

# The Hackler From Grouse Hall

Christy Moore

I am a roving hackler lad that loves the shamrock shore  
My name is Pat McDonnell and my age is eighty-four  
Belov'd and well-respected by my neighbours one and all  
On St. Patrick's day I loved to stray round Lavey and Grouse Hall

When I was young I danced and sung and drank good whiskey, too  
Each síbín shop that sold a drop of the real old mountain dew  
With the poitín still on every hill the peelers had no call  
Round sweet Stradone I am well known, round Lavey and Grouse Hall

I rambled round from town to town for hackling was my trade  
None can deny I think that I an honest living made  
Where e'er I'd stay by night or day the youth wud always call  
To have some crack with Paddy Jack, the hackler from Grouse Hall

I think it strange how times have changed so very much of late  
Coercion now is all the row and Peelers on their bate  
To take a glass is now, alas, the greatest crime of all  
Since Balfour placed that hungry beast the Sergeant of Grouse Hall

The busy tool of Castle rule he travels night and day  
He'll seize a goat just by the throat for want of better prey  
The nasty skunk, he'll swear you're drunk tho' you took none at all  
There is no peace about the place since he came to Grouse Hall

'Twas on pretence of this offence he dragged me off to jail  
Alone to dwell in a cold cell my fate for to bewail  
My hoary head on a plank bed, such wrongs for vengeance call  
He'll rue the day he dragged away the hackler from Grouse Hall

He haunts the League just like a plague, and shame for to relate  
The priest can't be on Sunday free the Mass to celebrate  
It's there he'll kneel encased in steel prepared on duty's call  
For to assail and drag to jail our clergy from Grouse Hall

Down into hell he'd run pell-mell to hunt for poitín there  
And won't be loath to swear an oath 'twas found in Killinkere  
He'll search your bed from foot to head, sheets, blankets, tick and all  
Your wife, undressed, must leave the nest for Jemmy of Grouse Hall

He fixed a plan for one poor man who had a handsome wife  
To take away without delay her liberty and life  
He'd swear quite plain that he's insane and got no sense at all  
As he has done of late with one convenient to Grouse Hall

Thank God the day's not far away when Home Rule will be seen  
And brave Parnell at home will dwell and shine in College Green  
Our policemen will all be then our nation's choice and all  
Old Balfour's pack will get the sack and banished from Grouse Hall

Let old and young clear out their lungs and sing this little song  
Come join with me and let him see you all resent the wrong  
And while I live I'll always give a prayer for his downfall  
And when I die I don't deny I'll haunt him from Grouse hall