

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Pat O'Brien

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'Twas in the town of Sligo, this fair maid she did dwell
She was an only daughter, her parents reared her well
They brought her up in the fear of God and reared her tenderly
But little did they ever think she's be murdered barbarously.

Pat he wrote a letter; an answer soon there came
Saying, "Nancy, dearest Nancy, don't think I am to blame
For I've been working all the week and couldn't see you, love,
But I desire your company this evening in the grove."

She dressed herself in private, I mean to let you know
And being young and innocent went straight to meet her foe
...
But little did she think that night 'twould prove her overthrow.

When Patsy saw her coming in, his thought was to run and hide
Then the thought came in his mind, "You ne'er shall be my bride
For I've been told for certain that you have deceived me.
There's not a woman breathing that ever can deceive me."

When she came up to him, she saw his colors change
"Patsy, dearest Patsy, what makes you look so strange?"
"I want none of your talk at all, but you kneel down and pray.
This night I mean to take your life, your murderer I shall be."

She look-ed all around her but no one could she see
Saying, "Pat O'Brien, don't prove unkind and don't you murder me."
"I want none of your talk at all, but you kneel down and pray.
This night I mean to take your life, your murderer I shall be."

He grabbed her by the curly locks and dragged her to the ground
And with a knife he stabbed her, gave her her deathly wound.
Her dying words was, "Pat O'Brien, you do not know the pain."
And with a spade he dug her grave and then dashed out her brains.

The ghost of this pretty fair maid to her mother did appear
Her mother she spoke unto her with neither a dread nor fear
Saying, "Mother, dearest mother, you will see me here no more
For Pat O'Brien has murdered me and left me in my gore.

"You go down to Tom Hogan's grove, there for make no delay

There you'll find my body all covered o'er with clay."

...

The ghost of this base murder, it grieved his heart full sore

And every night he saw her ghost all in his prison door.

"I'll tell to judge and jury ...

I murdered Nancy Oren, I'm willing now to die."

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From Flanders, Ballard, Brown, and Barry, New Green Mountain Songster

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