

The Old Triangle

A hungry feeling
Came o'er me stealing
And the mice were squealing
In my prison cell

*And the old triangle went jingle-jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal*

Oh! To start the morning
The warden bawling
"Get up out of bed, you!
And clean out your cell!"

Oh! the screw was peeping
And the lag was sleeping
As he lay weeping
For his girl Sal

In the women's prison
There are seventy women
And I wish it was with them
That I did dwell

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