

An Fear Rua

An Fear Rua = The Red Man; Jaysus = Jesus; fluthered = drunk; fet = fat;
Dia dhaoibh = Greetings; is ainm dom = is my name.

Last night as I lay dreaming, I dreamt a tuneful dream.

I was home again in Ireland and the Guinness it flowed like a stream.

The players all gathered round me and anxiously they begged:

“Play us a tune on your old guitar – if you don’t sure we’ll all end up dead!”

“By dead, do you mean dead and gone?” I queried worriedly.

“As dead as old O’Leary” the answer came back to me.

“Sure Jaysus there’s no time to waste” so I launched into a set:

The Red-Haired Boy then Raglan Road and we all got fluthered and fet!

I sang and played, and played and sang, and drank and ate, and then

The Red-Haired Boy, he came to life and a fiery jig he danced.

He looked at me with eyes ablaze and he grew to ten-feet tall

And with a thunderous boom, the music stopped as he began to address us all.

“Dia dhaoibh my friends” he said to us “An Fear Rua is ainm dom.”

“I’ve come to proposition ye with power and glory and gold”

“And all I ask ye in return is to play to satisfy me”

“But friends be warned, for if you don’t, I’ll never leave you be!”

A fierce old Irish woman yelled “it’s all a ruse!”

“You’ll never satisfy this man and gold is only for fools.”

“Better ye stay here, merry and warm, and play by the fireside bright”

“For family and friends are the heart of it all, so go on! We bid you goodnight.”

An Fear Rua shrank to the size of a boy and proceeded to disappear

And although he took several with him, the players then started to cheer!

The wise old Irish woman beamed as she held out her hands

And I awoke so many miles from home – far away from my dear Ireland.