

The Curragh Wrens

[Jane McNamee](#)

The Curragh Wrens

The childer are crying for food sir,
Itâ€™s been days since they last had a bite,
With the winter blowing through the furze sir,
Thereâ€™s some might not last through the night,
They drove us away from the town sir,
Out here where we wouldnâ€™t be seen,
Cast out by the good Christian people,
Like lepers unfit and unclean,

They call us the Wrens of the Curragh,
We live and we die in a hole,
For a penny Iâ€™d give you my body,
And for tuppence Iâ€™d sell you my soulâ€¦

It wasnâ€™t for this I was born sir,
As a girl I was healthy and strong,
I was happy to work on the land sir,
And Iâ€™d sing like a lark all day long,
But the landowner liked what he saw sir.
He used me and gave me a son,
Then cast me aside like a dog sir,
Without even a stitch of my own.

They call us â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦

If youâ€™re done with me sir thank you kindly,
Now go back to your God fearinâ€™ wife,
To your big house and fine healthy children,
And I hope that youâ€™ll have a good life,
And when you pray to your God in the morning,
To forgive for all of your sins,
Please spare a few thoughts in your prayer sir
For me and the poor Curragh wrensâ€¦

They call us â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦â€¦..

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnyrics.com/>