

Irish Song Lyrics

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THE REASON I LEFT MULLINGAR

I walked through this city a stranger, in the land I can
never call home. I curse the sad notion that caused me,
in search of my fortune to roam.
I'm weary of working and drinking, my weeks wages
left in the bar. And Lord it's a shame for to use a friend's name,
just to beg for the price of a jar.

Chorus:

I remember that bright April morning,
when I left home to travel a-far...
To work till you're dead,
for one room and a bed, It's not the reason I left Mullingar.

This London's a city of heartbreak,
on a Friday there's friends by the score.
But when the pay's finished on Monday,
a friend's not a friend anymore.
For the working day seems never ending,
from the shovel and pick there's no break.
And when you're not working, you're spending
The fortune you left home to make.

Chorus!

And for every man here that finds fortune,
and comes home to tell of the tale,
each morning the broadway is crowded
with many the thousands who fail.
So young men of Ireland take warning,
in London you never will find,
that gold at the end of the rainbow,
for you might just have left it behind.

Chorus!