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## Tarry Flynn

Shay Healy 1968

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### CHORUS

A.                   D  
Oh you're a rascal Tarry Flynn  
                                  A  
You're writing poetry instead of diggin drills  
                                  D  
Strollin' around the fields all day  
                                  A  
Oh won't you ever work or won't you ever stay

Is there a man who cares  
That I should be spared  
Such a life of drudgery  
Of diggin clay  
Tossin' cocks of hay,  
Wishin' all the day  
That somehow I could be free

Oh mother can't you see  
That the farmer's life  
It was never meant for me  
To reap and sew  
I don't want to know  
Up to Dublin go  
For that's where me life should be

Don't come to say goodbye  
Mothers always cry  
Shake my hand and set me free  
When fame has come  
To me Dublin home  
Maybe then you'll come  
There some day and visit me

