

BUNCLODY

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Oh, were I at the moss-house where the birds do increase,
At the foot of Mount Leinster or some silent place,
By the streams of Bunclody where all pleasures do meet,
And all I would ask is one kiss from you, sweet.

If I was In Bunclody I would think myself at home,
Tis there I would have a sweetheart, but here I have none
Drinking strong liquor in the height of my cheer
Here's a health to Bunclody and the lass I love dear!

The cuckoo is a pretty bird, it sings as it flies
It brings us good tidings and tells us no lies;
It sucks the young bird's eggs to make its voice clear,
And the more it cries cuckoo, the summer draws near.

If I was a clerk and could write a good hand,
I would write to my true love that she might understand,
I am a young fellow that is wounded in love,
That lived by Bunclody but now must remove.

If I was a lark and had wings, I could fly,
I would go to yon arbour where my love she does lie,
I'd proceed to you arbour where my true love does lie,
And on her fond bosom contented I would die.

'Tis why my love slights me, as you may understand,
That she has a freehold and I have no land,
She has great store of riches and a large sum of gold,
And everything fitting a house to uphold.

So adieu my dear father, adieu my dear mother,
Farewell to my sister, farewell to my brother;
I am bound for America, my fortune to try,
When I think of Bunclody, I'm ready to die.