The Traveller All Over the World

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Come all you fellow travelling men of every rank and station
And hear this short oration which as yet remains untold
You might have been an Austrian, a German or a Bulgarian
But sit ye sios-in-aice-liom, and the truth I will unfold
You'll hear of great disunity unveiled to the community
So take this opportunity of listening to me
You'll hear of foreign nations and of youthful expectations
And of a few relations in that beauty spot Glenlea

I went to see the world's rage, being only sixteen years of age
A steerage passage I engaged on a ship called the Iron Duke
I went on board at Dublin's wall, being southward bound for the Transvaal
I had a friend from Annascaul, and one from Donnybrook
Our noble ship had scarcely steamed when in my mind sad memories gleamed
I thought of my dear neighbours and their loving company
I though about my brothers and our love for one another
And of my grey haired mother there at home in Sweet Glenlea

We landed safe but suddenly in that British spot Cape Colony
In search of manual labour I travelled near and far
I crossed the Orange River, among Hottentots and Kaffirs
And I was made Grand Master on the Isle of Zanzibar
A Dutchman high who admired me ways took me to see the Himalays
And Boys o Boys was I amazed, their awful heights to see
We wandered on through Hindustan, along the River Ganges
And though it was a grand place, still the fairest was Glenlea

This Dutchman suffered health's decline, he heard of cures in Palestine
Persuaded me with him combine and along with him to go
We landed safe at Jaffa and we journeyed to Jerusalem
Thee ancient city of Hebron and the ruins of Jericho
The surrounding mountains highest peaks, just like McGillicuddy's Reeks
And from their summit you could see the Lake of Gallilee
Likewise the River Jordan and the province of Samaria
But though it sounds contrary - the fairest was Glenlea

These doleful times soon drifted by till this faithful Dutchman friend and I
Were for
I stood forlorn upon the quay as the ship that bore him sailed away
His memory in my mind will stay till life's long days are o'er
Still Providence had willed its way and therefore conscience must obey
I went on board and sailed away when my friend did me forsake

But often meditation made me turn for recreation
And go home in contemplation to that beauty spot Glenlea

In Palestine I made some coin, I heard of San Francisco's mine
For to invest me capital I thought a good idee
I landed safe in Frisco when the trees were blooming beautiful
It was on that same evening that there was a great earthquake
I was in my bed and sleeping sound, I woke to find things moving round
But after that I heard no sound, no pain affected me
And on the following morning when IÕd recovered consciousness
I wrote of all the consequence to my home in sweet Glenlea

I told them in the letter how I lost the situation
It was my earthly station and I wanted to go home
And I hoped their generosity would aid my transportation
And I went o
I got the cash to pay my way without disaster or delay
And landed safe at Queenstown Quay, on board the Chimpanzee
And after an excursion of some five long hours duration
I reached the little station on the road to sweet Glenlea

As we approached the terminus I viewed with consternation
The awful congregation there assembled in the rain
And I hoped some other personage of worldly estimation
To heed their expectation was coming on by train
As I scanned each individual's face, friends and neighbours, old time mates
Assembled in their hundreds with a welcome home for me
Oh they shouted with elation and they shook with great vibration
The surrounding elevation on the road to sweet Glenlea

And now I live contentedly among these friends and neighbours
Endowed with all the favours of good fortune and delight
And I've found among the multitude a charming little creature
She's full of admiration, she's my lovely Irish wife
And when we meet at Sunday's noon, at that cozy spot called top-of-Coom
Where songs and storie
Among that grand old company of lovely friends and neighbours
We're never tired of praising that beauty spot Glenlea.

MR
apr97

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