

Dubaldo Marie Claire

"Killieburne Brae"

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There was an ould man down by Killiburn Brae ? Riful,
Riful, tidi foldey
There was an ould man down by Killiburn Brae
Had a curse of a wife for most of his days

Chorus:
With me riful doldol, tidi folol
Fola doldol da dolda doldey

One day as this man he walked out in the glen - Riful,
Riful, tidi foldey
One day as this man he walked out in the glen
Well he met with the divil, says "How are ye then?"

The divil he says "I have come for your wife" - Riful,
Riful, tidi foldey
The divil he says "I have come for your wife"
For I hear she's the curse and the bane of your life

So the divil he hoisted her up on his back - Riful,
Riful, tidi foldey
So the divil he hoisted her up on his back
And away off to hell, with her he did whack

And when at last they came to hell's gates - Riful,
Riful, tidi foldey
And when at last they came to hell's gates
Well she lifted her stick and she battered his pate

There were two little divils there tied up in chains -
Riful, riful, tidi foldey
There were two little divils there tied up in chains
Well she lifted her stick and she scattered their

Brains

There were two other divils there roaring like bulls -
Riful, riful, tidi foldey
There were two other divils there roaring like bulls
And she lifted her stick and she battered their skulls

There were two other divils there playing at ball -
Riful, riful, tidi foldey
There were two other divils there playing at ball
She lifted her stick and she battered them all

So the divil he hoisted her up on his back - Riful,
Riful, tidi foldey
So the divil he hoisted her up on his back
They were seven years coming and days going back

And when they came back to Killiburn Brae - Riful,
Riful, tidi foldey
And when they came back to Killiburn Brae
Well the divil he cried and he shouted hooray

Says he, me good man, here's your wife safe and well -
Riful, riful, tidi foldey
Says he, me good man, here's your wife safe and well
For the likes of herself we would not have in hell

Which proves that the women are worse than the men -
Riful, riful, tidi foldey
Which proves that the women are worse than the men
When they go down to hell they are thrown out again

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