

## Orthodox Celts

# Stand Up To Your Devil

I grew up in Ireland in dear old Dublin town  
Brought up by a people who'd let nothin' get 'em down  
I was thought while still a child to stand up for me rights  
Prepare to face the devil that would plague me in my life

I served a long apprenticeship at very honest trade  
And met so many devils of whom I felt afraid  
But father's words came back to me when I wanted to back down  
I looked each divil in the eye and boldly stood me ground

Stand up to your devils or they'll walk over you  
Remember, son, the devils come in many shapes and hues  
There's devil that is handsome, the devil that is mean  
Some of them look scruffy and some look far too clean

I tried me hand at courtin' an' women found me sweet  
Until I met McKenna who knocked me off me feet  
Oh, Lord, was she a lover or a temper of a shrew  
She not just knocked off me feet, she knocked me black and blue

Sure she was a devil dressed up in Angel's guise  
When you'd least expect a clout she'd hit you 'tween the eyes  
She started talkin' marriage each time she looked at me  
I felt 'twas time I got to know the divils of the sea

I waved my hand and said goodbye as ship pulled from the quay  
Adventure layed before me and so did seven seas  
I travelled many ocean miles and found from east to west  
The devils you are safest with are those that you know best