

When I was eighteen years of age
Into the army I did engage
I left my home with a good intent
For to join the forty-second regiment

While I was posted on guard one day
Some soldiers' children came out to play
From the officers' quarters my captain came
And he ordered me for to take their names

I took one name instead of three
On neglect of duty they then charged me
I was confined to barracks with loss of pay
For doing my duty the opposite way

A loaded rifle I did prepare
For to shoot my captain in the barracks square
It was my captain I meant to kill
But I shot my colonel against my will

At Liverpool Assizes my trial I stood
And I held my courage as best I could
Then the old judge said, Now, McCafferty
Go prepare your soul for eternity

I had no father to take my part
No loving mother to break her heart
I had one friend and a girl was she
Who'd lay down her life for McCafferty

So come all you officers take advice from me
And go treat your men with some decency
For it's only lies and a tyranny
That have made a murderer of McCafferty