



A NEW SONG CALLED THE THREE HUNTS—MEN'S TRAGEDY

I will sing you of three huntsmen as brave as eare could,
They spent all their youthful days in joy and jollity,
That's Wilson Gilmore and Johnson remark the word I say
Five hundred pounds they did lay down upon their hunting day

They hunted over hills & dales the Wicklow-mountains high
O hark away young Johnson says I hear a woman's cry
Johnson being a railant man he serched the Glen all round
There he spied a woman with her hair pinned to the ground

Are you a idle woman young Johnson he did say
Or yet a robber in di-gnis my life to take away,
No kind sir a robber-the same I do deny,
It's robbers that has robbed me & left me here to die

A gan of robbers stripped me & my hair pinned to the ground
They robbed me of my watch & likewise three hundred pounds
I place my life all in your hands protect me home I pray
My father is a noblemaa your kindness will repay

Johnson being to foolish a man he placed her up behind
He roll'd his big coat about her to shade her from the wind,
They travell'd on together till they came to a purlin stream
She put a whistle to ner mouth & blew it loud & shrill,

She being the Captain of the gang the came a her command,
Ten of these daring highway-men they bid the huntsmen stand
Shying deliver up your money & that without delay,
Or by these loaded pistols we'll take your lives away

Our hunt-men being well arm'd young Wilson he let fly
And 2 of those daring highway-men soon in their blood did lie
Gilmore popped 3 more of them all with his pills of lead
Johnson with his blunderbuss the others shot dead

The Captain she rode Wilson's horse & over the hills did fly
Our hunt-men rode quick after her & their bullets they let fly
A pistol ball proved her downfall her blood did stain the lee
Hurrah my boys Johnson cries we have gained the victory

To see these robbers in their gore the came by the far & near
A long time they kept the country in tyrannical dread & fear
Their cave lay on the mountains rich treasures their did lie,
These highway med were buried near where they did lie

Those highway-men will do no more the meet their destiny,
Though they bring ten in number & our hunters men only three
Prosperity may attend them when they go to hunt again

