

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Give the Woman in the Bed More Porter

Give the Woman in the Bed More Porter  
(Tommy Makem)

O'Brien was a friend of mine and he had a mighty wife,  
She bore him eighteen children, through years of joy and strife,  
When her temper started rising, she would turn a brilliant red  
And she'd maybe break a bowl or two, as she thundered off to bed.

Give the woman in the bed more porter,  
Give the woman in the bed more porter,  
Give the woman in the bed more porter,  
Before she wrecks the house!

When she'd drunk her fill of porter, then she'd begin to snore,  
And the bed would shake and rattle, as it pounded round the floor,  
O'Brien manned the kitchen while the blankets flew about  
And he'd run like hell to buy more drink and she'd begin to shout.

The doctors tried for years and years, to cool her temper down,  
They fed her herbs and potions, and powders by the pound,  
But the man who found the cure for her, a scudger\* Paddy Mallon,  
Said to keep her calm you've got to give her porter by the gallon!

Well the porter kept her cool and calm, and porter made her sing,  
And sometimes when she'd had enough she'd dance a Highland Fling,  
When O'Brien took a drop himself, he'd join her in a song,  
And a happier pair you'd never see, and they'd sing the whole night long!

(\*gaelic = sgiogair translates as mocker, buffoon... not 100%  
this is in the original.)

I thought Tommy Makem wrote this? He explained that a "Scortcher"  
was a man who does something with yarn as it is in the process  
of being made. Don't remember what. Just checked the lyrics on  
Makem's "Lonesome Waters" album and it's written as scutcher .  
The dictionary says a scutcher is someone who separates the  
valuable fibers of, flax for example, from the woody parts by  
beating. KM

YB  
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