

The Auld Triangle

The Brogues

A hungry feeling
Came o'er me stealing
And the mice were squeeling
 In my prison cell
 To begin the morning
The WARDEN BAWLING
 "Get up out of bed, boy!
 And Clean up your cell!"
And that auld triangle went jingle-jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal
 On a fine Spring evening
 The lag lay dreaming
 And the sea-gulls squeeling
 High above the wall
 Oh! the day was dying
 And the wind was sighing
 As I lay there crying
 In my prison cell
And that auld triangle went jingle-jangle

All along the banks of the Royal Canal
 Oh! the screw was peeping
 And the lag was sleeping
 As he lay there weeping
 For his poor gal
And that auld triangle went jingle-jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal
 In the female prison
 There are seventy women
 And I wish to god it was with them
 That I did dwell
And the auld triangle went jingle-jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal
And the auld triangle went jingle-jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal