

At Kitty O'Shea's

Lied: Darling Girl From Clare

*We were sitting on the wall upon a Sunday
To watch the girls go by
And a'thinkin' we'd be marrit to one one day
When a colleen caught our eye
Oh man, she was the makin's of a fairy
She made each boy'o swear
There's not one girl in this wide wide world
Like the darling girl from Clare*

*Now every man has got the finest plan
You'd ever see now, barrin' me now
Every day there's one of them will say
That she'll agree now, Oh you'll see now
Each night they would fight as to which of them was right
'Bout the colour of her eyes or hair
But not one word from me was ever heard
About the darling girl from Clare*

*No, I never said a single word about her
But I met that girl that day
And I told her that I couldn't live without her
And what had she for to say
She told me to go and ask her father
Which I did right then and there
And in less than an hour we were fighting for the dower
Of the darling girl from Clare*

*So every man had got the finest plan
You'd ever see now, barrin' me now
Every day there's one of them will say
That she'll agree now, Oh you'll see now
But late last night when the moon was bright
I axed her if she would share
All me joy and me sorra, and begorrah on tomorra
I'll be married to the girl from Clare*