The Croppy Boy

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       G     C
It was early in the spring,
    D7                    G
The birds did whistle and sweetly sing.
                           Am   D7 Em
Changing their notes from tree to tree,
        Am             D7      G
And the song they sang was Old Ireland free.
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It was early, early in the night,
The yeoman cavalry gave me a fright;
The yeoman cavalry was my downfall
And I was taken by Lord Cornwall.

'Twas in the guardhouse where I was laid
And in a parlor where I was tried;
My sentence passed and my courage low
When to Dungannon I was forced to go.

As I was passing my father's door,
My brother William stood at the door;
My aged father stood at the door,
And my tender mother her hair she tore.

As I was going up Wexford Street,
My own first cousin I chanced to meet;
My own first cousin did me betray,
And for one bare guinea swore my life away.

As I was walking up Wexford Hill,
Who could blame me to cry my fill ?
I looked behind and I looked before,
But my aged mother I shall ne'er see more.

As I was mounted on the platform high
My aged father was standing by;
My aged father did me deny,
And the name he gave me was the Croppy Boy.

It was in Dungannon this young man died
And in Dungannon his body lies;
And you good people that do pass by
Oh, shed a tear for the Croppy Boy.