

## Ballydine

Christy Moore

As I wandered abroad by Kilsheelan  
Where the river meanders on down  
To my left lay the Comeragh Mountains  
To the right of me sweet Sliabh na mBan  
Where the fishermen cast on the waters  
And the apples are pressed into wine  
Where the herd returns slowly to pasture  
Through the fields that surround Ballydine

I marvelled at nature's abundance  
In Tipperary so rich and so rare  
I drank from the well of spring water  
Breathing in deep the fresh air  
When I came to John Hanrahan's homestead  
In the fields around Ballycurkeen  
I lay down in a meadow of wild flower  
And dreamt a mysterious dream

I dreamt of a curious eviction  
Unlike the evictions of old  
No sign of a redcoat nor bailiff  
'twas more pernicious and cold  
On the air cam a colourless vapour  
The fields they felt silent and still  
As I lay in that meadow of wildflower  
Dreaming on Hanrahan's hill

When I awoke I was frightened  
I knew 'twas time to head home  
I made my way back to Cluan Meala  
On the road passing Merck Sharpe and Dohme