

Christy Carlson Romano

"The Hackler From Grouse Hall"

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I am a roving hackler lad that loves the shamrock
Shore,
Belov'd and well-respected by my neighbors one and
all
On St. Patrick's day I loved to stray round Lavey
And Grouse Hall.
When I was young I danced and sung and drank good
Whiskey, too.
Each s?b?n shop that sold a drop of the real old
Mountain dew.
With the poit?n still on every hill the peelers had no
Call
Round sweet Stradone I am well known, round Lavey
and
Grouse Hall.
I rambled round from town to town for hackling was my
Trade,
None can deny I think that I an honest living made;
Where e'er I'd stay by night or day the youth wud
Always call
To have some crack with Paddy Jack, the hackler from
Grouse Hall.
I think it strange how times have changed so very much
Of late,
Coercion now is all the row and Peelers on their bate.
To take a glass is now, alas, the greatest crime of all
Since Balfour placed that hungry beast the Sergeant of
Grouse Hall.
The busy tool of Castle rule he travels night and day,
He'll seize a goat just by the throat for want of
Better prey;
The nasty skunk, he'll swear you're drunk tho' you took
None at all
There is no peace about the place since he came to
Grouse Hall.
'Twas on pretense of this offense he dragged me off to
Jail,
Alone to dwell in a cold cell my fate for to bewail.
My hoary head on a plank bed, such wrongs for
vengeance
Call

He'll rue the day he dragged away the hackler from
Grouse Hall.
He haunts the League just like a plague, and shame for
To relate
The priest can't be on Sunday free the Mass to
Celebrate.
It's there he'll kneel encased in steel prepared on
Duty's call
For to assail and drag to jail our clergy from Grouse
Hall.
Down into hell he'd run pell-mell to hunt for poit?n
There
And won't be loath to swear an oath 'twas found in
Killinkere.
He'll search your bed from foot to head, sheets,
Blankets, tick and all
Your wife, undressed, must leave the nest for Jemmy
of
Grouse Hall.
He fixed a plan for one poor man who had a handsome
Wife
To take away without delay her liberty and life.
He'd swear quite plain that he's insane and got no
Sense at all,
As he has done of late with one convenient to Grouse
Hall.
Thank God the day's not far away when Home Rule will
be
Seen,
And brave Parnell at home will dwell and shine in
College Green;
Our policemen will all be then our nation's choice and
All,
Old Balfour's pack will get the sack and banished from
Grouse Hall.
Let old and young clear out their lungs and sing this
Little song,
Come join with me and let him see you all resent the
Wrong.
And while I live I'll always give a prayer for his
Downfall
And when I die I don't deny I'll haunt him from Grouse
Hall
Traditional

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