THE BOYS OF MULLAGHBAWN

ON A MONDAY MORNING EARLY, AS MY WANDERING 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 MAKING SAYING "WE'LL HAVE NO MORE ENGAGEMENT WITH THE BOYS OF MULLAGHBAWN"

SQUIRE JACKSON, HE'S UNEQUALLED FOR HIS HONOR AND HIS REASON HE HAS NEVER TURNED A TRAITOR, NOR BETRAYED THE RIGHTS OF MAN BUT NOW WE ARE IN DANGER FROM A VILE DECEIVING STRANGER WHO HAS ORDERED TRANSPORTATION FOR THE BOYS OF MULLAGHBAWN

NOW I BEG YOUR PARDON, LADIES, AND I ASK IT AS A FAVOR I HOPE IT IS NO TREASON THAT ON YOU I NOW MUST CALL I'M CONDOLING LATE AND EARLY, MY HEART IS GRIEVING SORELY ALL FOR A NOBLE'S DAUGHTER WHO LIVES NEAR 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 SAYING "FARE YE WELL, OLD IRELAND, AND YOU HILLS OF MULLAGHBAWN!"

NOW TO END MY LAMENTATION, WE ARE ALL IN CONSTERNATION FOR WANT OF EDUCATION, I NOW MUST END MY SONG FOR WITHOUT HESITATION, WE ARE CHARGED WITH COMBINATION AND ARE SENT FOR TRANSPORTATION FROM THE HILLS OF MULLAGHBAWN