

The Old Triangle

Dominic Behan

A hungry feeling
Came o'er me stealing
And the mice were squealing
In my prison cell

*And the auld triangle went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.*

To begin the morning
Ach the screw was bawling
"Get up, ya bowsie!
And clean up your cell!

On a fine spring evening
The lag lay dreaming
And the seagulls're squeeling
High above the wall

Now the screw was peeping,
Humpy Gussy was sleeping
As I lay there dreaming
of my girl, Sal

For the Love of Jesus,
increase me religious
From dirty shillings
up the two pence ten

Up in the female prison,
there are seventy five women
And among them,
I wish I did dwell