

Irish Folksongs

"BOLD TENANT FARMER"

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One evening of late into Bandon I strayed
I was bound for Clonakilty I was making me way
At Ballinishcarthy some time I delayed
For to wet me auld whistle with porter

Chorus

Tithery-ow-tow, tithery-ow-tow
Tithery-ow-tow-tow-tum :
Tithery-ow-tah-den, tithery-ow-tow
Tithery-ow-tow-tum
Tithery-ow-tah-den, doodle-e-darrow

Well I spate in me fist and I picked up me stick
And up the coach road like a deer I did skip
For I care not for bailiff landlord or auld Nick
And sang like a lark in the morning

Well I scarcely had travelled one mile of the road
When I heard a dispute in a farmers abode
The son of the landlord an ill looking toad
And the wife of the bold tenant farmer

He said what the devil's come over you all?
Not one penny of rent at each time that I call
By next October I'll settle you all
For you'll have the high road for your garden

"A robber" the bold tenants wife she replied
"You're as bad as your daddy on the other side
But the National Land League will put down your pride
For they're able to bear every storm

Its branches extend to country and town
Protecting the tenants, their houses and ground
I owe you twelve months and I'll give you one pound
If you clear our receipts in the morning

When she spoke of the Land League his lips they grew
pale
Saying "What good have you done but be stuck into jail
And the rent that you owe you must pay by next gale

And believe me, we'll give you no quarter

Your husband I saw in the town just last night
Drinking and shouting for poor tenants rights
But the month of October we'll put you to flight
To follow your friends o'er the water

If my husband was d

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