

Martin L. Gore

"The Old Triangle"

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A hungry feeling came o'er me stealing
And the mice were squealing
In my prison cell

And the old triangle
Went jingle jangle
All along the banks
Of the Royal Canal

To begin the morning
The warder's bawling
"Get out of bed
And clean up your cell"

And the old triangle
Went jingle jangle
All along the banks
Of the Royal Canal

On a fine spring evening
The lag lay dreaming
The seagulls wheeling
High above the wall

And the old triangle
Went jingle jangle
All along the banks
Of the Royal Canal

The screw was peeping
The lag was sleeping
While he lay weeping
For his girl Sal

And the old triangle
Went jingle jangle
All along the banks
Of the Royal Canal

The wind was rising
And the day declining

As I lay pining
In my prison cell

And the old triangle
Went jingle jangle
All along the banks
Of the Royal Canal

In the female prison
There are seventy women
I wish it was with them
That I did dwell

Then the old triangle
Could go jingle jangle
All along the banks
Of the Royal Canal

The day was dying
And the wind was sighing
As I lay crying
In my prison cell

And the old triangle
Went jingle jangle
All along the banks
Of the Royal Canal
All along the banks
Of the Royal Canal

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