

## Roger O'Hehir

Planxty

At the Eight Mile Bridge in the County Down  
I had honest parents of fame and renown  
Oh, had I been obedient and kept the command  
I never would have broken the laws of the land

Right foll loll the dee

My parents endeavoured to give me honest bread  
They bound me apprentice unto the linen trade  
All to an honest weaver that lived hard by  
My mind being for rambling I could not comply

Right foll loll the dee

One beautiful creature, Jane Sharkey by name  
I gained her affections and I was to blame  
I own I enticed her and we ran away  
My troubles began from the very same day.

Right foll loll the dee

That beautiful creature I soon left forlorn  
For fear of her parents I stepped up the Mourne  
But her cruel father pursued me with spite  
He made me his prisoner that very same night

Right foll loll the dee

It's off to Newry Guardhouse straight way I was sent  
To whip me next morning it was their intent  
When I heard of this, well, it put me in a fright  
I broke Newry guardhouse the very same night

Right foll loll the dee

And the guards they pursued me the very next day  
The guards I beguiled and I soon got away  
I went down to the shore where a vessel it did lay  
I set my foot on shipboard to England sailed away

Right foll loll the dee

And then when that I landed in sweet Holyhead  
I had no honest means for to earn my bread  
And I was loathe to beg but alas I did worse  
To make myself money I stole a grey horse

And it's then when that I landed once more on Irish ground  
I soon began my tricks again near fair Newry Town  
For I stole a hat from one Thomas Wright  
He made me his prisoner the very same night

Right foll loll the dee

And it's off to Newry Guardhouse once more I was sent  
To hang me next morning it was their intent  
When I heard of this, well, it put me in a fright

I knocked down the turnkey and escaped the same night

Right foll loll the dee

And the guards they pursued me again the next day  
The guards I beguiled and once more I got away  
Says one unto the other "he'll travel no more"  
The very same night Newry Lough I swam o'er.

Right foll loll the dee

And I rested myself for a day or two or more  
I went to rob a bleach green<sup>1</sup> where I never was before  
But they were strong with guards and the bleach green within  
Surrounded was poor Roger and taken was again.

Right foll loll the dee

Now Roger was taken but often did get free  
It's come now to his turn for to march to the tree  
And all his foolish actions he there did declare  
And that put an end to old Roger O'Hehir.

Right foll loll the dee

1.

A "bleach green" (or bleaching green) is a term from the Northern Irish linen trade. It refers to the site where cut flax was laid out to dry in the sun. Such merchandise could have considerable value.