


Jimmie Murphy



Oh! down in the town where the big crowd was mak-in' And poor lit-tle Jim-mie Mur-phy was the
7 first one was ta - ken. Then a - way, you bon - ny lass, now From the East to Don
12 Pat - rick; That would en-tice poor lit - tle Jim - mie Mur - phy back from the green,
15 sweet, mos - sy banks Of the sweet South - ern rocks. Oh, a feast, a foule, a
17 roule - a-roo. Sing-ing fal da did-dle li do, Sing-ing fal da did-dle day.

Tomorrow's the day he will walk through the city
With his hands tied behind him, but he asks for no pity.

Chorus.

He has to be hung, but it's not for sheep stealing,
But a-courting of the pretty girls was the worst of his failings.

Chorus.

Oh, now he is gone, all his troubles are over,
And all the pretty fair maids, they will roam in the clover.

Chorus.