# Molly Ban

**Gregorian**

Come all ye young fellas
That handle a gun
Beware of night rambling
By the setting of the sun
And beware of an accident
That happened of late
To young Molly Bán
And sad was her fate

She was going to her uncles
When a shower came on
She went under a green bush
The shower to shun
Her white apron wrapped around her
He took her for a swan
But a hush and a sigh
'Twas his own Molly Bán

He quickly ran to her
And found she was dead
And there on her bosom
Many salt-tears he shed
He ran home to his father
With his gun in his hand
Saying "Father dear father
I have shot Molly Bán"

Her white apron wrapped around her
He took her for a swan
But a hush and a sigh
'Twas his own Molly Bán

He roamed near the place
Where his true love was slain
He wept bitter tears
But his cries were in vain
As he looked on the lake
A swan glided by
And the sun slowly sank
In the gray of sky.


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