

# THE MOBILE GOAT

*as sung by the Tom Morrissey Band on "Island Man"*

C G  
Have you heard the story of the Mobile goat on the grand old southern shore,  
G G7 C  
In the lovely isle of Newfoundland, where goats don't roam no more?  
C F  
It's about a man named Dillon whose cursin' was of note,  
F C G7 C  
And how he was diggin' for spuds one day, when he spoke to the Mobile goat.

C G  
Now the goat was stealin' Dillon's spuds for twenty years or more,  
G G7 C  
And every time he saw him, Dillon cursed and raged and swore.  
C F  
He was diggin' hard in his field this time and the goat was chewin' a-way  
F C G7 C  
Near a great big six-foot granite rock, when Dillon heard him say:

## CHORUS:

C G7  
Are you diggin' 'em, Dillon? - - - - Are you diggin' 'em deep? - - - -  
G7 C  
Are you pilin' 'em, Dillon, - - - - in a great big heap?  
C F  
"Oh, I'm diggin' 'em," says Dillon, "but not enough to fill a boat,  
F C G7 C  
But I'd be diggin' 'em more if it wasn't for you, you rotten, stinkin' goat!  
F C G7 C  
Oh, I'd be diggin' 'em more if it wasn't for you, you rotten, stinkin' goat!"

Now Dillon got the fright of his life when he knew what just took place,  
And he said to the good Lord, "'Tis the devil himself come [to] snatch me from your grace,  
Come take me for my sacrilege and my rotten life of sin!"  
And he ran like mad down the hill to home and the goat just pitched right in.

But they say it was a priest just passin' by when he heard old Dillon curse  
On the goat and the spuds and the Lord above for makin' all things worse.  
Just to hush the roars of the heavens above, he thought he'd bid good day,  
And as he passed that garden fence, the good priest he did say: CHORUS

You could never tell Dillon 'twas the priest who spoke to stop his curses free,  
Passin' quietly behind the rock so Dillon couldn't see.  
And to this day in Mobile on that grand old southern shore,  
There's a thousand who believe the goat spoke out when Dillon swore! CHORUS

*musical score and chart over the page*

# The Mobile Goat

lyrics by Tom Cahill

from an Irish (Co. Kerry) Song  
sung by Brendan Shine

**Cheerfully** ♩ = 120  
C



Have you heard the sto - ry of the Mo - bile Goat on the grand old South ern Shore?  
Now the goat was steel - in Dil - lon's spuds for twen - ty years or more



On the love - ly isle of New found land, where goats don't roam no more? It's a -  
And ev - 'ry time he saw him Dil - lon cursed and raged and swore. He was



bout a man named Dil - lon, whose cur - sin' was of note, And  
dig - gin hard in the fields this time the goat was chewin' a - way, near a



how he was dig - gin' for spuds one day when he spoke to the Mo - bile Goat.  
great big six foot gran - ite rock when Dil - lon heard him say,

## CHORUS



"Are ya dig - gin' 'em Dil lon?" "Are you dig - gon' 'em deep?" "Are ya pil - in' 'em



Dil lon? in a nice big heap?" "Oh! I'm dig - gin 'em", says



Dil - lon, "not en - ough to fill a boat. But I'd be dig - gin 'em more if it



was - n't for you, you rot - ten stick - in' goat!" "But I'd be



dig - gin 'em more if it was - n't for you, you rot - ten stick - in' goat!"