

The Twang Man

The Dubliners

Come listen to my story
'Tis about a nice young man
When the Militia wasn't wantin'
He dealt in hawkin' twang
He loved a lovely maiden
As fair as any midge
An' she kept a traycle depot
Wan side of the Carlisle bridge

Another man came a courtin' her
And his name was Mickey Baggs
He was a commercial traveller
An' he dealt in bones and rags
Well he took her out to Sandymount
For to see the waters rowl
An' he stole the heart of the Twangman's girl
Playin' "Billy-in-the-bowl"

Oh, when the twang man heard of this
He flew into a terrible rage
And he swore be the contents of his twang cart
On him he'd have revenge
So he stood in wait near James's Gate
Till the poor old Baggs came up
With his twang knife, sure he took his life
Of the poor ould gather 'em up

And it's now yis have heard my story
And I hope yis'll be good men
And not go chasing the Twangman's mot
Or any other ould hen
For she'll leave you without a brass farthing
Not even your ould sack of rags
And that's the end of the story
Of poor old Mickey Baggs