

## 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