

# DONALD MONROE

*Performed by:* Albert Roche

Come all ye good men that's inclined for to roam,  
To go seek for employment far away from your home,  
Where amongst the unnumbered stood Donald Monroe;  
It was into America he was forced for to go.

He left his two sons with their uncle to stay,  
Because of their passage he not being able to pay,  
Because of their passage, you know it was dear:  
'Stay at home with your uncle, and be of good cheer.'

Those two boys being discontented and worried in mind,  
To go stay with their uncle they were never inclined;  
So they shipped for a voyage to sail over the main,  
In hopes they might see their old father again.

They landed in America, took a boy for a guide,  
To go seek for the spot where their dear father lies;  
They roamed all along till they came to a grove,  
Where the leaves and the branches they appeared for to move.

Two highway robbers lay hid in the woods,  
They pointed their rifles where the two brothers stood;  
They buried their bullets in their snowy white breasts,  
Then they rushed on their victims like savage wild beasts.

'You hard hearted monster, you blood-thirsty hound!  
Why did you go shoot us till no one we have found?  
We're in search of our father, he's the one we love dear,  
And we haven't seen him for seven long years.'

'Now, who is your father and what is his name?  
Pray tell me his fortune, I might know the same.'  
'He left us in Scotland seven twelve months ago,  
And perhaps you might know him his name is Monroe.'

Oh the old man gazed on them with saddened surprise;  
Oh the old man gazed on them with tears in his eyes,  
Saying, "Curse my hard fortune for the deed I have done,  
And curse my right arm for I've shot my own son.

And who is that young man lies dead by your side?'  
'He is my youngest brother and is your youngest son;  
You may curse your right arm for the deed you have done.

Don't go tell our mother we are both lying here,  
She will sink in distraction, pine away in despair;  
We are hoping to meet her up on that brighter shore,  
Where you won't be able to shoot us no more.'