

## My Son John (Mrs McGrath)

#33

My son John was tall and slim  
And he had a leg for every limb  
But now he's got no legs at all  
For he run a race with a cannonball

With me roo rum rar, faddle-diddle dar  
Whack faddle-iddle with me roo rum rar.

For I was tall and I was slim  
And I had a leg for every limb,  
But now I've got no legs at all,  
They were both shot away by a cannonball.

Oh, were you deaf? Were you blind?  
When you left a couple of legs behind  
Or was it sailing on the sea  
Lost your two fine legs from the ground to the knee

Oh, I was not drunk or neither blind  
When I left my two fine pins behind,  
When up came a bloody great cannon-ball,  
Shot away me sea-boots, skins and all.

And now I'll cross the raging main  
To the King of France and the Queen of Spain,  
And I'll make them rue the time  
That they shot away the legs of a child of mine.