

The Leaving Of Mullingar

Rapalje

I walk through this city a stranger
In the land I can never call home
I curse the sad notion across me
In my search of my fortune I roam
I'm weary of working and drinking
My weeks wages left in the bar
And God it's a shame
For to use a friend's name
Just to beg for the price of a jar

Chorus:

I remember that bright April morning
When I left home to travel afar
But to work 'till you're dead
For a room and a bed
It's not the reason I left Mullingar

This London's a city of heartbreak
On a Friday there's friends by the score
But when the pay's finished on Monday
A friend's not a friend anymore
For the working day seems never ending
From the shovel and pick there's no break
And when you're not working, you're spending
The fortune you left home to make

Chorus

So those who come here to find fortune
And come home to tell us the tale
Each morning the Broadway is crowded
With many the thousands who fail
So young men of Ireland take warning
In London you never will find
That gold at the end of the rainbow
For you might just have left it behind

Chorus