

Nell Flaherty's Drake

Oh, my name it is Nell, the truth for to tell, And I live near Cool Hill as I
ne'er can de - ny. I had a fine drake, och the truth for to spake, That my
grand-moth - er left me whenshe went for to die. He was mer - ry and sound and would
weigh twen - ty pound, The un - i - verse round I would roam for his sake. Bad
luck to the rob-ber, let him be drunk or so-ber, That mur-dered Nell Fla-her-ty's beau-ti-ful drake.

Chorus

Oh, right toor and od-dy my charm-ing ould swad-dy, Oh, right toor and od-dy, och, hook and nee nee.

His neck it was green and rare to be seen,
He was fit for a queen of the highest degree,
His body so white it would give you delight,
He was fat, plump and heavy, and brisk as a bee.
He was a fine little fellow, his legs they were yellow,
He would fly like a swallow and swim like a hake,
But some cruel savage, to grease his white cabbage,
Has murdered Nell Flaherty's beautiful drake.

May his rooster not crow, may his bellows not blow,
Nor potatoes not grow, may he never have none,
May his cradle not rock, may his chest have no lock,
May his wife have no frock for to shield her backbone,
May the bedbugs and fleas this wicked one tease,
May the north, piercing wind make him shiver and shake,
May a four year old bug build a nest in the lug
Of the villain that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

Nell Flaherty's Drake

May his pipe never smoke, may his teapot be broke,
And to add to the joke may his kettle not boil,
May he be poorly fed till the hour he is dead,
May he always be fed on lobsouse and fish oil,
May he sweat with the gout till his grinders fall out,
May he roar, howl and shout with a horrid toothache,
May his temple wear horns and his toes all have corns,
Oh, the villain that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

May his dog bark and howl with both hunger and cold,
May his wife always scold till his brains go astray,
May the curse of each hag that e'er carried a bag
Light down on the wag till his head it turns gray,
May monkeys still bite him and mad dogs affright him
And everyone slight him asleep or awake,
May wasps ever gnaw him and jackdaws e'er claw him,
The monster that murdered Nell Flaherty's drake.

But the only good news I have to diffuse
It is of Peter Hughes and Paddy McCade
And crooked Ned Manson and big nosed Bob Hanson;
Each one had a son of my beautiful drake.
Oh, my bird he had dozens of nephews and cousins
And I must have one or my heart it will break,
To keep my mind easy or else I'll run crazy.
And thus ends the song of my beautiful drake.

Note: My brother used to sing this song when I was a little girl and just once I heard the man sing it from whom he learned it.