

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Rocks of Bawn

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Come all ye loyal heroes and listen on to me.

Don't hire with any farmer till you know what your work will be

You will rise up early in the morning from the clear day light till the dawn

and you never will be able for to plough the Rocks of Bawn.

My shoes they are worn and my stockings they are thin

My heart is always trembling now for fear they might give in

My heart is always trembling now from clear daylight till the dawn

And I never will be able for to plough the Rocks of Bawn.

Rise up, gallant Sweeney, and get your horses hay

And give them a good feed of oats before they start away

Don't feed them on soft turnip sprigs that grow on your green lawn

Or they never will be able for to plough the Rocks of Bawn.

My curse upon you, Sweeney boy, you have me nearly robbed

You're sitting by the fireside now, your feet upon the hob

You're sitting by the fireside now, from clear daylight till dawn

And you never will be able for to plough the Rocks of Bawn

I wish the Sergeant-Major would send for me in time

And place me in some regiment all in my youth and prime

I'd fight for Ireland's glory now, from the clear daylight till dawn

Before I would return again to plough the Rocks of Bawn.

BDH

Apr98