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Darby Oleary The Dubliners

Darby O Leary The Dubliners

By Marcel Veltman.

After six months of frantically learning the basic guitar chords, this was actually the

first song of which I found the notes all by myself. To recite it convincingly, take a

mouthfull of whiskey, gargle and then swallow it. This will bring your voice up to pitch,

though it may also cause you to lose the thread of this lengthy story.

Am C F

One evening of late as I happened to stray

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To the county Tipperary I straight took my way

Am C F

To dig for patatoes and work by the day

C G An

For a farmer called Darby O Leary

Am C

I asked him how far we were bound for to go

F C G

The night being dark and a cold wind did blow

Am C F

I was hungry and tired and me spirits were low

C G An

For I got neither whiskey nor water

The dirty old miser he mounted his steed

To the Gull Belly Mountains he rode in great speed

I followed behind til my poor feet did bleed

And we stopped when his old horse was weary

When we came to his cottage I entered it first It looked like a kennel or ruined old church And I says to meself I am left in the lurch In the house of old Darby O Leary

I well recollect it was Michael mess night
To a hearty good supper he did me invite
A cup of sour milk that was more green then white
And it gave me a threatening disorder

The wet old patatoes would poison the cats

And the barn where me bed stood was sworn with rats

And the flees would have frightened the fearless Saint Pat

Who banished the snakes over the border

He worked me by day and he worked me by night While he held an old candle to give me some light I wished his patatoes would die of the blight And himself would go off with the fairies

t Was on this old miser I looked with a frown When the straw was brought in for to make me shake down And I wished that I d never seen him nor his town Or the sky over Darby O Leary

I worked in Kilconnal, I ve worked in Kilmore I ve worked in Knockannie and Shanbalamore And Pallas and Nigger and Salahatmore With farmers so decent and cheery

I ve worked in Tipperary, the rag in Rossgren At the mount of Kilfacel, the bridge of Aleen Such woefull starvation I never yet seen As I got from old Darby O Leary