



B NEW SONG CALLD
ROARY OF THE HILL

At Sleavonamon I met the man who ask'd was
Scully dead
I cannot give you that account but I hear he's bad
in bed
He turned my mother Out the door but I might
meet him still
I am the bold Tip mounnsineer said Roary of
the hill

CHORUS—

I am the bold Tip mountaineer said Roary of
the hill

When I saw my dwelling hurled down I got
derdespered mad
Both Scully & the agent to me they acted bad,
To leave the house where I was reared it was
against my will
But I might meet him on the whip said Roary
of the hill

The mountains of Tip I have rambled throu &
fro
The Gaiaymore I know righ well and the Glen
of Aherlow
A bad agent & landlord I can not bear them still
I'd give them all what Baker got—said Roary
of the hill

Oh Erin are your daughters gone the foremost
day
And your gallant Sons the best of men were for
ced to cross the seas
They were from cruel landlords that are in
griu still
But boys keep your powder dry— said Roary
of the hill

The boys of Tip they are the best at all
They are always fit to meet their mark and
cause a tyrant fall
If the landlord be contrary and persevering
still
I'll meet him at his own tall-door said Roary
of the hill

One time I left this country and went across the
seas
Because I shot a tyrant and so did Michael
Hayes
I found no pleasure in that— but my thoughts
are Ireland still
So here I am back to you once more said Roa
ry of the hill

I ask you am I welcome as I left New York be
hind
I near engaged any man that would be just and
kind
But to leave the soil it grieved my heart the
farm I did till
But boys we'll shortly see good times said Roa
ry of the hill

