

The Blackbird of Mullaghmore

(the Blackbird of Mullaghmore was a poteen still. This song was a handy way of spreading the glad tidings of the still's re-opening after an enforced closure. Taken from Songs of County Down by Cathal O'Boyle who dates the song to the 1840s)

Oh! Come all ye gay young fellows that wanders by this way
If you call in to have a glass there's a reck'nin' you must pay
I'll supply you with a good friend and your cheques'll join encore
And you'll see my blackbird clockin' on the hills of Mullaghmore

Well it's for your loyal blackbird she's of the best of game
Her offspring are well proven in America, France and Spain
Her cheque has gained her credit upon many's the foreign shores
And now she's sitting clockin' on the hills of Mullaghmore

Well it's for your loyal blackbird as they didn't use her well
The hardships she has underwent no mortal man can tell
When her cage door was opened they rushed them in a score
And they put my bird from clockin' on the hills of Mullaghmore

So our blackbird's going to leave us now which grieves the neighbours
all
I hope she'll have good fortune until on her we do call
She's going over yonder mountain for to nest in a fine still
And she'll spend her summer season at the foot of the Sheep Hill

And our blackbird's coming home again but not to the same place
And I hope your friends and neighbours will not bring her to disgrace
The lovely lark and linnet and the thrush will join encore
For to welcome home our blackbird to the hills of Mullaghmore