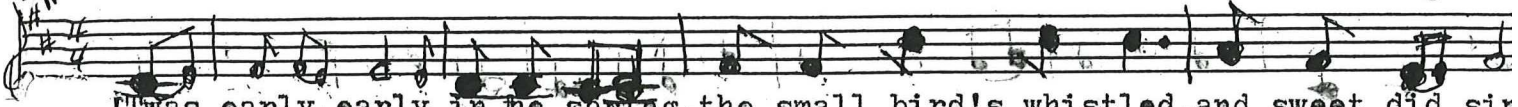


The Croppy Boy,,

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*M. W. W.*



'Twas early, early in the spring, the small bird's whistled, and sweet did sing

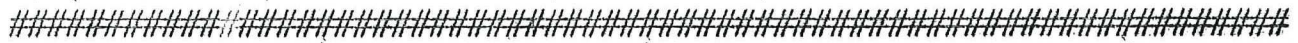


They changed their notes from tree to tree, and the song they sang, was old



Ireland free..

The Yeoman Cavalry, was my downfall, when I was taken by Lord Cornwall.  
 It was in his guard house, that I was laid, and in his parlour that I was tried  
 And when I was marched, past my fathers door, my brother Willian stood on the  
 My aged father, did grieve full sore, my aged mother her hair she tore, ) floor,  
 My sister Mary, heard the distress, she ran downstairs in a new white dress,  
 Saying five hundred guineas, I would lay down, for to see you march thru  
 As I was marched, thru Wexford Street, my sister Mary, I chanced to meet. (Wexford Town,,  
 That false young woman, did me betray, it was she who swore, my life away.  
 I chose the dark, I chose the blue, I chose the pink, and the orange too,  
 But I forsook, and did them deny, I, choose the green, and for it I must die.  
 As I stood on the gallows high, my aged father was standing by,  
 My aged father did me deny, the name he gave me was, Croppy boy.  
 It was in Ireland, this young man died, it was in Ireland his bones are laid,  
 And all the good people, as they pass by, Say, God have mercy, on the Croppy Boy



Last Verse Of, The Chieftains Daughter,,

Down, down till nearing the thunder, That deafened the Chieftain and child,  
 Ah, Look they've gone under, Beneath where the furage rage wild..  
 Is the love of the father more tender? in the race of the white man today??  
 Or the faith of a daughter more stronger, Than Bright Skies, Prevado. Today??

*M. W. W.*

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