

The Boys of Mullaghbawn



On a Mon- day mor- ning ear- ly As me wan- d'ring steps did take me, Down by a far- mer's



sta- tion, his mea- dows and green lawn, I heard great la- men- ta- tion, The small birds they were



ma- king. Said, "There'll be no more en- gage- ments with the boys of Mull- a- bawn

On a Monday morning early
As my wand'ring steps did lead me,
Down by a farmer's station,
Of meadow and green lawn,
I heard great lamentation
That the wee birds they were makin'
Sayin' "We'll have no more engagements
With the boys of Mullaghbawn."

[additional verse from the singing of Len Graham]

I beg your pardon ladies
I ask you this one favor
I hope it is no treason
From you I now must go
I'm condoling late and early
My heart is nie for breaking
All for a noble lady
That lives near Mullaghbawn

Squire Jackson was unequaled
For honour or for reason,
He never turned a traitor
Or betrayed the rights of man,
But now we are endangered
By a vile deceiving stranger

Who has ordered deportation
For the Boys of Mullaghbawn.

As those heroes crossed the ocean
I'm told the ship in motion
Did stand in wild commotion
As if the seas ran dry,
The trout and salmon gaping
As the cuckoo left her station
Sayin', "Farewell to lovely Erin
And the hills of Mullaghbawn.

To end my lamentation
We are all in consternation
For the want of education
I here must end my song;
None cares for recreation
Since without consideration
We are sent for transportation
From the hills of Mullaghbawn.

[ALT:]

To end my lamentation
We are all in consternation
None cares for recreation
Until the day do dawn
For without hesitation
We are charged with combination
And sent for transportation
From the hills of Mullaghbawn.

Repeat first verse, but end with:
Sayin', "Farewell to lovely Erin
And the hills of Mullaghbawn.