Phadrig Crohoore - song lyrics

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PHADRIG CROHOORE
By Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu.

Oh! Phadrig Crohoore was a broth of a boy,
And he stood in his stockings six fret eight,
And his arm was as thick as another man's thigh-
'Tis Phadrig was great.

His hair was as black as the shadows of night,
And it hung over Scars got in many a fight;
And his voice, like the thunder, was deep, strong and loud,
And his eye flashed like lightning from under a cloud.
he was liked by the girls, too, for he could spake civil
And sweet, when he chose it. Och, he was the divil.
And there wasn't a girl from thirty-five under,
Devil a matter how cross, but he could come 'round her;
But of all whom he smiled on so sweetly, but one
Was the girl of his heart, and he loved her alone.
As warm us the sun, as the rock firm and sure.
Was the love of the heart of young Phadrig Crohoore;
He would die for a smile from his Kathleen O'Brien,
For his love, like his hatred, woe strong as a lion.

But one Michael O'Haulon loved Kathleen as well
As he hated Crohoore, And that was like hell;
And O'Brien liked him, for they were all the same parties,
The O'Hanlons, O'Briens, O'Ryans, McCarthies;
And they all went together in hating Crohoore,
For many's the bating he gave them before.
So O'Haulon makes up to O'Brien, and says he:
"I'll marry your daughter if you give her to me."

So the match was made up, and when Shrovetide came on
The company assembled, three hundred, if one;
The O'Hanlons, of course, turned out strong on that day,
And the pipers and fiddlers were tearing away.
There was laughing and roaring and jigging And flinging
And joking and blessing and kissing And singing,
And they were all merry; why not, to be sure?
That O'Hanlan got inside of Phadrig Crohoore.
And they all talked and laughed, the length of the table,
Aiting and drinking while they were able-
With piping and fiddling and roaring like thunder,
Faith you'd think your head fairly was splitting asunder;
And the priest shouted. "Silence, ye babblers, again."
And he took up his prayer-hook and was going to begin;
And they all held their funning and jigging and bawling
So silent you'd notice the smallest pin falling;
And the priest was beginning to read, when the door
Was flung back to the wall, and in walked Crohoore.

Oh! Phadrig Crohoore was a broth of a boy,
And he stood six feet eight;
His arm was as big as another man's thigh-
'Tis Phadrig was great.

As he walked slowly up, watched by many a bright eye,
As a dark cloud moves on through the stars in the sky;
None dared to oppose him, for Phadrig was great,
Till he stood, all alone, just in front of the seat
Where O'Hanlon and Kathleen, his beautiful bride.
Were seated together, the two side by side.
He looked on Kathleen till her poor heart near broke,
Then he turned to O'Brien, her father, and spoke;
And his voice, like the thunder, was deep, strong and load,
And his eye flashed like lightning from under a cloud:

"I did not come here like a tame, crawling mouse,
I stand like a man, in my enemy's house;
In the field, on the road, Phadrig never knew fear
Of his foemen. and, God knows, he scorns it here.
I ask but your leave, for three minutes or four.
To speak to that girl whom I ne'er may see more."
Then he turned to Kathleen, and his voice changed its tone,
For he thought of the days when he called her his own;
And said he: "Kathleen bawn, is it true what I hear-
Is this match your free choice, without threatening or fear?
If so, say the word, and I'll turn and depart.
Cheated once, but once only, by woman's false heart."

Oh, sorrow and love made the poor girl quite dumb,
She tried hard to speak, but the words wouldn't come;
For the sound of his voice as he stood there forninst her
Struck cold on her heart, like the night wind in winter;
And the tears in her blue eyes were trembling to flow,
And her checks were as pale as the mountains in snow.
Then the heart of bold Phadrig swelled high in its place;
For he knew, by one look on that beautiful face,
That, though strangers and foemen their pledged hands might sever,
Her heart was still his, And his only, forever.

Then he lifted his voice, like the eagle's hoarse call,
And cried out: "She's mine yet, in spite of ye all."
But up jumped O'Hanlon, and a tall chap was he,
And he gazed on bold Phadrig as fierce as could be;
And says he: "By my fathers, before you go out,
Bold Phadrig Crohoore, you must stand for a bout."
Then Phadrig made answer, saying: "I'll do my endeavor,"
And with one blow he stretched out O'Hanlon forever.

Then he caught up his Kathleen and rushed to the door,
He leaped on his horse and he swung her before;
And they all were so bothered that not a man stirred,
Till the galloping hoofs on the pavement were heard;
Then up they all started like bees in a swarm,
And they riz a great shout, like the burst of a storm;
And they ran and they jumped and they shouted galore,
But Phadrig or Kathleen they never saw more.

But those days are gone by, and his. too, are o'er.
And the grass is now growing o'er the grave of Crohoore;
For he couldn't be aisy or quiet at all,
As he lived a brave boy, he resolved so to fall;
So he took a good pike-for Phadrig was great,
And be died for old Ireland in the year ninety-eight.

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