

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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### Old Grannau Weal

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Old Grannau she arose in the morning so soon  
She put on her petticoat apron and gown  
Saying very bad news last night came to me  
They are wronging my children that's over the main (sea)

Old Grannau (mounted her gelding) in rage  
And straight way for Dublin it was her first stage  
And as she was prancing it was up Dublin street  
She with lord Cornwall (Conner) had a chance for to meet

He says noble Grannau come tell me in haste  
Have you any good news from the East or the West  
O bad news says Grannau that makes me complain  
They are wronging my children that's over the main

That news is to true lord Cornwall (Conner) he said  
They will bring them to slavery soon I'm afraid  
Theres lord North and Cranville (Granville) and infamous Bute  
(No North in  
That brought on the tea act that(s) now in dispute New Gn.  
Mtn. text)

(Old Grannau set out with her grand equipage) Pioneer  
(The weather being wet and her sorrows increas'd) New Gn. Mtn.  
And straight way for london it was her first (next) stage  
And as she was prancing it was up london street  
Twas there with Lord Granville and Bute she did meet

You are three (two) villains as I understand  
Who are wronging my children in yon foreign land  
And it is reported and told as a fact  
You are the three (two) villains that made the tea act

(You are wrongly informed says these gentlemen) Pioneer  
(They say noble granny you're wrongly informed) New Gn. Mtn  
(To yield to your slavery we never intend) Pioneer  
(To enslave America we never intend) New Gn. Mtn  
That land is our kings we solmly say  
And we will make laws and your sons must obey

You are three (two) arrant liars says old Grannau in haste  
Tis very well known from the east to the west

My children they ventured their lives o'er the flood  
And purchased that land with the price of their blood

They said noble Grannau do'nt give such a vent  
We'll cool your sons courage and make them repent  
With our great ships of war and our men in the field  
We'll cool your sons courage and make them to yield

I would not have you think for to frighten my sons  
At Lexington battle they made your men run  
They are men of experience in every degree  
They'll turn your proud ships with a hell-a-ma-lee

O says noble Grannau give me leave for to tell  
Of a battle that was fought it was nigh Bunker hill  
Where twelve hundred Britons lay dead on the field  
And five hundred more have since died of their wounds (rhyme lost)

O Grannau do'nt tell us about bunker hill  
For in that battle we gained the field  
You once had warren but now he is slain (Joseph Warren, killed at  
You have no more Warren's now over the main (battle of Bunker Hill

Well well says old grannau though Warren is dead  
A Washington lives and our armies he'll lead  
We'll handle your troops as polite as you please  
And pay them their trouble for crossing the seas

We cannot deny but your Washington's brave  
Then only think of what armies we have  
We'll send over bigsby old Derby and Graves  
Your sons must submit or we'll make them our slaves

Well Well says old Grannau go on with your cause  
Our sons will never submit to your laws  
And when they've beat you and drove your troops home  
My sons will be free and make laws of their own

Too late will you see your desperate crimes  
And mourn and lament to the end of your times  
That ever you sent your troops o'er the flood  
To spill my dear innocent childrens blood

I have a millions of sons in america born  
To yield to your slavery they hold it in scorn  
They are men of experience in every degree  
They never will yield to your bloody tea Act

Sing wobaroo bob-a-roo says old Grannau weal  
The fox is in the trap he's caught by the tail  
They are men of experience and never will fail  
Sucess to our sons say old Grannau Weal.

Hell-a-ma-lee in verse 10 and wobaroo bob-a-roo in the last verse  
are probably corrupt Gaelic expressions rather than nonsense  
expressions. One lost Gaelic tune of the middle of the 18th  
century was entitled "Suba roo roo."

From <<A Pioneer Songster>>, 1958, with some corrections from  
<<The New Green Mountain Songster>>, 1939 and 1966  
see GRNWALE.NOT

WBO  
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