

Boys of Mullabawn

Christy Moore

On a Monday morning early, as my wand'ring steps did take me
Down by a farmer's station is meadows and green lawn
I heard great lamentation the wee birds they were making
Sayin' "We'll have no more engagements with the boys of Mullagh
bawn"

I beg your pardon ladies, I'll ask you this one favour
I hope it is no treason, on you I now must call
I'm condoling late and early, my heart is nigh for breaking
All for a noble lady that lives near Mullaghbawn

Squire Jackson he's unequaled in honour or in favour
He never turned a traitor or betrayed the rights of man
But now we are endangered by a vile deceiving stranger
Who has ordered transportation for the boys of Mullaghbawn

With those heroes on the ocean, I'm told the ship in motion
Stood up in wild commotion as if the seas ran dry
The trout and salmon gaping as the cuckoo left her station
Saying "farewell to Erin and the hills of Mullaghbawn"

To end this lamentation, we are all in consternation
None wants for recreation until the day do dawn
For without hesitation, we are charged with combination
And sent for transportation from the hills of Mullaghbawn