

Johneo Seoige.

O Johneo Seoige hear my imploring  
As I come in hope to seek your aid,  
For you are the brightest star that shines,  
A light before me at God's holy place.  
You're the flower of youth, your voice most pure  
That I have laid eyes on since I was born,  
And for the love of Jesus give me relief  
That will bide me over Christmas Eve.

In the morning I got the form,  
No man was happier as I set forth,  
I got no answer alas that day  
But my wife and children out beneath the dew.  
I'm burnt, scalded, skinned and torn,  
Cut and blistered from walking miles,  
And Mr. Joyce the workhouse is full  
And will not admit another soul.

What an honour for the village of Carna  
Whenever this couple walks its street;  
For the woman's beauty outshines most truly  
The morning star when it gives its light.  
The queen is ailing and weak is lain,  
And doctors say she will not survive;  
The cause of her ailment as people claim  
Is not being wedded to Mr. Joyce.

Translated: Micheál Ó Cuaig. (Cóipcheart: Micheál Ó Cuaig)