

The Irish French Letter

(Tune: Old Rosin the Beau)

C F C Am G7

I was up to me arse in the muck, sir, with a peat contract down in the bog

C F C G7 C

When me shovel it struck something hard, sir, that I thought was a rock, or a log

C F C Am G7

'Twas a box of the finest old oak, sir, 'twas a foot long and four inches wide.

C F C G7 C

And not givin' a damn for the fairies I just took a quick look inside.

When I opened the lid of this box, sir, and I swear that my story is true

'Twas an ancient old Irish French letter, a relic of Brian Boru

'Twas an ancient old Irish French letter, 'twas a foot long and made of elk hide

With a little gold tag on its end, sir, with his name, rank and stud fee inscribed.

Now I cast me mind back through the ages, to the days of that horny old Celt

With his wife lyin' by on the bed, sir, as he stood by the fire in his pelt

And I thought that I heard Brian whisper as he stood in the fire's rosy light

"Well, ye've had your own way long enough, dear, 'tis the hairy side outside tonight!"