

The Bodhran Song

Oh, I am a year-old kid, I'm worth scarcely 15 quid
I'm the kind of beast that you might well look down on
But my value will increase at the time of my decease
For when I grow up I going to be a bodhrán

If you kill me for my meat, you won't find me very sweet
Your palate I'm afraid I'll soon turn sour on.
Ah but if you do me in for the sake of my thick skin
Then you'll find I'll make a tasty little bodhrán

Now my parents, Bill and Nan, they do not approve my plan
To be a yoke for every bloke to pound on
But with a Celtic ink design tattooed on my behind
I think I'd make a sexy little bodhrán

Now a cat's lives they are nine but they aren't very fine
And a dog has much material to growl on
But 'tis when you are a goat you can strike a merry note
That's provided you have first become a bodhrán

For a hornpipe or a reel, a dead donkey has no feel
Or a horse or cow or sheep that has its shroud on
And you can't join a jig if you're a former grade-A pig
But you can wallop out the lot if you're a bodhrán

So if e'er you're feeling low, to a session you should go
And bring me there to exercise an hour on
And you can strike a mighty thump on my belly, back, or rump
But I'd thank you if you'd wait till I'm a bodhrán