

A Lilt of Skibbereen

I journeyed to Dublin from far Skibbereen.
With a kit on my back, lashed my shoulders between,
There I soon got employment at making repairs,
In the home of McGinlay—up two flights of stairs.

By trade I'm a joiner, and this let me say,
There are few better workmen than Sullivan Ray,
And I finished apartments as neat as the mayor's
For Dennis McGinlay—up two flights of stairs.

Now Dennis was wealthy and thriving in trade,
The money he spent was much less than he made,
He had one fair daughter (but no other heirs)
—Miss Norah McGinlay—up two flights of stairs.

Oh she was a darling so lovely and neat!
Her eyes were of azure, her voice soft and sweet,
And no girl in Dublin, in household affairs
Was like Norah McGinlay—up two flights of stairs.

Of course I soon loved her and asked her if she,
Could fondly conceive the same passion for me,
She whispered "I will" and sealed it with tears
Fair Norah McGinlay, up two flights of stairs.

Then with feelings of bliss to McGinlay I went,
And told him I'd gained his dear daughter's consent,
But he and her mother were cross as two bears
With Norah McGinlay—up two flights of stairs.

But Dennis though angry consented at last,
And now I am happy, in wedlock tied fast,
For I courted, I married and ended my cares
With Norah McGinlay—up two flights of stairs.