

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Western Railway (or Green the Ganger)

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My parents loved me tenderly, there was no child but me,
My mind was set on rambling, with them I couldn't agree,
I ran the town all up and down, I sported night and day,
Until I became a laborer, on the Western (wes-ter-in) railway.

We had a careful ganger, and his name was Edward Green,
He was the biggest traitor, that you have ever seen,
He charged me with compulsory, mark well the words I say,
'Twas a barrow that got broken, on the Western railway

I hurried back to my lodging house at six o'clock at night,
I told the servant to lock the door, that every thing was right,
She said "my handsome young man, where are you going so late,
Or do you mean to ramble on the Western railway"?

With my hatchet on my shoulder, a careless word I say,
I am going to kill Green the ganger, on the Western railway.

We had a careful ganger, and he watched the tools by night,
I spied him at a distance, and the moon was shining bright,
I says my handsome young man, will you come along with me,
And I splashed his brains to splinters, on the Western railway.

I hurried back to my lodging house, as fast as I could fly,
'Till six o'clock next morning, with my comrades I did lie,
Five thousand pounds were counted down, upon that fatal day,
For the man who killed Green the ganger, on the Western railway.

Now six long years have gone and passed, since I sailed across the sea,
I says to myself I'll take a trip, my country and boys to see,
One night in Cork, as I fell drunk, a careless word I say,
It was I that killed Green the ganger, on the Western rail way.

I was taken as a prisoner, in strong irons I was bound,
And now upon the gallows tree, my life I must lay down,
I'll leave it to judge and jury, and to all who are standing by,
It was I who killed Green the ganger, and I'm willing for to die.

note: My uncle Jimmy Mellett used to sing this one. It's a Galway
(IRE) song that was based on a true story. The railroad used to

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run thru Connemara from Clifden to Galway City.
Jimmy died in 1993. He wrote the words for me in 1961 at his
home in Co. Meath, Ire. TJ
TJ
apr97