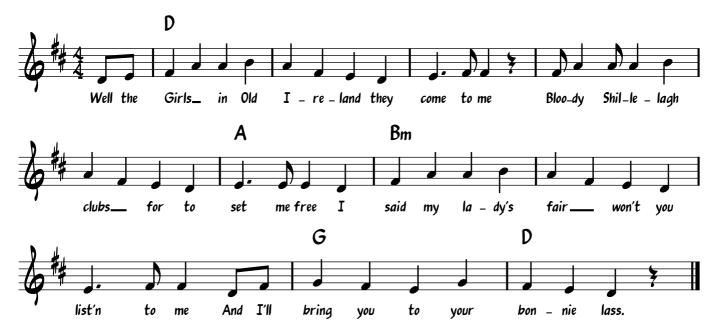
The Girls in Old Ireland

Taylor Posey

The Stillwater Hobos



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