

# The Ballad of Con Carey

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(Air: Skibereen)

Come all ye loyal heroes and listen to my lay,  
'tis all about Con Carey who was taken from the clay,  
The papers all they had a ball and the guards made up a case,  
Not since the time of Lazarus did such a thing take place

At the tender age of sixty nine Con Carey's final breath,  
Was drawn within a building site upon his native heath,  
He fell to foul exposure as he homeward made his way,  
But alas the clothes he wore that night were only workaday.

With these upon his unwashed frame, Con Carey was interred.  
And from the sealed-up, ashen lips, no hostile word was heard.  
But round the grave his comrades brave were conscious of his plight,  
And silently they did resolve to set the matter right.

The sun was high in the mid-day sky when the cars drew to a halt  
Out stepped that crew who then did view each mound and cross and vault  
With eyes so keen they swept that scene where the long green grass did wave  
Until they found the latest mound which was Con Carey's grave

This fearless troop of volunteers marched through the churchyard gate  
With single aim it was their game Con's corpse to decorate;  
They lay him down in habit brown without a scratch or tear,  
To shave his mien and make him clean for his trip to Peter's chair

Yes to shave his mien and to make his clean so that he'd be no disgrace  
To Brosna gown of such great renown and to all the Irish race  
So that Peter and Paul and the good saints all might take poor Con in tow  
And that all cadavers from now on might be dressed before they go.

Bury me dacent, Con once said to his comrades loyal and true.  
See that I'm shod for the road to God since I'd do the same for you;  
See that I'm dressed as good as the best but without a flounce or frill  
Then lay me down in Mountcollins town where I've plenty of time to kill

When the deed was down the guards came on and faced our gallant crew,  
Out spoke the chief gravedigger saying what were we to do?  
Could we look on and see poor Con in such a bad repose,  
And send him straight to Heaven's gate dressed up in a dirty clothes.