

# Mollie Bawn

Come all you brave hunts - men who fol - low the gun, Be -  
ware of your shoot - ing at the set - ting of the sun, For young  
Jim - mie went hunt - ing and he shot in the dark, And,  
ah, cru - el for - tune, Mol - lie Bawn was his mark.

## Chorus

For her apron being about her, he mistook her for a swan;  
To his heavy misfortune 'twas his love, Mollie Bawn.

He quickly ran to her. When he found it was she,  
His joints they grew weak and his eyes scarce could see.  
He took her in his arms when he found she was dead  
And a fountain of tears for his true love he shed.

(Chorus)

He took her in his arms and he home quickly ran,  
Saying, "Dearest father, I have shot Mollie Bawn,  
I have shot that fair damsel in the bloom of her life  
And I fully intended to make her my wife."

(Chorus)

Then up speaks the old man, his locks they were gray,  
"I advise you, dear Jimmie, not to go away,  
But stay in your country till your trial comes on,  
And you'll not be convicted by the laws of our land."

(Chorus)

That night to her uncle Mollie Bawn did appear,  
Saying, "Dearest Uncle, Jimmie Randal is'n clear  
For my apron being about me he mistook me for a swan,  
To his heavy misfortune 'twas his love, Mollie Bawn."

Note: Both father and mother sang this song, but worded a little differently.  
This [is] father's version. For the first verse mother sang:

As Mollie Bawn was a-walking in a shower of hail  
She stepped into a bower to shelter from the gale.  
Young Jimmie, being hunting, mistook her for a swan;  
To his heavy misfortune 'twas his love, Mollie Bawn.