

Journey from Tipperary

Copyright © 28 September 2011 by [Bob Hurt](#). All rights reserved.

We left in dark of night from Tipperary,
Three of the girls I could, but two I couldn't, carry.
The wee ones I nestled warm in a potato sack.
Faith, I heaved my bag of treasures o'er my back,
The bigger girls took bundles under arm.
We skittered from our loft at Widow's farm.
I had tried to save my wife Oh Lord I tried,
But she worsened in that terrible winter and died.
I could not pay the fees for inn or car,
So we stole out before dawn to go afar.
We slid down the rooftop, covered in soot,
And betook our torturous journey on foot.
The wind howled at our departure from the town.
We trekked the hills and woods; rain poured down.
We warmed us beside fires of sticks and peat,
And sucked cow milk fresh from the teat.
The girls smiled with my tales of elf and fairy,
To forget their dead, cold mum in Tipperary.
Now and then we'd stop; I'd dry their tears;
Give hope for better lives; calm their fears.
In a week and more our travel finally ended;
The girls' aching, broken hearts eventually mended.
I found stevedore work in Cork, by the sea
And a cottage on a farm for my girls and me.
Though they grew up happy, fine men did marry,
Sure, we miss her still who stayed in Tipperary.



###

