

Johnny Doyle

The Dubliners

You sons of Dan O'Connels Isle
Pray pay attention to my ditty
For it's all about a fair young man
His birthplace it was Dublin city

My song is for to demonstrate
A story with a pius moral
Beginning by the Carlisle bridge
And ending on the Isles of Coral

A scooner stood by George's Quay
With sails all furled one saltry season
A maiden paced upon that quay
She wept like one bereft of reason

Oh Johnny Doyle's me love it's true
It's true but full of deep contrition
For what will all the neighbours say
About yourself and my condition

Well the sails unfurled while the capstan turned
The scooner scudded down the Liffey
The maid she gave one piercing wail
She was a mother in a jiffy

They sailed across the harbour bar
And headed east for foreign waters
To China where they think they're wise
And drown at birth their surplus daughters

Now years and yeas had come and gone
'Till Mary's child grew self supporting
But how her poor old heart would break
When that young buck went out a-courting

He leaved me all alone she said
He leaved me alone in melancholy
I'll dress meself in man's attire
And sail the seven seas for Johnny

She signed on board of a pirate barque
That raided 'round the hot equator
And with them hairy buccaneers
There sailed a sweet and virtuous creature

Well the captain thought her name was Bill
His character it was nefarious
And with them hairy buccaneers
Her situation was precarious

Now in the Saragosa sea
Two rakish barques were idly lollin'
And Mary on the quarterdeck
The middlewatch was she patrolling

She gazed upon the neighbouring barque
And suddenly became exclaiment

For there upon that gilded poop
Stood Johhny Doyle in gorgeous raiment

They're happy now in sweet Ringsend
The jewl that sparkles on the dodder
They lead a peaceful merchants life
A do a trade in oats and fodder

By marriage lines she's Mrs Doyle
She keeps a store of periwinkles
When she says she's in thay way again
His one good eye with joy it twinkles