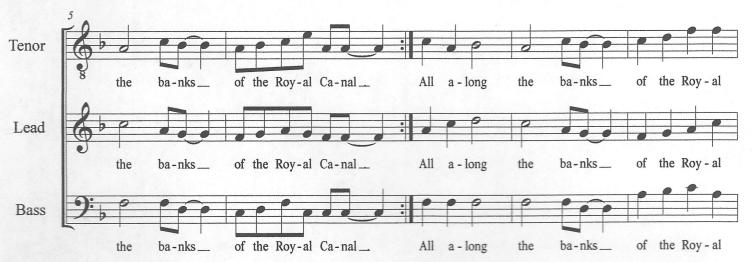
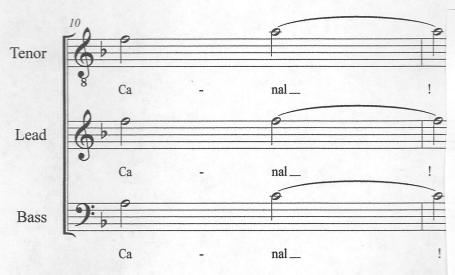
The Auld Triangle

Dominic Beehan







A hungry feeling, came o'er me stealing

And the mice were squealing in my prison cell

Chorus

To begin the morning, a screw was bawling Get up you bowsie, and clean up your cell

Chorus

The lags were sleeping, humpy Gussy was creeping
As I lay there weeping for my girl Sal

Chorus

Up in the female prison, there are seventy five women
`Tis among them I wish I did dwell