

The Cottage in Kilraine

Packie Manus Byrne

Towards the evening when the sun was going down
On a wintry day as I made me way from a fair in Glenties town
When but a short way out the road it started pouring rain
Which caused me to seek shelter in a cottage in Kilraine.

A cailín with a charming smile met me at the door
She says come in and sit a while until the storm is o'er
I knew she was no other than the lovely Maggie Jane
Who lived there with her mother in a cottage in Kilraine.

She took me to the kitchen it was snug and cosy there
And sat me down fornenst the fire in a great big armchair
With my feet up to the griosach I'd no reason to complain
And I felt that I could live and die in a cottage in Kilraine.

We talked about the weather and the topics of the day
Young Maggie Jane built up the fire while her mother made the tae
And by the way they looked at me I knew it very plain
That I'd have another errand to the cottage in Kilraine.

Well at last the storm was over and the road was calling me
I thanked them both politely for their hospitality
The mother she shook hands with me saying I hope you'll call again
For you know you're always welcome in a cottage in Kilraine.

So I picked up me stick once more and started on me way
Young Maggie Jane came out the door myself for to convey
We stopped behind a hawthorn bush a wee piece down the lane
And it was there I kissed the cailín from the cottage in Kilraine.

Well I'm pleased to say I'm married now and Maggie Jane's me wife
With a pair of lovely kiddies we are settled down in life
And every time I look at them I thank God o'er again
For the day that I took shelter in the cottage in Kilraine.