

The Old Triangle

Bert Jansch

A hungry feeling came o'er me stealing
And the mice were squealing in my prison cell
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

To begin the morning a screw was bawling
'Get up you bowsie and clean up your cell'
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

On a fine spring evening the lag lay dreaming
The seagulls wheeling high over the wall
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

The lags were sleeping, Humpy Gussy was creeping
As I lay there weeping for my girl Sal
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

The wind was rising and the day declining
As I lay pining in my prison cell
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

In the female prison there are seventy five women
'Tis among them I wish I did dwell
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal

The day was dying and the wind was sighing
As I lay crying in my prison cell
And the old triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal