

John M. Synge (1871-1909)

1 *Danny*

One night a score of Erris men,  
A score I'm told and nine,  
Said, "We'll get shut of Danny's noise  
Of girls and widows dyin'.

"There's not his like from Binghamstown 5  
To Boyle and Ballycroy,  
At playing hell on decent girls,  
At beating man and boy.

"He's left two pairs of female twins  
Beyond in Killacree, 10  
And twice in Crossmolina fair  
He's struck the parish priest.

"But we'll come round him in the night  
A mile beyond the Mullet;  
Ten will quench his bloody eyes, 15  
And ten will choke his gullet."

It wasn't long till Danny came,  
From Bangor making way,  
And he was damning moon and stars  
And whistling grand and gay. 20

Till in a gap of hazel glen —  
And not a hare in sight —  
Out lepped the nine-and-twenty lads  
Along his left and right.

Then Danny smashed the nose on Byrne, 25  
He split the lips on three,  
And bit across the right hand thumb  
On one Red Shawn Magee.

But seven tripped him up behind,  
And seven kicked before, 30  
And seven squeezed around his throat  
Till Danny kicked no more.

Then some destroyed him with their heels,  
Some tramped him in the mud,  
Some stole his purse and timber pipe, 35  
And some washed off his blood.

. . . . .

And when you're walking out the way  
From Bangor to Belmullet,  
You'll see a flat cross on a stone  
Where men choked Danny's gullet. 40

*1907*

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