

Mom

on my record

Molly Bawn,

209



Come all you young hunter's that follow the gun,, Beware of night shooting



by the setting of the sun, Johnny Randall the Squire, was a-hunting in the



dark, he shot at his true love, and he ne'er missed his mark.

She was going to her uncles when the shower came on,
And under a greenbush, went the shower to shun,
With her apron around her, he took her for a swan,
But oh and alas, wasn't she Molly Bawn

He threw down his gun and away he did run,
Crying father, oh father, I have shot Molly Bawn,
I have shot that fair creature, my pride and delight,
It was my intention to make her my wife,

Oh Johnny, dear Johnny, ~~dear Johnny~~, to be sure it is sad,
t you shall ~~not be~~ punished, for the loss of this lass.
I pray stay you at home, till your trial comes on,
You shall not be punished, till I lose all I own,

The night before the trial, Molly's ghost did appear,
Crying Father dear father, Johnny Randall shall go clear,
With my apron around me, he took me for a swan,
But oh and alas, wasn't I Molly Bawn,

The girls of old England, were all very glad,
That the flower of Killarney, was shot and killed dead,
You can gather them all together, and stand them all in a row,
Molly Bawn, will shine among them, like a mountain of snow.

M. C. S.