

Farmer Michael Hayes

Christy Moore

I am a bold undaunted fox that never yet was trapped or caught
My rent rates and taxes I was willing for to pay
I made me name on fine good land between Tipperary and Knocklong
Where my fore fathers lived and died 2000 years or more

I lived as happy as King Saul and loved my neighbours one and all
I had no animosity for either friend or foe
Until I was of late betrayed by one who was a bailiff
He told me I should leave the place and show my face no more

The day that he evicted me 'tis then I knew that I should flee
Late one night I tracked him down and left him lying low
He fell victim to a shot, his agency was soon forgot
From that day on they're searching for farmer Michael Hayes

Soon there was a great lookout by land and sea myself to rout
From Dublin Quay to Belfast along the raging sea
By telegraph they did insert a great reward for my arrest
My figure size and form and my name without mistake

They broke their brogues a thousand pairs this great reward to obtain
Still their search was all in vain for farmer Michael Hayes
Around the coast they made a steer from Poolbeg Lighthouse to Cape Clear
Killarney Town and Sweet Tralee they then crossed into Clare

When they landed on the shore they searched Kilrush from tip to toe
They searched the baths at sweet Lisdoon likewise Miltown-Malbay
Galway being a place of fame they thought 'twas there I might remain
Still their search was all in vain for I showed them all my tail

They searched the train at Oranmore as it was leaving for Athlone
Every wagon car and coach they met along the road
Connemara being remote they thought 'twas there I might resort
But still they were at nothing, I gave them all leg bail

In Swinford Town as I lay down I heard the dreadful cry of hounds
Which me set off for Charlestown through Knock and Castlebar
Passing Hagfield I called in and had a drink with Joe O'Broin

Which filled my heart with strength and speed whilst the hounds
were getting slow

And as the moon began to shine I thought I'd make a foreign cli
me

And leave them all to search away for Farmer Michael Hayes
So to Dublin Town I made my way then to Cobh and America
Now I'm in the Land of Liberty and a fig for all my foes