

Craigie Hill

Cara Dillon

It being in the springtime and the small birds they were singing
Down by yon shady harbour I carelessly did stray
The thrushes they were warbling, the violets they were charming
To view fond lovers talking, a while I did delay

She said, my dear don't leave me all for another season
Though fortune does be pleasing I'll go along with you
I'll forsake friends and relations and bid this Irish Nation
And to the bonny Bann banks forever I'll bid adieu

He said, my dear don't grieve or yet annoy my patience
You know I love you dearly the more I'm going away
I'm going to a foreign nation to purchase a plantation
To comfort us hereafter all in America

Then after a short while a fortune does be pleasing
"Twill cause them for to smile at our late going away
We'll be happy as Queen Victoria, all in her greatest glory
We'll be drinking wine and porter, all in America

If you were in your bed lying and thinking on dying
The sight of the lovely Bann banks your sorrow you'd give o'er
Or if were down one hour, down in yon shady bower
Pleasure would surround you, you'd think on death no more

Then fare you well, sweet Craigie Hill, where often times I've roved
I never thought my childhood days I'd part you any more
Now we're sailing on the ocean for honour and promotion
And the bonny boats are sailing, way down by Doorin shore