

Charlie Rich

"John O'reilly"

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My name is John O'Reilly
And my father worked the fields
In the hills of old Kilarny
Where I helped him turn the wheels
My arms grew hard as iron for a boy of 17
And I used my fists for gambling in those wet Kilarny
streets
Well the ship left for America and I brought my pack
aboard
Said goodbye to my dear Ireland said a prayer to my
dear Lord
I fought those sorry guineas in the kitchen they called
hell
I fought them for their dollar and those guineas paid
me well
Chorus
Fair thee well fair Dover
Fair thee well your seasons turn
For my pockets will be jingling on the day of my return
The day of my return
I fought in New York City and I fought the Jersey shore
My gut stayed full of whiskey and my bed stayed full of
whores
They called my right a cannonball and my left they
called the same
I left em' all lyin' half in blood and half in shame
I met a man on '32 and he stuck out his hand
And he offered me a thousand if I'd fall before his man
I said it could be done but only for another two
He smiled at me and nodded as I stuck it in my shoe
Chorus
Fair thee well fair Dover
Fair thee well your seasons turn
For my pockets will be jingling on the day of my return
The day of my return
They rang the bell two times before I let him have my
nose
And I let him work my left until my eye was swollen
closed
Then I let loose a right that they still talk about today
For that guinea didn't know that I had bet the other way

They covered every dock and every port there on the
coast
Looking for that double crosser who had turned into a
ghost
But I was on a train my friend that rode the other way
And i'll sail from California back to Dublin one fine day

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