

Ballydine

Christy Moore

As I wandered abroad by Kilsheelan
Where the river meanders on down
To my left lay the Comeragh Mountains
To the right of me sweet Sliabh na mBan
Where the fishermen cast on the waters
And the apples are pressed into wine
Where the herd returns slowly to pasture
Through the fields that surround Ballydine

I marvelled at nature's abundance
In Tipperary so rich and so rare
I drank from the well of spring water
Breathing in deep the fresh air
When I came to John Hanrahan's homestead
In the fields around Ballycurkeen
I lay down in a meadow of wild flower
And dreamt a mysterious dream

I dreamt of a curious eviction
Unlike the evictions of old
No sign of a redcoat nor bailiff
'twas more pernicious and cold
On the air cam a colourless vapour
The fields they felt silent and still
As I lay in that meadow of wildflower
Dreaming on Hanrahan's hill

When I awoke I was frightened
I knew 'twas time to head home
I made my way back to Cluan Meala
On the road passing Merck Sharpe and Dohme