

## **Clancy Brothers**

### **"The Croppy Boy"**

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The Croppy Boy

It was early, early in the spring

The birds did whistle and sweetly sing,

Changing their notes from tree to tree

And the song they sang was Old Ireland free.

It was early early in the night,

The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright;

The yeoman cavalry was my downfall

And I was taken by Lord Cornwall.

'Twas in the guard-house where I was laid,

And in a parlour where I was tried;

My sentence passed and my courage low

When to Dungannon I was forced to go.

As I was passing my father's door

My brother William stood at the door;

My aged father stood at the door

And my tender mother her hair she tore.

As I was going up Wexford Street

My own first cousin I chanced to meet;

My own first cousin did me betray

And for one bare guinea swore my life away.

As I was walking up Wexford Hill  
Who could blame me to cry my fill?  
I looked behind, and I looked before  
But my aged mother I shall see no more.  
And as I mounted the platform high  
My aged father was standing by;  
My aged father did me deny  
And the name he gave me was the Croppy Boy.  
It was in Dungannon this young man died  
And in Dungannon his body lies.  
And you good people that do pass by  
Oh shed a tear for the Croppy Boy.  
Recorded by Patrick Galvin, Clancys  
@Irish @rebellion @death  
filename[ CROPPIE2  
play.exe CROPPIE2  
RG  
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