Skibbereen - song lyrics

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SKIBBEREEN.
Bung by Charles Collette.

Oh, divil a bit can I tell ye now
What happened to me at the wake o' me cow;
There was Larry an' Patrick an' Jerry and Tim,
An' all the relayshuns, hooch, bad scan to thim.
They came in their thousands from valley And hill.
An' broke the resource ov the whiskey still,
That was the great fayture of Ballynahog,
With their lashuns an' drinkin's an' crying for grog.

Chorus.
Wid their tearing, daring, cursing, swearing,
Scooting, looting, hooting, shooting
Whiskey, potatoes, och, wigs on the green,
Shillalaghs were flying in ould Skibbereen.

When Larry, the spalpeen, an' Tim tuk the floor,
An' hung up their hats on the back of the door;
Be jabers, said I, just for fun loike, to Pat,
How's that for turnips, cried Larry, take that-
I took it, and then, for the rest of my loife,
I'll never forget the ructions an' strife;
I can't tell enlorely how that row was fixed,
But all me relayshuns was pretty well mixed.-Chorus.

Oh, begorra, the shouting an' tearing around.
The boys that were broke up an' stitched on the ground,
Pat tuk up the pavement an' pulled down the roof,
Then evicted me out by the power ov his hoof.
They broke up me meal-cask, they split the potteen,
Divil another such shindy was seen;
Then they blazed at me windows an' stritched out me sow,
To await the last trump by the side of me cow.-Chorus.

My head the next morning was just like a rattle.
Me oies an' my nose both showed signs of the battle;
P. C. 92' took us up for our thrial;
Tho' we said we weren't foighting, he'd take no denial.
Poor Tim got a fortnit, we all got a week;
The judge said, "Be aisy, ye've had a bad squeak,
But if ever the boys an' yourself want a row.
Don't let it occur at the wake of a cow." -Chorus.