

THE OULD TRIANGLE

A hungry feelin' came o'er me stealin',
and the mice were squealin' in my
prison cell.

And the ould triangle went jingle jangle,
all along the banks of the Royal Canal.

To begin the morning, the warder bawling,
'Get out of bed and clean up your cell':

And that old triangle went jingle jangle,
along the banks of the Royal Canal.

On a fine spring evening, the lag lay
dreaming, the seagulls wheeling high
above the wall,

And that old triangle went jingle jangle,
along the banks of the Royal Canal.

The screw was peeping and the lag was
sleeping, while he lay weeping for his
girl Sal.

And that old triangle went jingle jangle,
along the banks of the Royal Canal.

The wind was rising and the day declining,
as I lay pining in my prison cell.

And that old triangle went jingle jangle,
along the banks of the Royal Canal.

The day was dying and the wind was
sighing, as I lay crying in my prison
cell.

And that old triangle went jingle jangle,
along the banks of the Royal Canal.

In the female prison there are seventy
women, I wish it was with the, that I
did dwell.

And that old triangle could go jingle,
jangle, along the banks of the Royal
Canal.

This song, written by Brendan Behan for his play "The Quare Fellow" is set in Mountjoy Prison. Dublin has two Canals - The Royal on the North side and The Grand on the South side.

A hun-gry feel-in' came o'er me st-eal-in' and the
mice were squ-ea-lin' in my pris-on cell and the ould tri-an-gle,
went jin-gle ja-n-gle all a-long the Banks of the Royal Ca-nal.