

Finnian Murphy

I went traveling over the wide, dark sea To the green isle land of my ancestry
For Murphy was my mother's name And I heard the new leprechaun king had the same
It was down by the Sally Gardens a wee one I did tree
And said; "Now I want my wishes – the required three"
He picked off an apple and threw it up to me
Saying: "**You'll get nothing 'til I've had some of your whiskey**
(spoken): "**Hand up that jug laddy...don't you know anything about us leprechaun...
we've got to have a brace of whiskey before we grant any wishes...that's right hand up that jug**"

Well, I gave him my jug and he had him a few
I said: "So you don't trick me, my first wish is – you must give me the other two"
"**It's done!**" he cried then says I: "My next wish is to see your king."
And a bee came out of my apple and my thumb it did sting
I threw down that fruit with a cursing cry
As the leprechaun laughed declaring: "**The king, he is I!**"
"If that's true," says I, "'tis a pleasure to meet your company,
"For I too am of the clan of Murphy."

And out came a fiddler, a whistler and a drummer three
And a host of the little people, they surrounded me
And we leaped and we reeled and we jigged, 'til the hours were wee
Underneath that Irish crème moonlight so bright merrily laughed the leprechaun king
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"**Kinsman or no, laddy, but one wish remains,**" said he
"**I imagine 'tis the pot of gold you'd have brought to yee**"
"No, thank you," says I, "that's not the prize for me
"What I want to wish for is the Rose of Tralee
"I lost her it seems many lifetimes ago
"Our love came and went like a late spring's snow."
"**Is that your wish then?**" asked Finn the smiling king
"Tis," says I, "I wish to me the Rose of Tralee you will bring." And out came... (*chorus*)

There she stood and veils fell between
And we talked for hours 'til the dawn could be seen
But as the morn' stepped upon the night
Like a flower dropped in a stream she drifted from sight
"You've tricked me, Finn! For God's sake, you and I are of the same clan!"
"**Perhaps,**" says he, "**but you've forgotten the ways of the leprechaun**
"**Morning light and sunshine don't agree with me**
"**Nor do they seem to suit your beloved Rose of Tralee.**"

And out came no fiddler, there was no whistler and no drummer three
There was no host of the little people surrounding me
There was no leaping, no reeling and no jigging, 'til the hours were wee
The only thing left in that morning light too bright was the merry laughter of the leprechaun king
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