

Irish Folksongs

"THE CROPPY BOY"

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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 "Ould Ireland Free"

It was early early in the night
The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright
The yeoman cavalry was my downfall
And taken was I 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

