

Bold O'Donahue

Fiddler's Green

Well now, here I am from Paddy's land, a land of high
Reknown,
I've broken all the hearts of girls for miles from
Keady town;
And when they hear that I'm awa' they raise a
Hullabaloo,
When they hear about that handsome lad then they call
O'Donahue.

For I'm the boy to please her and I'm the boy to tease
Her,
I'm the boy to squeeze her and I'll tell you what I'll
Do:
I'll court her like an Irishman with me brogue and
Blamey too is me plan,
Me rollickin swollikin hollickin wollikin bold O'Donahue.

I wish me love was a red rose growing on yon garden
Wall,
And me to be a dew drop and upon her brow I'd fall;
Perhaps then she might think of me as a rather heavy
Dew,
No more she'd love the handsome lad they call
O'Donahue.

I hear that Queen Victoria has a daugther fine and
Grand
Perhaps she'd take it into her head for to marry an
Irishman
If I could only get the chance to have a word or two
I'm sure she'd take a notion in the bold O'Donahue.

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