

Living Well - A Tale to Tell...

The Lad From Sion

(Frank Galligan)

Oh my name is Davy Patton
And I come from Sion Mills
The times were hard, the bread was scarce,
And I couldn't pay the bills.
So I joined the Inniskillin's
'Cos their headquarters was near,
Sure I thought that I'd be floating, boys,
In cigarettes and beer.

Well, I'm floating right enough, lads,
In a Flanders trench tonight,
Me mate is screaming 'Mammy!'
And his blood is moonlit bright.
The moustache on the major,
Is quivering in the smoke,
And no one's laughing any more,
We've all run out of jokes.

Wee Sammy from Hill Valley
Is praying on his knees,
A buck from Artigarvan
Is cursing at the fleas,
Sean from near hand Clady
Is wearing out his beads
And suddenly the major shouts,
"To arms men! And proceed!"

I'm dreaming of the Mourne now,
As I lie in No-Man's Land,
A salmon rises to my fly,
As I rise to God's right hand,
He's guiding me from mud and death
From grey to clouds of white,
There'll be many a curtain pulled the length,
In Sion Mills tonight.

