

Dansnaam: Irish Stew

Artiest: Shamrock

Song: Irish Stew

As I was goin' over the Cork and Kerry mountains
A man with Captain Farrell and his money he was countin'
I first produced my pistol and then produced my rapier
I said "Stand and deliver" for he were a bold deceiver

Musha ring dum a doo dum a da
Whack for my daddy-o
Whack for my daddy-o
There's whiskey in the jar-o

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On the fourth of July, 1806
We set sail from the sweet cove of cork
We were sailing away with a cargo of bricks
For the grand city hall in New York

'Twas a wonderful craft
She was rigged fore and aft
And oh, how the wild wind drove her
She stood several blasts
She had twenty seven masts
And they called her The Irish Rover

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She walks along Fitzgibbon Street
With an independent air
And then it's down to Summerhill
At her the people stare

She says "It's nearly half past one
So I'll nip in for another little one"
Ah the heart of the rowl is Dicey Riley

Ah poor old Dicey Riley she has taken to the sup
Poor old Dicey Riley she will never give it up
For it's off each morning to the hop
And then she's in for another little drop
Ah the heart of that rowl is Dicey Riley

Come down the mountain, Katie Daly,
Come down from the mountain, Katie do,
Can't you hear us calling, Katie Daly,
We want to drink, your Irish mountain dew oo-oo

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I counted out his money and it made a pretty penny,
I put it in me pocket and I took it home to Jenny.
She sighed and she swore that she never would betray me,
But the devil take the women for they never can be easy.

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