

The Old Triangle

The Dubliners

A hungry feeling
Came o'er me stealing
And the mice were squeeling
In my prison cell
To begin the morning
The screw 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 loike 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 loike 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