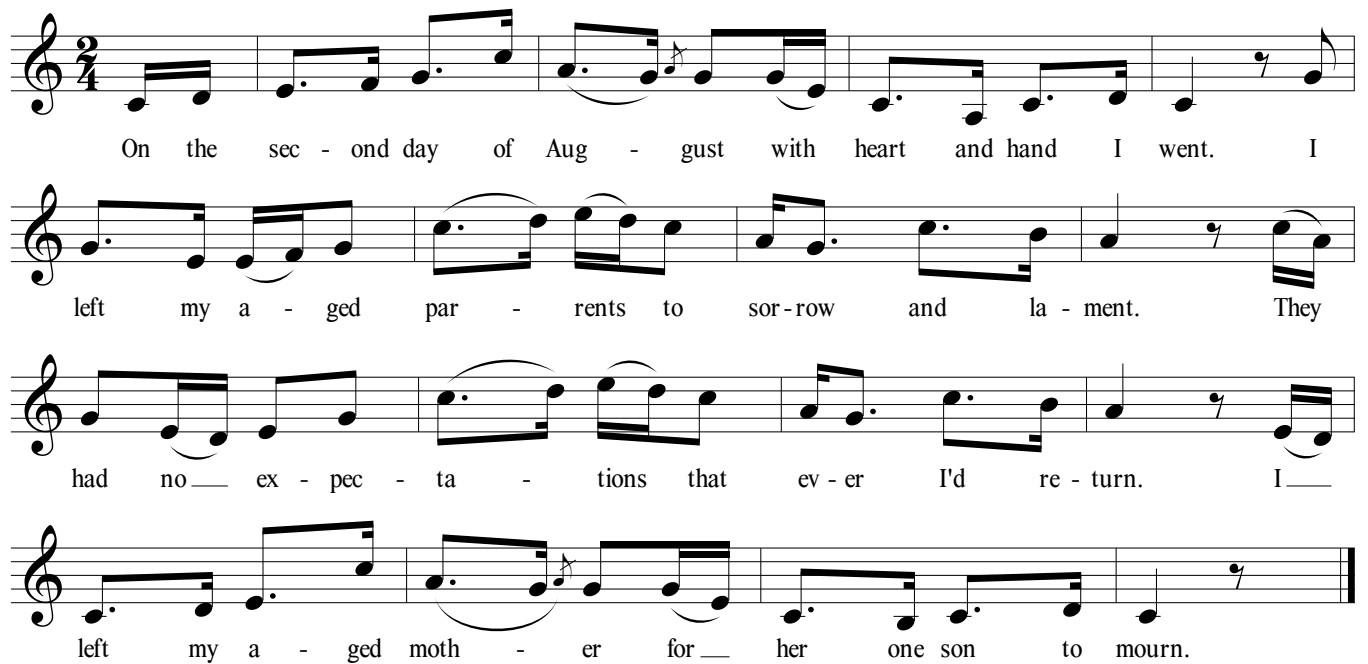


The Second Day of August



On the sec - ond day of Aug - gust with heart and hand I went. I
left my a - ged par - ents to sor - row and la - ment. They
had no ex - pec - ta - tions that ev - er I'd re - turn. I
left my a - ged moth - er for her one son to mourn.

Kind friends, if you'll believe one, I am going to swear the truth,
I was well educated all in my tender youth,
Unto the cotton weaving an apprentice I was bound,
My apprenticeship I served near to Manchester town.

My apprenticeship I served and homeward I did steer,
And coming up to Belfast without a dread or fear,
In drinking wine and spending, in quarters there I stayed,
And woe be to the hour when I came to Kelaide.

Here's adieu to the County Antrim and the parish of Kelaide,
Where I first fell a-courting a lovely young maid.
She's the model of all beauty, brought up in chastity,
And few there are can equal with you, Mollie Magee.

Now, Mollie, you're hard-hearted, hard-hearted and unkind.
It was your cruel parents who first changed your mind.
Had I been some Lord of France or had had great stores of coin,
Your parents had been willing with me in love to join.

Now where shall I go, wander for to find some place of rest
All for to ease the burning pain that lies within my breast?
When first I saw you, Mollie, if death had been my fate,
But ah! I see my folly, alas! when it's too late.

My ship lies in yon harbor and here I can not stay,
And I, a wounded lover, must shortly sail away.
It is for your sake, dear Mollie, that I lament full sore,
So, fare you well, sweet Ireland, may I never see you more.

Note: I never heard anyone but my father sing this song.