

## Bunclody

## The Dubliners

Oh were I at the moss house  
Where the birds do increase  
By the foot of Mount Leinster  
Or some silent place  
By the streams of Buncloudy  
Where all pleasures do meet  
And all that I ask is  
One kiss from you sweet

Oh the streams of Buncloudy  
They flow down to the sea  
By the streams of Buncloudy  
I am longing to be  
A-drinking stong liquor  
At the height of my cheer  
Here's a health to Buncloudy  
And the lass I love dear

Oh the cuckoo is a pretty bird  
And she sings as she flies  
She brings us glad tidings  
And she tells us no lies  
She sucks all of the small birds' eggs  
Just to make her voice clear  
And the more she sings cuckoo  
The summer draws near

If I were a clerk  
And I could write a good hand  
I would write to my true love  
So that she'd understand  
That I am a young fellow  
Who is wounded in love  
Once I lived in Buncloudy  
But now must remove

So farewell to my father  
And my mother adieu  
To my sister and my brother  
Farewell unto you  
I am bound out for America  
My fortune to try  
When I think on Buncloudy  
I am ready to die