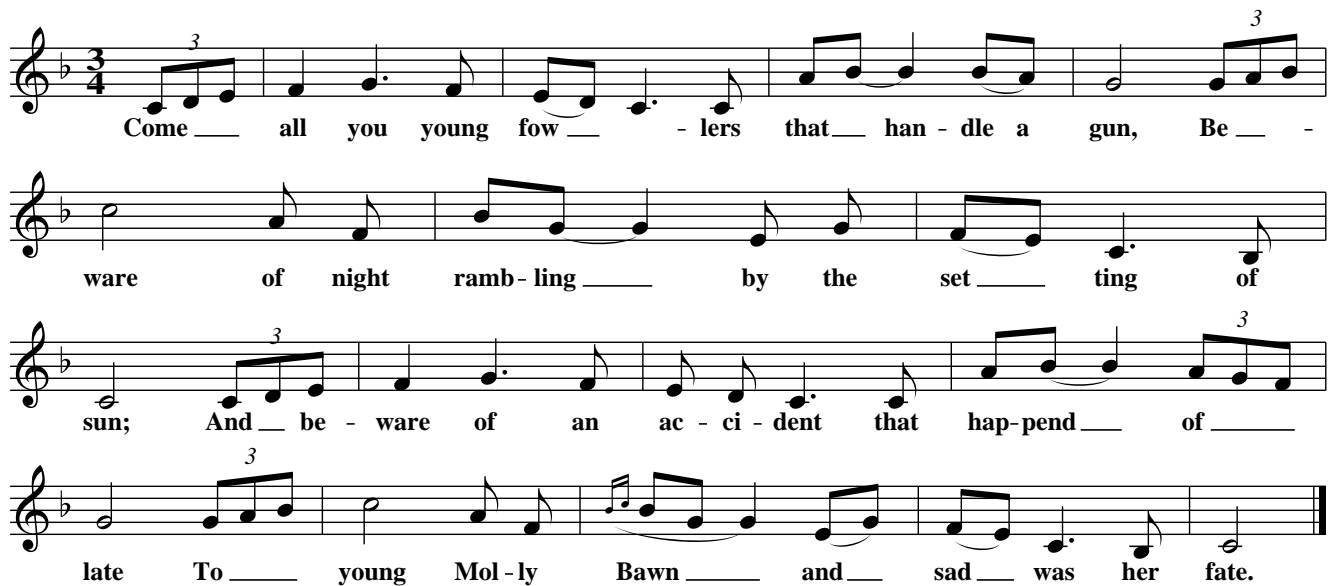


Molly Bawn



Come all you young fow - lers that han - dle a gun, Be -
 ware of night ramb - ling by the set - ting of
 sun; And be - ware of an ac - ci - dent that hap - pend of
 late To young Mol - ly Bawn and sad was her fate.

Come all you young fowlers that handle a gun,
 Beware of night rambling by the setting of sun;
 And beware of an accident that happened of late
 To young Molly Bawn and sad was her fate.

She was going to her uncle's when a shower came on:
 She went under a green bush the shower to shun.
 With her white apron round her, he took her for a swan,
 But a-hush and a-sigh, it was his own Molly Bawn.

He ran home to his father with his gun in his hand,
 Saying, 'Father dear father, I have shot Molly Bawn.
 I have shot that fair damsel; I have taken the life
 Of the one I intended to take as my wife.

She was going to her uncle's when a shower came on:
 She went under a green bush the shower to shun.
 With her white apron round her, I took her for a swan.
 Oh, father, will I be forgiven for the loss of that swan?'

'Oh, Johnny, my Johnny, do not run away,
 Do not leave your own country till your trial day;
 Don't leave your own country till your trial comes on,
 For you'll never be convicted for the loss of a swan.'

The night before Molly's funeral her ghost did appear,
 Saying, 'Mother, dear mother, young Johnny is clear.
 I was going to my uncle's when a shower came on:
 I went under a green bush the shower to shun.
 With my white apron round me, he took me for a swan.
 Won't you tell him he's forgiven by his own Molly Bawn?'

All the girls of this country are all very glad
 Since the pride of Glen Alla, Molly Bawn, is now dead;
 And the girls in this country, put them all in a row,
 Molly Bawn would shine above them like a mountain of snow.