

Killiburne Brae

The Irish Rovers

There was an ould farmer from Killiburn Brae
Rightful rightful titty-ful-day
There was an ould farmer from Killiburn Brae
He had an ould wife the curse of his life

With yer rightful da titty-ful da
Ful-da-dee ul-da-dee ul-da-dee-ay

The devil came up to the farmer one day
Rightful rightful titty-ful-day
The devil came up to the farmer one day
Saying, "One of your family I'm taking away"

With yer rightful da titty-ful da
Ful-da-dee ul-da-dee ul-da-dee

Now don't you be taking me eldest son
Right-ful right-ful titty-ful-day
Don't you be taking me eldest son
For there's work on the farm that has to be done

With yer rightful da titty-ful da
Ful-da-dee ul-da-dee ul-da-dee

You can take me ould wife the joy of me heart
Right-ful right-ful titty-ful-day
Take me old wife the joy of me heart
And I hope to the devil you never will part

With yer rightful da titty-ful da
Ful-da-dee ul-da-dee ul-da-dee-ay

The devil he hoisted her up on his back
Right-ful right-ful titty-ful-day
The devil he hoisted her up on his back
And down the road he went clickety-clack

With yer rightful da titty-ful da
Ful-da-dee ul-da-dee ul-da-dee-ay

He took her along to the fork in the road
Rightful rightful titty-ful-day
He took her along to the fork in the road
And he says, "Olud woman you're a hell of a load"

With yer rightful da titty-ful da
Ful-da-dee ul-da-dee ul-da-dee-ay

Then he got her down to the gates of Hell
Rightful rightful titty-ful-day
He got her down to the gates of Hell
Saying, "Poke up the fire we'll bake her well"

With yer rightful da titty-ful da
Ful-da-dee ul-da-dee ul-da-dee-ay

Up came a wee devil with a ball and a chain

Rightful rightful titty-ful-day
Up came a wee devil with a ball and a chain
She upped with her feet and she knocked in his brains

With yer rightful da titty-ful da
Ful-da-dee ul-da-dee ul-da-dee-ay

Nine little devils were climbing the wall
Rightful rightful titty-ful-day
Nine little devils were climbing the wall
Saying, "Take her back daddy she'll murder us all"

With yer rightful da titty-ful da
Ful-da-dee ul-da-dee ul-da-dee-ay

Now the farmer was looking down through a crack
Rightful rightful titty-ful-day
Now the farmer was looking down through a crack
And he saw the old devil bringing her back

With yer rightful da titty-ful da
Ful-da-dee ul-da-dee ul-da-dee-ay

I've been an old devil for most of me life
Rightful rightful titty-ful-day
I've been an old devil for most of me life
But I've never been in hell till I met with yer wife

With yer rightful da titty-ful da
Ful-da-dee ul-da-dee ul-da-dee-ay