

Old Ballymoe.

In the County Roscommon in hail stones and rain
I was crossing the fields on my way to the train
I met a colleen and says she, “do you know
The shortest short cut into old Ballymoe?”

Says I, “colleen óg, who led you astray?
I think I'll go with you and show you the way”
Says she, “I'm afraid because you I don't know
You might kiss me between here and old Ballymoe.”

Says I, “colleen óg, I've seldom been kissed”
Says she, “you poor lad, sure a lot you have missed”
Says I, “I am willing to learn you know,
We can practise between here and old Ballymoe.”

“Do you think I'd walk with you, you Mullingar rogue?
I don't like your looks or your smooth ringing brogue
You're young and you're handsome but dear knows you're slow
And we don't like a dead one in old Ballymoe.”

Says I, “I've been noted for strength and for looks,
And my brains' not so bad for I've mastered the books
So if you say yes, to be married we'll go
And forever be happy in old Ballymoe.”

She started to laugh 'till I thought she would choke
She says, you poor cluasán I will tell you a joke
Step out of my way, sir, for now I must go
I've a husband and six kids in old Ballymoe.”

In the County Roscommon in hail stones or rain
If you're crossing the fields on your way to the train.
Beware of the colleen that you do not know
She might just be married in Old Ballymoe!”



 **Comhaltas**