

## Irish Folksongs

### "A TRACE BOY ON LIGONIEL HILL"

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Do ye mind the old horse trams a long time ago,  
As they passed through the city at jog trot or slow?  
On the level they cantered, but the pace it did kill  
When they got to the bottom of Ligoniel Hill.

But the trace-boys were there with a heart and a hand,  
They let down the traces and buckled each band.  
The passengers sat on contented and still  
When they saw the bold trace-boys of Ligoniel hill.

Away we did canter as fast as the wind,  
And left the poor country carts plodding behind;  
And that song of the wind in my heart I hear still  
As when I was a trace-boy on Ligoniel Hill.

The youth of today hold their heads in the air  
And the young girls pass by with a golliwog stare,  
Let them pity the crulge\* on my back if they will  
But I once was a trace-boy on Ligoniel Hill.

My friends all departed, and work now so scarce,  
The only thing left is a ride in a hearse;  
For the sky is my roof and my bed a brick-kiln,  
Yet I once was a trace-boy on Ligoniel Hill.

\* sic

From Songs of Belfast, Hammond

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