

# Shannon, BEDLAM BOYS

For to see my Tom of Bedlam, 10,000 miles I'd travel  
Mad Maudlin goes on dirty toes, to save her shoes from gravel.  
Still I sing bonnie boys,  
bonnie mad boys,  
Bedlam boys are bonnie  
For they all go bare and they live by the air, And they want no drink nor money.  
I went down to Satan's kitchen, to break me fast one morning And there I got souls piping hot, all o  
To the health of all such varlets.  
My staff has murdered giants, my bag a long knife carries To cut mince pies from children's thighs,  
For which to feed the fairies.  
No gypsy slut nor doxy, shall win my Mad Tom from me I'll weep all night, with stars I'll fight,  
The fray shall well become me.  
So I drink to Tom of Bedlam, go fill the seas in barrels I'll drink it all, all brewed with gall,  
Mad Maudlin drunk I quarrel.  
The Spirits white as lightning, shall on my travels guide me The stars would shake and the moon w  
When'ere they espied me.  
The Moon's my constant misstress, the lonely owl my marrow The flaming drake and the night crow  
Make me music to my sorrow.