

Traditional Irish Music

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Sons Of Molly

^G When the wind blows wild at night
^C
^D Past the breaker's melancholy
^G
^C If you stand in the dark with your ears to the wind
^G
^D You can hear the sons of Molly.
^G Deep in the dark of the old mine shaft
^C
^D You can smell the smoke and the fire
^G
^C And the whisper low from the mine below
^G
^D Is the ghost of Molly Maguire

I'll tell ya boys Mickey Doyle is my name a
And I come from Cavan County
And I shot the boss of the Lansford Mine
Now my soul is up for bounty
But I will die with my head held high
For I fought for the men below
Those men who slave and sweat and die
Down in a black hell hole.

So I'll tell ya boys Edward Kelly is my name
And I'm hanging in the morning
For I shot Jack Jones for skinning my bones
How I curse the sound of mourning
And I will die with my held held high
For I fought for the men below
Those men who slave and sweat and die
Down in a black hell hole.

So I'll tell ya boys Alex Campbell is my name
And no pistol did I fire
But I will fall from the gallows wall
Just for being a Molly Maguire
And I will die with my held held high
For I fought for the men below
Those men who slave and sweat and die
Down in a black hell hole