

## **Paddy Schmidt**

### **"THE AULD TRIANGLE"**

Visit "[THE AULD TRIANGLE](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

Oh a hungry feelin' came o'er me stealin',  
And the mice were squeelin' in my prison cell,  
And the ould triangle went jingle-jangle,  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.  
To begin the mornin', the screw was bawlin',  
get up you bowsey and clean up your cell,  
And the ould triangle went jingle-jangle,  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.  
The lags were sleepin', Humpy Gussey was peepin',  
As I lay there weepin' for my girl Sal,  
And the ould triangle went jingle-jangle,  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.  
Up in the female prison there are 75 women,  
t'is among them , I wish I did dwell,  
Then the ould triangle could go jingle-jangle,  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal,  
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

Visit [Paddy Schmidt](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.