

# Mother, He's Going Away - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

MOTHER, HE'S GOING AWAY.

Now, what are you crying for, Nelly?  
Don't be blubbering there like a fool;  
With the weight of the grief, faith, I'll tell you,  
You'll break down the three-legged stool.  
I suppose now you're crying for Barney,  
But don't believe a word that he'd say,  
He tells nothing but big lies and blarney-  
Sure you know how he sarved poor Kate Kearney.

Chorus.

"But, mother." "Och, bother!"  
"But, mother, he's going away;  
And I dreamt t'other night,  
Of his ghost all in white-  
Oh, mother, he's going away."

If he's going away all the better,  
Blessed hour when he's out of your sight;  
There's one comfort, you can't get a letter,  
For ye's neither can read nor can write;  
Sure 'twas only last week you protested,  
Since he courted Fat Jinny M'Cray,  
That the sight of the scamp you detested-  
With abuse sure your tongue never rested.

Chorus.

"But, mother." "Och, bother!"  
"But, mother, he's going away;  
And I dreamt of his ghost  
Walking round my bed-post,  
Oh, mother, he's going away."