

BOLD TENANT FARMER

(tune: "The Limerick Rake")

One evening of late into Bandon I strayed,
Down by Clonakilty was making my way.
At Ballinascorthy some time I delayed,
And I wet my old whistle with porter.
Then I spit on my fist and I raised up my stick,
And down the coach road like a deer I did trip
I fear neither bailiffs, police, or Old Nick,
And I sang like the lark in the morning.

Diddly-oh-do-diddly oh ...

I scarcely had traveled one mile up the road
When I heard a dispute in the farmer's abode,
The son of the landlord, an ill-looking toad,
And the wife of the bold tenant farmer.
Said the son to the lady "What is your intent?
I get nothing but grief when I come for my rent
Pay me now or you'll see how your money is spent
By the judge in the court at Dungarvan!"

Oh, hurrah for the bold farmer's wife, she replied,
"You're worse than your daddy on the other side,
Our National Land League will pull down your pride,
For it's able to brave any storm!"
"Oh, your husband was drinking in the village last night,
He was shouting and bawling for bold tenants' rights -
But our plan of campaign it will give you a fright
And our bailiffs will run true to form..."

"Oh, if he was drinking, then what's that to you?
I'd rather he drinks it than gives it to you!
You're a skinflint and miser not worth an old shoe
And your mossy old land is no bargain!"
Then I shouted, "Hooray!" and she shouted, "Yoo-hoo"!
And across the green fields like Old Nick he then flew
Crying God help the landlord and old Ireland too
Agus fagaimid siúd mar atá sé!