

Traders On The Reek

*Traders on the Reek climbing in the dark,
To make some money and make their mark,
One for a penny, to for a pound, As they walked up their feet bled on the ground,
The brightness of the moon was their light,
How hard it was for them, as it was a cold, bitter night,
They got shelter, trying to keep themselves warm,
As they braced for impact against the terrible storm,
They think of their families safe in bed,
A couple of tears they silently shed,
As they are filled with cold and with dread,
What a night for them lay ahead,
As they made the Reek their very own bed.*

*But as they started to sell drinks and food,
Their heart filled and it lightened their mood,
By mid-day they had half their earns,
The customers in the line waiting their turns,
By the time the sun went down and it came dark,
The Traders of the Reek had made their mark.,*

*As the traders came to their house, with joy the family exploded,
For from their father's face they knew they were loaded,
As he went to bed he fondly remembered Croagh Patrick's peak,
For he was one of the Traders on the Reek.*



*By Ellen Dyar
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