

Name : Anna Cronin

Class : 5th class

School : Scoil Bhríde Ballydehob

Age : 11 years

Who I talked to: My Dad
John Cronin
Ballydehob

The fight With the Landlord

This story was written by my Great grandmother Kitty Cronin when she was 14 1/2 in 1937. It was told to her by her father John Cronin who lived in Coolagh Co. Cork. It was told to him by his neighbour Dan Carthy. It was called The wife of the bold tenant farmer. It is about a disagreement between a farmers wife and her landlord.

One evening Dan was travelling from Bandon to Conakilly. And he stopped in BallinacCarthy at the pub. He had only just gone up the road a small bit when he came across a farmers wife having an argument with the son of her landlord the Landlords son was looking for his rent but the Farmers wife refused to pay because the land was too marshy. The Landlords son said it was infact that she couldn't pay because her husband had all the money drunk in the pub. The Farmers wife said she would prefer if it was drunk than give it to him. The Farmers wife then said that she would get on to the parish priests, Fr. O'Leary and Fr. Fahy to protest against the Landlord and his son.



This is The Bold Tenant Farmers house
in BallinasCarthy

and I willed my whistle with porter.
 I kindled my pipe, and I spat on
 my stick.
 And away to the town like a hawk
 I did trip.
 I cared for no bailiff, no land-lord
 or old trick.
 But I sang like a lark in the morning
 I scarcely had travelled a mile of a
 road.
 When I heard a dispute on a farmer's
 abode.
 By the son of a land-lord, an ill-
 looking rogue,
 And the wife of a bold-tenant
 farmer.
 He said: "What the dickens came
 over you all?"
 "Not a penny of rent can we get
 for our call."
 "But after the sessions, you'll pay
 for it all."
 "You'll get the high-road for your
 bargain."

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"You 'Zaffer", the bold tenant wife - she replied,

"You're as good as your daddy on the other side,

Our Plan of Campaign it will pull down your pride
It is able to 'bear every storm'."

"Your husband I've seen in the town ~~the other~~ ^{every} night,

Drinking and shouting for bold tenant rights."

"If my husband was drinking what has it to do,

I'd rather bid drink it than give it to you.

To make up your mind, for you'll not get a screw,

For your poor, marshy land is no bargain."

Next to Father O'Leary the pride of our Isle;

'Tis the priest that can till bad land - looks in style,

and brave Father Fahy who carried the fields,

To march with us all in good order

I got the old song from my Father:

Like a woman

looked,

Bath, Bath,

A look

Occupation. Thomas

to hand it when a child from an old man
 named — — — — — Dan Barry — who lived near
 I don't know any more about Dan Barry

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