

## Christy Moore

### "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'An shop that sold a drop of the real old  
Mountain dew.  
With the poit'An 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 poitÃn  
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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