

**The Croppie Boy (3)**

The Croppie Boy (3)

It was early, early in the spring  
When small birds tune and thrushes sing  
Changing their notes from tree to tree,  
And the song they sang was old Ireland free.

It was early, early last Tuesday night,  
The Yeomen cavalry gave me a fright,  
To my misfortune and sad downfall  
I was taken prisoner by Lord Cornwall.

It was to the guard-house I then was led,  
And in his parlour I was tried  
My sentence passed and my courage low  
To new Geneva I was forced to go.

As I was going by my father's door  
My brother William stood on the floor  
My aged father stood at the door  
And my tender mother her hair she tore.

As I was going through Wexford Street  
My own first cousin I there did meet,  
My own first cousin did me betray  
And for one guinea swore my life away

As I was going up Croppy Hill  
Who could blame me if I cried my fill?  
I looked behind and I looked before,  
My tender mother I could see no more.

My sister Mary heard the express,  
She ran downstairs in her morning dress,  
One hundred guineas she would lay down  
To see me liberated in Wexford town.

I chose the black and I chose the blue,  
I forsook the pink and the orange too,  
But I did forsake them and did them deny  
And I'll wear the green, like a Croppy Boy.

Farewell, father, and mother too,

And, sister Mary, I have but you;  
As for my brother, he's all alone,  
He's pointing pikes on the grinding stone.

It was in Geneva this young man died,  
And in Geneva his body lies.  
All good Christians that are standing by  
Pray the Lord have mercy on the Croppy Boy.

Air: The Robber

From The Voice of the People, Mulcahy and Fitzgibbon

DT #397

Laws J14