

Patrick Sheehan

Andy M. Stewart

My name is Patrick Sheehan, and my years are thirty-four;
Tipperary is my native place, not far from Galtymore;
I came of honest parents, but now they're lying low;
Though many's the pleasant days we spent in the Glen of Aherlow.

My father died; I closed his eyes, outside the cabin door;
For the landlord and the sheriff too, were there the day before
,
And then my lovin' mother, and my sisters three, also,
Were forced to go with broken hearts, from the Glen of Aherlow

For three long months, in search of work, I wandered far and near;
I then went to the poorhouse to see my mother dear;
The news I heard near broke my heart, but still in all my woe,
I blessed the friends who made their graves in the Glen of Aherlow.

Bereft of home and kith and kin, with plenty all around,
I starved within my cabin, and slept upon the ground;
But cruel as my lot was, I never did hardship know,
Till I joined the English army, far away from Aherlow.

"Rouse up there," cried the corporal, "Ya lazy Irish hound!
Why don't you hear the bugle, its call to arms to sound? "
I found I had been dreaming of the days long, long ago,
And I woke upon Sebastopol, and not in Aherlow

I tried to find my musket, how dark I thought the night!
O blessed God! It wasn't dark, it was the broad daylight!
And when I found that I was blind, my tears began to flow,
And I longed for even a pauper's grave in the Glen of Aherlow.

A poor neglected mendicant, I wander Dublin's streets
My nine months' pension it being out, I beg from all I meet;
As I joined my country's tyrants, my face I can never show,
Amongst my dear old neighbors in the Glen of Aherlow.

So Irish youths, dear countrymen, take heed in what I say;
For if you join the English ranks, you'll surely rue the day
And whenever you're tempted, a-soldiering to go.
Remember poor blind Sheehan from the Glen of Aherlow.