

The Wind That Shakes the Barley

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]: Oh, won't you rattle me, and oh, won't you chase me,
 Oh, won't you rattle me, the little bag of tailors. :]
 I went up to Dublin, I met a little tailor,
 I put him in my pocket, for fear the dogs would eat him.
 The dogs began to bark, and I began a-wailin',
 I threw him in the Liffey, for fear the dogs would eat him.

