

## 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