

## The Mad Buckgoat

**A**

**B**

### Irish Gaelic:

Ag gabháil dom sior chun Droichead Uí  
Mhóradha,  
Píce im dhóid 's mé ag dul i meithil,  
Cé casfaí orm i gcuma ceoidh,  
Ach pocán crón is é ar buile.

#### Chorus:

Ailliliú, puilliliú, ailliliú tá an puc ar buile!  
Ailliliú, puilliliú,  
Ailliliú  
tá an puc ar buile!

Do ritheamar trasna trí ruillógach,  
Is do ghluais an comhrac ar fud na muinge,  
Is treascairt do bhfuair sé sna turtóga,  
Chuas ina ainneoin ina dhrom le fuinneamh.

#### Chorus

Níor fhág sé carraig go raibh scót ann,  
Ná gur rith le fórsa chun mé a mhilleadh,  
S'Ansan sea do cháith sé an léim ba mhó,  
Le fána mhór na Faille Bríce.

#### Chorus

tá an puc ar buile!  
Bhí garda mór i mBaile an Róistigh,  
Is bhailigh fórsa chun sinn a chlipeadh,  
Do bhuail sé rop dá adhairc sa tóin ann,  
S'dá bhríste nua do dhein sé giobail.

#### Chorus

tá an puc ar buile!  
I nDaingean Uí Chúis le haghaidh an  
tráthnóna,  
Bhí an sagart paróiste amach 'nár gcoinnibh,  
Is é dúirt gurbh é an diabhal ba Dhóigh leis,  
A ghaibh an treo ar phocán buile.

#### Chorus

## English version:

As I set out with me pike in hand,  
To Dromore town to join a meithil,  
Who should I meet but a tan puck goat,  
And he's roaring mad in ferocious mettle.

### Chorus:

Aill-il-lu puill-il-iu  
Aill-il-lu it's the mad puck goat.  
Aill-il-lu puill-il-iu  
Aill-il-lu it's the mad puck goat.

He chased me over bush and weed,  
And thru the bog the running proceeded,  
'Til he caught his horns in a clump of gorse,  
And on his back I jumped unheeded.

### Chorus

He did not leave a rock that had a passage  
through,  
Which he did not run with force to destroy me,  
And then he gave the greatest leap,  
To the big slope of Faille Bríce.

### Chorus

When the sergeant stood in Rochestown,  
With a force of guards to apprehend us,  
The goat he tore his trousers down,  
And made rags of his breeches and new suspenders.

### Chorus

In Dingle Town the next afternoon,  
The parish priest addressed the meeting,  
And swore it was The Devil himself,  
He'd seen riding on the poc ar buile.

### Chorus

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"The Mad Buckgoat", in Gaelic "*An Poc Air Buille*" also known as "It is not Day, no, Nor Morning" is an Irish Polka in G Major.

This is a drinking song with lots of verses in Irish Gaelic that I have not included on the web page. They are included with an English translation in the song sheet.

It appears in The Pigot Collection (1909) as No. 693 "It is not Day, no, Nor Morning: A Drinking Song".

It was recorded by the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem on **The First Hurrah** (1964), The Chieftans on **Water from the Well** (2000) and The Baltimore Consort on **The Mad Buckgoat: Ancient Music of Ireland** (1999).