

Irish Song Lyrics

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The Irish Mail Robber

It's adieu to old Ireland, the place where I was born,
Near the county of Limerick, near the state of Glengall;
Far away to some island, bound down like a slave,
It was in my own country I did misbehave.

It was my old father who did caution me,
To leave off night walking, shun bad company;
Saying, "Son, you are young and they'll lead you astray,
You will think of these words when I'm cold in the clay."

But to all his good advices I never gave care,
And still I went on with my wicked career;
'Twas drinking and gambling by night and by day
To maintain those rude "wimming"* and dress them up gay.

I had not been long in this wicked career
Before I was taken by the laws of the land;
Was tried and found guilty of a mail robbery,
And for ages transported across the salt sea.

'Tis now I'm safe landed on my own native shore,
And looking around me I can see my cell door;
And looking around me I can see my cell door,
Which causes me to think of my mother once more.

Oft times I have wondered why "wimming"* love men
More times I have wondered why men should love them;
They lead you to ruin and cause your downfall
They'll cause you to sleep behind cold prison walls.

* Women.

From New Green Mountain Songster,