

Lock Hospital

Christy Moore

As I was a-walking down by the Locke Hospital
Cold was the morning and dark was the day
I spied a young squaddie wrapped up in old linen
Wrapped up in old linen as cold as the day

So play the drums slowly and play the fifes lowly
Sound a dead march as you carry him along
And over his coffin throw a bunch of white laurels
For he's a young soldier cut down in his prime

Oh mother, dear mother, come sit ye down by me
Sit ye down by me and pity my sad plight
For my body is injured and sadly disordered

All by a young girl me own heart's delight

Get six of me comrades to carry my coffin
Get six of me comrades to carry me on high
And let every one hold a bunch of white roses
So no-one will notice as we pass them by

And over his headstone these words they were written
"All ye young fellows take warning from me
Beware of the flash girls that roam through the city
For the girls of the city were the ruin of me. "