

## from Portrait Of The Artist As A Young Man

Joan Baez

Once upon a time and a very good time it was  
There was a moocow coming down along the road  
And this moocow that was down along the road  
Met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo  
His father told him that story  
His father looked at him through a glass: he had a hairy face  
He was baby tuckoo. The moocow came down the road where Betty Byrne lived  
She sold lemon platt

O, the wild rose blossoms  
On the little green place  
He sang that song. That was his song  
O, the green wothe botheth

When you wet the bed, first it's warm then it gets cold  
His mother put on the oilsheet. That had the queer smell  
His mother had a nicer smell than his father  
She played on the piano the sailor's hornpipe for him to dance. He danced

Tralala lala  
Tralala tralaladdy  
Tralala lala  
Tralala lala

Uncle Charles and Dante clapped  
They were older than his father and mother  
But uncle Charles was older than Dante  
Dante had two brushes in her press  
The brush with the maroon velvet back was for Michael Davitt  
And the brush with the green velvet back was for Parnell

Dante gave him a cachou every time he brought her a piece of tissue paper  
The Vances lived in number seven. They had a different father and mother  
They were Eileen's father and mother  
When they were grown up he was going to marry Eileen  
He hid under the table. His mother said

O, Stephen will apologize

Dante said  
O, if not, the eagles will come and pull out his eyes  
Pull out his eyes  
Apologize  
Apologize  
Pull out his eyes

Apologize  
Pull out his eyes  
Pull out his eyes  
Apologize