

## DUNLAVIN GREEN

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In the year of our Lord, seventeen hundred and ninety-eight  
A sorrowful tale occurred that I'll now relate  
Of thirty-six heroes, whose valor the world has seen  
And by false information, were shot on Dunlavin Green

Bad luck to you, Saunders, for you did our lives betray  
You said a parade would be held on that very day  
Our drums they did rattle, our pipes played so merrily  
Till you gave the order, and surrounded by soldiers were we

Your hirelings then marched us as prisoners to the town  
To the field of the slaughter, and 'twas there we were forced  
to kneel down

Such grief and lamenting as on that day have never been seen  
As the blood ran in rivers down the sides of Dunlavin Green

There was bold Matty Farrell, who never was heard to complain  
And the two Duffy brothers, who shared all their sorrow and pain  
And young Andy Ryan, whose mother distracted will run  
As she grieves till the last for the loss of her only son

Now some of the lads to the mountains were forced to flee  
And you hunted them down from there to the shore of the sea  
But beware of Mick Dwyer - his vengeance on you will be keen  
For his two younger brothers you had shot on Dunlavin Green  
[or: For those comrades of his you had shot on Dunlavin Green]  
[or: For his brothers in arms you had...]

Bad luck to you, Saunders - bad luck may you never shun!  
May the widow's curse melt you like snow melting in the sun  
May the cries of the orphans, the old men, and all between  
Pursue you till death in revenge for Dunlavin Green

alt last 2 lines:

There's no water on earth that can ever wash your hands clean  
Of the blood of those heroes who died on Dunlavin Green