

## 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