

DUNLAVIN GREEN

IN THE YEAR OF OUR LORD SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND NINETY-EIGHT
A SORROWFUL TALE OCCURRED THAT I'LL NOW RELATE
OF THIRTY-SIX HEROES, WHOSE VALOR NO MAN CAN Demean
BY FALSE INFORMATION WERE SHOT ON DUNLAVIN GREEN

BAD LUCK TO YOU, SAUNDERS, FOR YOU DID OUR LIVES BETRAY
YOU SAID A PARADE WOULD BE HELD ON THAT VERY DAY
OUR DRUMS THEY DID RATTLE, OUR PIPES PLAYED SO MERRILY
TILL YOU GAVE THE ORDER, AND SURROUNDED BY SOLDIERS WERE WE

YOUR HIRELINGS THEN MARCHED US AS PRISONERS TO THE TOWN
TO THE FIELD OF THE SLAUGHTER, AND 'TAS THERE
WE WERE FORCED TO KNEEL DOWN
SUCH GRIEF AND LAMENTING AS ON THAT DAY HAVE NEVER BEEN SEEN
AS THE BLOOD RAN IN RIVERS DOWN THE SIDES OF DUNLAVIN GREEN

THERE WAS BOLD MATTY FARRELL, WHO NEVER WAS HEARD TO COMPLAIN
AND THE TWO DUFFY BROTHERS, WHO SHARED ALL THEIR SORROW AND PAIN
AND YOUNG ANDY RYAN, WHOSE MOTHER DISTRACTED WILL RUN
AS SHE GRIEVES TILL THE LAST FOR THE LOSS OF HER ONLY SON

NOW SOME OF THE LADS TO THE MOUNTAINS WERE FORCED TO FLEE
AND YOU HUNTED THEM DOWN FROM THERE TO THE SHORE OF THE SEA
BUT BEWARE OF MICK DWYER - HIS VENGEANCE ON YOU WILL BE KEEN
FOR HIS TWO YOUNGER BROTHERS YOU HAD SHOT ON DUNLAVIN GREEN
[OR: FOR THOSE COMRADES OF HIS YOU HAD SHOT ON DUNLAVIN GREEN]
[OR: FOR HIS BROTHERS IN ARMS YOU HAD...]

BAD LUCK TO YOU, SAUNDERS - BAD LUCK MAY YOU NEVER SHUN!
MAY THE WIDOW'S CURSE MELT YOU LIKE SNOW MELTING IN THE SUN!
MAY THE CRIES OF THE ORPHANS, THE OLD MEN, AND ALL BETWEEN
PURSUE YOU TILL DEATH IN REVENGE FOR DUNLAVIN GREEN!

ALT LAST 2 LINES:

*THERE'S NO WATER ON EARTH THAT CAN EVER WASH YOUR HANDS CLEAN
OF THE BLOOD OF THOSE HEROES WHO DIED ON DUNLAVIN GREEN*