

The Girls in Old Ireland

Taylor Posey

The Stillwater Hobos

Well the Girls_ in Old I - re - land they come to me Bloo-dy Shil-le - lagh
clubs_ for to set me free I said my la - dy's fair_ won't you
list'n to me And I'll bring you to your bon - nie lass.

*In fifty-two the hunger took us by surprise
Water fell into my mother's crying eyes
We wailed just like a dove in the morning cries
And the crops were sick in harvest time*

*But my mother she was wise and she raised me well
She told me all the things that there was to tell
Precious you sure listen cause you need me now
In the years to come I won't be there*

*Just take a hard shillelagh in your hands so strong
Always hold it gently when they do you wrong
But when you hear John Henry's solemn hammer song
God give you strength like turpentine*

*And darling you're a peach tree in the summer sun
With bonnie little branches always on the run
When cold winds shake your branches like a crooked gun
I'll be there my cherub son*

*Like a mocking bird who laughs because there's someone there
To wonder if they ever would discover where
We're hiding in the trees without a worried care
Streetcars in the alleyway*

*Well the Girls in Old Ireland they come to me
Let their bloody kings and clubs be their melodies
A whiskey-fog still burning in my memory
Scattered all along the grass*