bodhrán.

Oh my heart with joy expands
When I dream of far-off lands
And consider all the streets that I will sound on
And I pity my poor ma
Who has never seen a Fleadh
Or indulged in foreign travel as a bodhrán.

For a hornpipe or a reel
A dead donkey has no feel
Or a horse or cow or sheep that has its shroud on
And you can't join in a jig
If you're a former grade A pig
But you can wallop out the lot if you're a bodhrán.

So if e'er you're feeling low
To a session you should go
And bring me there to exercise an hour on.
You can strike a mighty thump
On my belly, back or rump
But I thank you if you'd wait till I'm a bodhrán.

When I dedicate my hide,
I'll enhance the family pride
And tradition is a thing I won't fall down on
For I'll bear a few young bucks
Who'll inherit my good looks
And be proud to know their old one is a bodhrán.

And I don't think I'll much mind
When I've left himself behind
For the critter can no longer turn the power on
For with a celtic ink design
Tattooed on my behind
I can be a very sexy little bodhrán

Now I think you've had enough
Of this rubbishy old guff
So I'll put a sudden end to my wee amhrán
And quite soon my bloody bleat
Will become a steady beat
When I start my new existence as a bodhrán.

Within the confines of traditional singing, song-writing has undergone something of a renaissance in recent years with the bard of old being replaced by a new breed of versifier. Nothing escapes the poet's wrath and/or amusement. This little gem is from the pen of Brian O'Rourke who has consistently shown that he is a master of the humorous song.

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