

The Auld Triangle

The Dubliners

Word has come from Dublin City,
She's lost her sweet angry boy.
Born with a spirit his flesh could not contain.
Brendon Behan is dead.

No stranger to life,
He lived bright enough.
No stranger to the glass in his hand.
No stranger to the cause.
He fought for all his life.
Brendon Behan is dead.

A hungry feeling came over me stealing,
While the mice we feeding in my prison cell.
And the auld triangle went jingle jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

On a fine spring evening,
As I lay dreaming,
And the lag was weeping,
For his gal, Sal.
And the auld triangle went jingle jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

And the wind was sighing,
As the day was dying,
And the lag still lay crying in his prison cell.
And the auld triangle went jingle bloody jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

In the women's prison,
There are seventy women.
And it wish it was with them that I did dwell.
And the auld triangle could go jingle bloody jangle,
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

Ireland has lost her sweet angry voice,
No longer his poems of fine design
Will ring out in Gaelic,

Or sound through the Main.

Brendon Behan is dead.

Lyrics submitted by Myella.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>