

McIlhatton

Christy Moore

Bobby Sands

In Glenravel's Glen there lives a man whom some would
call a god

For he could cure your shakes with a bottle of his
stuff would cost you thirty bob

Come winter, summer, frost all over, a jiggin' Spring
on the breeze

In the dead of night a man steps by, "McIlhatton, if
you please"

CHORUS

McIlhatton you blurt we need you, cry a million shaking
men

Where are your sacks of barley, will your likes be seen
again?

Heres a jig to the man and a reel to the drop and a
swing to the girl he loves

May your fiddle play and poitín cure your company up
above

Theres a wisp of smoke to the south of the Glen and the
poitín is on the air

The birds in the burrows and the rabbits in the sky and
there's drunkards everywhere

At Skerries Rock the fox is out and begod he's chasing
the hounds

And the only thing in decent shape is buried beneath
the ground

CHORUS

At McIlhatton's house the fairies are out and dancing
on the hobs

The goat's collapsed and the dog has run away and
there's salmon down the bogs

He has a million gallons of wash and the peelers are on
the Glen

But they'll never catch that hackler cos he's not
comin' home again

CHORUS X 2