

## **The Rocks Of Bawn**

**D A D A G D**  
Come all you loyal heros and listen on to me  
**A G A**  
Dont hire with any farmer 'till you know what your work will be  
**G A**  
You will rise up early in the morning from the clear day till the dawn  
**D A D A G A D**  
And you never will be able for to plough the rocks of Bawn

My shoes they are worn and my stockingh they are thin  
My heart is always trembling now for fear they might give in  
My heart is always trembling now from the clear daylight 'till dawn  
And I never will be able for to plough the rocks of Bawn

Rise up gallant Sweeney and get your horses hay  
And give them a good feen of oats before they start the away  
Dont feed them on soft turnip sprigs that grow on your green land  
Or they never will be able for to plough the rocks of Bawn

My curse upon you Sweeney boy you have me nearly robbed  
You're sitting by the fireside now your feet upon the hob  
You're sitting by the fireside now from the clear daylight 'till the dawn  
And you never will be able now to plough the rocks of Bawn

I wish the sergeant major would send for me in time  
And place me in some regiment all in my youth of prime  
I'd fight for Ireland's glory now from the clear daylight 'till the dawn  
Before I would return again to plough the rocks of Bawn