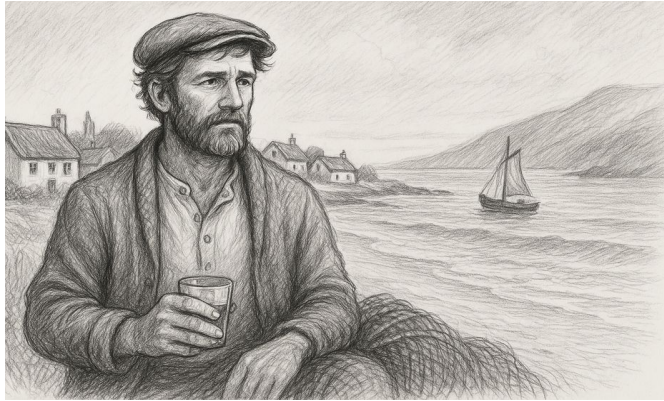


Ballad of Seamus O'Driscoll

Verse 1

In Clonfiddle town by the rolling sea,
Lived Seamus O'Driscoll so wild and free.
A fisher's hand and a roving eye,
But the whiskey glass was his true ally.



Verse 2

Fair Niamh wept with her children eight,
While Seamus lingered till dark of late.
Each newborn child saw his thirst grow strong,
Till the nets lay empty, the nights too long.

Verse 3

The purse grew thin, and the hearth grew cold,
His wife grew weary, her sorrow bold.
No bread to share and no hope to spare,
For her drunken man was no longer there.

Verse 4

One stormy night on the cliff he swayed,
With broken step through the dark he strayed.
He tumbled down to the sands below,
Half-dead he lay by the moonlit glow.



Verse 5

They carried him home from the roaring tide,
And mercy woke in his heart inside.
From that dread night he would change his way,
To fish at dawn and bring home his pay.

Verse 6

The nets are full and the hearth burns bright,
The children's laughter rings clear at night.
He lifts his glass but he drinks it small,
For love is stronger than drink's dark call.

Verse 7

So mark this tale, let it never fade:
A man redeemed when his choice was made.
Take care of yours while the years still last,
For love once lost is too dear to grasp.



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