

## Seven Cures

Thursday

Old Reilly stole a stallion  
But they caught him and they brought him back  
And they laid him down on the jailhouse ground  
With an iron chain around his neck.  
Old Reilly's daughter got a message  
That her father was goin' to hang.  
She rode by night and came by morning  
With gold and silver in her hand.  
When the judge he saw Reilly's daughter  
His old eyes deepened in his head,  
Sayin', "Gold will never free your father,  
The price, my dear, is you instead."  
"Oh I'm as good as dead," cried Reilly,  
"It's only you that he does crave  
And my skin will surely crawl if he touches you at all.  
Get on your horse and ride away."  
"Oh father you will surely die  
If I don't take a chance and try  
And pay the price and not take your advice.  
For that reason I have to stay."  
The gallows shadows shook the evening,  
In the night a hound dog bayed,  
And in the night the grounds were groanin',  
And in the night the price was paid.  
The next mornin' she had awoken  
To hear that the judge had never spoken.  
She saw that hangin' branch a-bendin',  
She saw her father's body broken.  
These be seven cures on a judge so cruel:  
That one doctor will not save him,  
That two healers will not heal him,  
That three eyes will not see him.  
That four ears will not hear him,  
That five walls will not hide him,  
That six diggers will not bury him  
And that seven deaths shall never kill him.