

Brighidin Ban Mo Store

Andy M. Stewart

I am a wand'ring minstrel man,
And Love my only theme,
I've stray'd beside the pleasant Bann,
And eke the Shannon's stream;
I've pip'd and play'd to wife and maid
By Barrow, Suir, and Nore,
But never met a maiden yet
Like Brighidin Ban Mo Store.

My girl hath ringlets rich and rare,
By Nature's fingers wove -
Loch-Carra's swan is not so fair
As her breast of love;
And when she moves, in Sunday sheen,
Beyond our cottage door,
I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen
For Brighidin Ban Mo Store.

It is not that thy smile is sweet,
And soft thy voice of song -
It is not that thou fleest to meet
My comings lone and long;
But that doth rest beneath thy breast,
A heart of purest core,
Whose pulse is known to me alone,
My Brighidin Ban Mo Store!