

McIlhatton

Christy Moore

Bobby Sands

In Glenravel's Glen there lives a man whom some would call a god

For he could cure your shakes with a bottle of his stuff would cost you thirty bob

Come winter, summer, frost all over, a jiggin' Spring on the breeze

In the dead of night a man steps by, "McIlhatton, if you please"

CHORUS

McIlhatton you blurt we need you, cry a million shaking men

Where are your sacks of barley, will your likes be seen again?

Heres a jig to the man and a reel to the drop and a swing to the girl he loves

May your fiddle play and poitín cure your company up above

Theres a wisp of smoke to the south of the Glen and the poitín is on the air

The birds in the burrows and the rabbits in the sky and there's drunkards everywhere

At Skerries Rock the fox is out and begod he's chasing the hounds

And the only thing in decent shape is buried beneath the ground

CHORUS

At McIlhatton's house the fairies are out and dancing on the hobs

The goat's collapsed and the dog has run away and there's salmon down the bogs

He has a million gallons of wash and the peelers are on the Glen

But they'll never catch that hackler cos he's not comin' home again

CHORUS X 2