



A NEW SONG CALL'D
THE THREE HUNSMEN'S TRAGEDY

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

They hunted over hills & dales the Wicklow-mountains-high,
Oh hark-away young Johnson says I hear a womans cry,
Johnson being a vallant man he searched the glen all round,
There he spied a woman with her hair pinned to the ground,

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

A gang 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 hans protect me home I pray,
My Father is a nobleman your kindness will repay,

Johnson being a soeling mah he place'd her up behind,
He roll'd his big coat about her to shade her from the wind
They travell'd on togeather till they came to a purling rill,
She put aw whistle to her mouth & blew it loud & shrill,

She being the captain of the gang they came at her command
Ten of these daring highway-men they bid the hunts-men stand
Saying deliver up your money & that without delay,
Or by those luded pistols we'll take your lives away,

Our hunts-men being well arme'd young Wilson he let fly;
And 2 of these daring highway-men bleeding they did lie,
Gilmore popped 3 more of them all with his pills of lead,
Johnson with his blunderbuss the other five shot dead,

The captain she rode Wilsons horse & over the hills did fly,
Our hunts-men rode puick after them & their balls they let fly,
A pis'ol ball prov'd her downfall her blood did stain the Lee,
Hurrah my boys Johnson eries we have gain'd the victory,

To see those robbers in theire gore they came both far & near
Long time they kept the country in tprany dread & fear,
Their cave lay on the mountains rich treasurs there did lie,
These highway-men were buried near where they did die,

Those highway-men will do no more they met their destiny
Though they being ten in number & our hunts-men only three,
Though they being ten in number & our hunts-men only three,
Prosperity may attend them when the go hunt again;

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