

The Day Of My Return

Mike Denver

My name is John O'Reilly
And my father worked the fields
In the hills of old Killarney
Where I helped him turn the wheels
My arms grew hard as iron for a boy of seventeen
And I used my fists for gamblin' in those wet Killarney streets
Well the ship left for America and I took my pack
aboard
Said goodbye to my dear Ireland
Said a prayer to my dear Lord
Well I fought those sorry guineas
In the Kitchen they called Hell
And I fought them for their dollars
And those guineas paid me well[:: CHORUS ::]
Fare thee well fair Dover
Fare thee well, your seasons turn
My pockets will be jinglin' on the day of my return
The day of my return
Well I fought in New York City and I fought the Jersey shores
My gut stayed full of whiskey
And my bed stayed full of whores
They called my right a cannon-ball
My left they called the same
And I left them all a-lyin' half in blood and half in shame
Well 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
I said it could be done but only for another two
And he smiled at me and nodded as I stuck it in my shoe[:: CHORUS ::]
Fare thee well fair Dover
Fare thee well, your seasons turn
My pockets will be jinglin' on the day of my return
The day of my return
Well 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 to-day
For that guinea didn't know that I had bet the other way
Well they covered every dock
And every port there on the coast
Looking for the 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 day
CHORUS (TWICE)
Fare thee well fair Dover
Fare thee well, your seasons turn

My pockets will be jinglin' on the day of my return
The day of my return

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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