

Molly Bawn

Oh come all ye late fellows that follows the gun
Beware of night ramblin' by the setting of the sun.
Beware of an accident as happened of late
It was Molly Bawn Leary and sad was her fate.

She'd been gone to her uncle's when a storm it came on
She drew under a green bush the shower for to shun.
With her white apron wrapped around her he took her for a swan
Took aim and alas it was his own Molly Bawn.

Oh young Jimmy ran homeward with his gun and his dog
Sayin' uncle, oh uncle, I have shot Molly Bawn.
I have killed that fair female, the joy of my life
For I'd always intended that she would be my wife.

Oh young Jimmy Ranlon, do not run away
Stay in your own country till your trial it comes on.
For you'll never be convicted of the shootin' of a swan.

Well the night before Molly's funeral her ghost it did appear
Saying uncle, dearest uncle, let young Jimmy run clear.
It being late of an evening when he took me for a swan
Took aim and alas he killed his own Molly Bawn.

Now all the girls of this country they seem to be glad
Since the flower of Glen Ardagh, Molly Bawn she lies dead.
Get all girls of this country, stand them into a row
Molly Bawn would shine above them like a fountain of snow.