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Dear Molly

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Dear Molly, when you read these lines that I have written here,
When you do read them, you can but shed a tear,
When I relate my story, it will grieve your heart full sore,
When I tell you of our misery since we left our native shore.

'Twas the second of November, at the dawning of the day.
At New York we were landed, and anchored in the bay.
To meet our foes at Kingsbridge, we boldly marched away
To fight our own relations in North America.

We marched with resolution to face our enemy,
Advancing on the mountain (where) they had a battery;
Down on our Irish heroes their haughty calls did fly
This was an awful welcome in the North America.

We marched with resolution to face the Rebel crew
And so boldly we attacked them, tho men we had but few,
They were ten to one, brave boys, it never be said we ran away,
But we fought while we could stand, in North America.

Then through fields of blood we waded, where cannons loud did roar,
And many a war-like hero lay rolling in their gore.
And heaps of mangled soldiers all on the ground did lay
That was both killed and wounded in the North America.

Your heart would melt with pity to see the soldiers' wives
Searching for their dead husbands with melancholy cries
And children crying out, "Mammy, well we may rue the day
That we came to lose our Daddies in the North America."

From Jim Douglass

Collected from songster dated 1783