

Erin The Green

Cara Dillon

Oh draw near each young lover,
Give ear to my story
That bears my sad, mournful tale.
Come join me in chorus
And lend me your pity,
While I my misfortune bewail.

The grief my poor heart
No tongue can disclose.
My cheeks are now pale,
They once bloomed like the rose.
And it's all for a young man,
Whom I do suppose
Is now far from sweet Erin the Green.

Now when were children
We walked out together
Along the green meadows sweet.
And although we were childish
We loved one another
Whilst gathering the wild berries sweet.

It was to sweet Garvagh where we were sent to school,
He was first in his class
And correct in each rule.
And I cheerfully walked home by Kilnacoole
With the flower of sweet Erin the Green.

Oh his head on my breast
And he used to repose
At each evening under the shade.
A song in my praises my darling composed
And he styled me the cool Derry maid.
At the time I denied him I'd die for his sake,
It was little I thought my denial he'd take.

Oh, but my own misfortune
I made a mistake
When he left me on Erin the Green.