

# Adieu to Old Ireland



Here's a - dieu to old Ire - land, the place where I was born Near the coun - ty of  
Lim - 'rick all van - ished and gone. On some dis - tant is - land bound  
down as a slave It was in my own coun - try I first mis - be - haved.

It is of my dear mother, how she cautioned me  
To leave off night walking, shun bad company.  
“For you are so young, love; they will lead you astray;  
You will think of my advice when I’m cold in the clay.”

But all her advices I did lay nowhere,  
But still I kept on in my wicked career,  
A-robbing by night and a-planning by day  
To maintain those fine ladies and to dress them up gay.

But all her advices I did lay nowhere  
Till a band of policemen did to me draw near.  
I was tried and convicted for my bold robbery;  
Seven years I was transported to the penitentiary.

Seven years I was transported, seven years to the day;  
Seven years I was transported to cross the wide sea;  
Had I been on shipboard and Mollie by me,  
Bound down in strong irons, I’d have fought myself free.

Oh, sometimes I wonder why women love men  
And many more times I’ve wondered how men can love them.  
They’ve been my ruination, my curse and downfall;  
They have caused me to lie behind many a stone wall.

Note: This is another song that was sung by Lewis Watson [see *My Own Darling Boy*]. I never heard it sung elsewhere.