

## The Madwoman of Cork

Today  
Is the feast day of Saint Anne  
Pray for me  
I am the madwoman of \_\_\_\_\_.

Yesterday  
In Castle Street  
I saw two goblins at my \_\_\_\_\_  
I saw a horse without a head  
Carrying the dead  
To the \_\_\_\_\_  
Near Turner's cross.

I am the \_\_\_\_\_ of Cork  
No one talks to me.

When I walk in the rain  
The children throw \_\_\_\_\_ at me  
Old men persecute me  
And women close their doors.  
When I die  
Believe me  
They'll set me on \_\_\_\_\_.

I am the madwoman of Cork  
I have no sense.

Sometimes  
With an eagle in my brain  
I can see a \_\_\_\_\_  
Crashing at the station.  
If I told people that  
They'd choke me -  
Then where would I \_\_\_\_\_?

I am the madwoman of Cork  
The people hate me.

When Canon Murphy died  
I wept on his grave  
That was twenty-five years ago.  
When I saw him just now  
In Dunbar \_\_\_\_\_  
He had clay in his teeth  
He blessed me.

I am the madwoman of Cork  
The clergy pity me.

I see death  
In the \_\_\_\_\_ of a tree  
Birth in the feathers of a bird.  
To see a child with one eye  
Or a woman buried in ice  
Is the worst thing  
And cannot be imagined

I am the madwoman of Cork  
My mind fills me.

I should like to be \_\_\_\_\_  
To dress up in silk  
And have nine \_\_\_\_\_.  
I'd like to have red lips  
But I'm eighty years old  
I have nothing  
But a small house with no \_\_\_\_\_

I am the madwoman of Cork  
Go away from me.

And if I die now  
Don't touch me.  
I want to sail in a long \_\_\_\_\_  
From here to Roche's Point  
And there I will anoint the sea  
With oil of alabaster.

I am the Madwoman of Cork  
And to-day is the \_\_\_\_\_ day of  
Saint Anne.  
Feed me.

(words - Patrick Galvin, music - John Spillane)

