

Limerick Rake

Christy Moore

I am a young fellow that's easy and bold
In Castletown conners I'm very well known
In Newcastle West I spent many a note
With Kitty and Judy and Mary
My father rebuked me for being such a rake
And spending my time in such frolicsome ways
But I ne'er could forget the good nature of Jane
Agus fágaimíd siúd mar atá sé

My parents had reared me to shake and to mow
To plough and to harrow, to reap and to sow
But my heart being airy to drop it so low
I set out on high speculation
On paper and parchment they taught me to write
In Euclid and Grammar they opened my eyes
And in Multiplication in truth I was bright
Agus fágaimíd siúd mar atá sé

If I chance for to go to the town of Rathkeale
The girls all round me do flock on the square
Some give me a bottle and others sweet cakes
To treat me unknown to their parents
There is one from Askeaton and one from the Pike
Another from Arda, my heart was beguiled
Tho' being from the mountains her stockings are white
Agus fágaimíd siúd mar atá sé

To quarrel for riches I ne'er was inclined
For the greatest of misers must leave them behind
I'll purchase a cow that will never run dry
And I'll milk her by twisting her horn
John Damer of Shronel had plenty of gold
And Devonshire's treasure is twenty times more
But he's laid on his back among nettles and stones
Agus fágaimíd siúd mar atá sé

This cow can be milked without clover or grass
For she's pampered with corn, good barley and hops
She's warm and stout, and she's free in her paps
And she'll milk without spencil or halter
The man that will drink it will cock his caubeen
And if anyone coughs there'll be wigs on the green
And the feeble old hag will get supple and free
Agus fágaimíd siúd mar atá sé

If I chance for to go to the market at Croom
With a cock in my hand and my pipes in full tune
I am welcome at once and brought up to a room
Where Bacchus is sporting with Venus
There's Peggy and Jane from the town of Bruree
And Bidy from Bruff and we all on the spraoí
Such a combing of locks as there was about me
Agus fágaimíd siúd mar atá sé

There's some say I'm foolish and more say I'm wise
But being fond of the women I think is no crime
For the son of King David had ten hundred wives

And his wisdom was highly recorded
I'll take a good garden and live at my ease
And each woman and child can partake of the same
If there's war in the cabin, themselves they may blame
Agus fágaimíd siúd mar atá sé

And now for the future I mean to be wise
And I'll send for the women that acted so king
And I'll marry them all on the morrow by and by
If the clergy agree to the bargain
And when I'm on my back and my soul is at peace
These women will crowd for to cry at my wake
And their sons and their daughters will offer their prayer
To the Lord for the soul of their father