

Johnny Gallagher

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day, I - met Ser - geant Kel - - ly by chance on the
way. Says he, "John - ny Gal - lag - her, will you come a -
long, To the sweet town of New - ry for to take a
dram?"

As I was a-walking to Newry on day
I met Sergeant Kelly by chance on the way,
Say he, "Johnny Gallagher, will you come along
To the sweet town of Newry for to take a dram?"

As we were a-sitting and taking a dram,
Says he, "Johnny Gallagher, you're a handsome young man,
If you 'list and take the bounty and come along with me,
To the sweet town of Antrim, strange faces you'll see."

I may go where I Will, I have no-one to mourn
My mother is dead and will never return,
My father's twice married and a wife he brought home,
And to me he proves cruel and does me disown.

He put his hand in his pocket, one shilling he drew,
Saying, "Take this, Johnny Gallagher, I hope you'll never run."
I took up the shilling, and the bargain was made,
The ribbons were brought out and pinn'd on my cockade.

"When you get to Waterford, there you must stand,
Before your noble Colonel with you hat in your hand."
Mackay and Pat Reilly were a little too low,
So back to County Antrim from us they must go.

Here's adieu to Country Antrim where I was born and bred
And to sweet Country Leitrim where I've sported and play'd
Where the beautiful fishes come rolling along;
A long day and a short night would bring me to my home.

Here's a curse on my father wherever he be,
For he's been the ruin and the downfall of me;
I he have prov'd honest and learn'd me my trade
I would never have 'listed or worn a cockade.

God help all poor parents that rear a bad son,
They know not the dangers that they have to run,
Locked in a cold guardhouse all night to lie in,
Neither blanket nor sheets for to roll themselves in.