

Private Still

Jonny Dyer - Vocal, Bouzouki
Vicki Swan - Vocal, Flute, Nyckelharpa, Double Bass

Lyrics: Trad
Melody: Jonny Dyer

A gau-ger came to Dub-lin town one day when I was there, he
fan-cied that a pri-vate still was be-ing_ built some where. He
met me on a street one day, he fan-cied that I knew, "good
day to you young Pat me'lad and how do you do, good
day to you young Pat me'lad and how_ do you do".

A Gauger came to Dublin town one day when I was there,
he fancied that a private still was being built somewhere.
He met me on a street one day, he fancied that I knew,
"Good day to you young Pat me lad and how do you do,"
"Good day to you young Pat me lad and how do you do."

"I'm pretty well, your honour, but allow for me for to say
I don't know you at all"; said he, "perhaps you may
I'm off to search for something here, assist me if you will,
Here's fifty pounds if you can tell where there's a private still".

"Give me the fifty pounds," said "I in faith, I surely can.
I'll keep my word, you may depend, for I'm an honest man"
the fifty pounds he then laid down I pocketed the fee
"Now button up your coat, said I, and come along with me."

As soon as we were in the car, said he, "Now tell me Pat
Where is that blessed private still? Don't take me for a flat."
"A flat your honour, No" said I, "but heed me if you will
And I at once will show you where there is a private still."

"In half a minute now, said I, the barrack's close at hand
and if you look right through the gate, you'll see and hear the band
and when the band's done playing you'll see the soldier's drill".
"Oh never mind the soldiers, boy, but where's the private still?"

"In just a second now," said I. "I'll point him out to you
See, there he is, that fat old chap, right between those two".
"What is that you say", said he, said I, "my brother Bill
They wont make him a corporal, so he's a private still".

The gauger swore and tore his hair, and tried to grab his cash
But I jumped on the car myself and bolted in a flash
And as he walked along the road, though sore against his will
the people shouted "Exciseman, where's your private still?"

Vicki's Harmony

D Bm G A D

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A D G A

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