John O'Reilly

Charlie Robison

My name is John O'Reilly and my father worked the fields
In the hills of old Kilarny where I helped him turn the wheels
My arms grew hard as iron for a boy of 17
And I used my fists for gambling in those wet Kilarny streetsWell the ship left for America and I brought my pack aboard
Said goodbye to my dear Ireland said a prayer to my dear Lord
But I fought those sorry guineas in the kitchen they called hell
Well I fought them for their dollar and those guineas paid me wellFair thee well fair dover
Fair thee well your seasons turn
For my pockets will be jingling on the day of my return
The day of my returnWell I fought in New York City and I fought the Jersey shore
My gut stayed full of whiskey and my bed stayed full of whores
Well they called my right a cannonball and my left they called the same
And I left em' all lyin' half in blood and half in shameWell I met a man on '32 and he stuck out his hand
And he offered me a thousand if I'd fall before his man
Well I said it could be done but only for another two
And he smiled at me and nodded as I stuck it in my shoeFair thee well fair dover
Fair thee well your seasons turn
For my pockets will be jingling on the day of my return
The day of my returnWell they rang the bell two times before I let him have my nose
And I let him work my left until my eye was swollen closed
Then I let loose a right that they still talk about today
For that guinea didn't know that I had bet the other wayThey covered every dock and every port there on the coast
Looking for that double crosser who had turned into a ghost
But I was on a train my friend that rode the other way
And I'll sail from California back to Dublin one fine dayFair thee well fair dover
Fair thee well your seasons turn
For my pockets will be jingling on the day of my return
The day of my returnFair thee well fair dover
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For my pockets will be jingling on the day of my return
The day of my return

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