

Where Peggy's Still the Boss®

Back in the day when darts did fly
And Friday's train poured out.
The store would fill and Jim held court
For all form of man and lout

Now as the moon does rise, merry makers come
Good Thursday of each month.
Then the life we knew
Of the old folks grew,
And the land their songs came from.

And Danny Boy, 'tis himself does sing
To no sound but a foot rhythm tap
Then the pipes, tin whistles and strings combine,
In the store with the pub in back

What's in a name, did Shakespeare say?
Then to Guinans he never came.
For it's the man, great Bard, in this fair pub
That gives the place its fame.

Now a thousand folks claim kinship in,
Ten times that rounds it out.
But to be clear, no pedestal here.....
Whether elected or kicked out of the house

The last honor bar does Guinan run,
It's a fact that's widely sown.
Hence the social drinker
Was granted this thinker,
Whose honor is widely known

Good people most if they want in,
Good cheer, their tales and tears.
But if you swore then,
"Out the door, don't blame it on the beer"

And "gobshite" is his word
You might've heard
If it's politics you discussed
See if you spoke it, in voices clear
You were firmly told to hush.

Here on Sunday morn, traditions last
The news plus sweets for kids
First they praise, and then they make their way
To the store with the pub in back

In gentle tones the topics join
Life's circle swings by often.
It's the talk of weather, neighbors and newborns
It's the woe of the sick and the fallen.

See it's a family place,
This fair store
In a town time once forgot.
Just its people and the river life
As time left it on this spot.

Still they come
The crowd's changed a bit.
Now in theatre, film, the arts.
Where beer was sold, boys and girls grew old
We now seek wine to sip.

The best papers say we've all gone chic,
And we do make room for that too!
But slow to shed so much of this.
This pot..... of local stew.

So do much in the name of hist'ry
And all that's said worth saving.
Because once it's gone, one can't abide
A grand town with no place for living

And if like 'Kelsey's nuts' it dies
We'll tar the Highlands black with loss
What Guinan made
John does it today
But where Peggy's still the boss!