

## 52 Pat Reilly - Mr Donger



It be - ing Mon - day morn - ing, it - be - ing our - pay day we



met Ser - geant - Jen - kins at our go - ing a - way. He



says to Pat - Reil - ly, 'You're a hand - some young man, will you



come to John Kel - ly's where we will sink a dram?'

1  
It being Monday morning, it being our pay day  
we met Sergeant Jenkins at our going away.  
He says to Pat Reilly, 'You're a handsome young man,  
will you come to John Kelly's where we will sink a dram?'

2  
And while we sat there boozing and drinking our dram  
he says to Pat Reilly, 'You're a handsome young man.  
I'd have you take the Bounty and come along with me  
to the sweet County Longford; strange faces you'll see.'

3  
'I may go where I will. I've got no one for to mourn.  
My mother she is dead and she will ne'er return.  
My father's got married, and brought a new wife home,  
and to me he proves cruel and he does me disown.'

4  
He put his hand into his pocket, one shilling he drew.  
'Take you this, Pat Reilly, in hopes you'll ne'er rue.'  
He took up the shilling, the bargain was made;  
the ribbons were brought which made his cockade.

5  
It's early the next morning we all were made to stand  
before our grand General with our hats all in our hands.  
He says to Pat Reilly, 'You are a little low;  
with some other regiment I fear you must go.'

6  
It's not in the morning that I sing this song,  
but it's in the cold evening as I march along.  
With my gun over my shoulder I bitterly do weep  
when I think of my true love that now lies fast asleep.

7  
My blessing on my mother that reared me neat and clean,  
but bad luck to my father that made me serve the Queen.  
Oh had he been an honest man and learned to me my trade  
I'd never have enlisted, nor worn the cockade.