

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.