

## Micheál Bocht

as recited by Joe Byrne

I heard this story ó m'athair, If you haven't Irish, it doesn't matter.  
This tragic rural Irish tale relates a sad seductive scéal  
Concerning lust without discretion, and go leor rudaí eile freisin.

Uair amháin, fadó, fadó, on a little farm near Carraroe  
Lived buachaill maith named Micheál Mór, an only son, aged thirty four.  
When work was done at end of day, he'd settle down with his cupán tae.

He never felt the need to stroll, or spend the evening time ag ól,  
His intellectual needs were drawn from books like Peig and Íosagán.  
And so it was, bliain in, bliain out, our Micheál never moved about.

Now he dreamt of cailíns, most men do, but he never sinned, an dtuigeann tú.  
Now meanwhile up in Átha Cliath, a cailín deas had a bright idea  
When laethanta saoire time came by, she thought she'd like to try

Áit beag ciúin like Carraroe, no foreign food, not far to go.  
And there perhaps she'd meet the clan, and, b'fhéidir, find herself a man.  
This cailín deas, with eyes so blue, was known in town as City Sue.

And lusty buachaillí came crawling, and all agreed she was go hálainn.  
She left her men in a state of shock, so Micheál Mór, bí cúramach!  
This scarlet woman knows every trick, and she's heading wes(h)t, so beware, a mhic.

Well the light shone in the parish hall for the local fáinne wearers' ball.  
Bhí Micheál ann, bhí Susie ann, dressed in a most seductive gown.  
Our brave Cú Chulainn of the West, with his hurling medals across his chest,

Exclaimed when City Sue came in: in ainm Dé, féach ar sin.  
Though nervous, still, he took a chance. "Céad míle fáilte – will you dance?"  
Go luath on the floor they strut, cheek to cheek from head to foot.

The Susie whispered in Micheál's ear: "Éist liom now, let's disappear".  
We'll use my place, the door's unlocked. We'll spend the night in seomra a h-ocht.  
Micheál's ceann was in a spin – ní raibh sé thinking thoughts mar sin.

He blessed himself, this Jezebel will surely damn his soul to Hell.  
He stood aghast, he couldn't stutter. So off he bolted ar a rothar.  
And straight abhaile into bed, and decades of the Rosary said.

Now Micheál Mór still sleeps alone, in his leaba beag, ochón, ochón.  
But he often thinks of seomra a h-ocht. And what might have been. Micheál bocht.