

# Bunclody

Ireland



1. Oh, were I at the moss\_ house where the birds do in - crease; \_\_\_\_\_  
 2. Oh, 'tis why my love slights me as you might un - der - stand; \_\_\_\_\_  
 3. Oh, \_ were I a clerk\_ and could\_ write a fine hand, \_\_\_\_\_  
 4. So\_ fare thee well fa - ther my\_ mo - ther, a - dieu. \_\_\_\_\_



- At the foot of Mount Lein - ster or some si - lent place. \_\_\_\_\_  
 — For\_ she has a\_ free - hold and I have no land. \_\_\_\_\_  
 — I would write my love a let - ter that she might un - der - stand. \_\_\_\_\_  
 — My\_ sis - ters and\_ bro - thers, fare - well un - to you. \_\_\_\_\_



- By the stream of Bun - clo - dy that\_ flows down so free. \_\_\_\_\_  
 — She has fine stores of\_ rich - es, of\_ sil - ver and gold, \_\_\_\_\_  
 — For I am a young fel - low that was wound - ed in love. \_\_\_\_\_  
 — I am bound for A - me - ri - kay, my\_ for - tune to try; \_\_\_\_\_



- And\_ all that I ask\_ is one\_ kiss from thee. \_\_\_\_\_  
 — And\_ ev - ery - thing fit - ting a\_ house to up - hold. \_\_\_\_\_  
 — Once I lived in Bun - clo - dy, but now I must re - move. \_\_\_\_\_  
 — When I think on Bun - clo - dy, I am rea - dy to die. \_\_\_\_\_

A lovely Irish song of thwarted love. Bunclody (meaning the bottom of the Clody) is at the foot of Mount Leinster, Co. Wexford, at the meeting of the Clody and Slaney Rivers.