

## Bunclody

Oh were I at the moss house, where the birds do increase,  
At the foot of Mount Leinster or some silent place,  
By the streams of Bunclody where all pleasures do meet,  
And all I would ask is one kiss from you, sweet.

The streams of Bunclody they flow down so free,  
By the streams of Bunclody I'm longing to be,  
A-drinking strong liquor in the height of my cheer,  
Here's a health to Bunclody and the lass I love dear.

The cuckoo she`s a pretty bird, she sings as she flies,  
She brings us good tidings, and tells us no lies,  
She sucks the young birds' egg to make her voice clear  
And the more she cries cuckoo the summer draws near.

'Tis why my love left me, as you may understand,  
For `tis she has a freehold and I have no land,  
She has great store of riches, and a large sum of gold,  
And everything fitting a house to uphold.

So farewell my dear father, and mother, adieu  
My sister and brother farewell unto you,  
I am bound for Americay my fortune to try,  
When I think on Bunclody, now I'm ready to die.