

## Eileen's Ardency

Leaves' Eyes

I came home in May with a glad heart  
Nothing there that could cause me grief  
Nothing could make me sorrow-full and bitter  
Nothing could make my head hang down

Eileen my white flower of the blackberry  
Whiter than lilies  
The dew of a rose  
Eileen my bright flower of the blackberry  
My summer breeze  
A poem in the spring

Woman why are you crying out your eyes now?  
Are there any other wooers around?  
Woman the nightingale sang me a tale tonight  
That is not soothing music to my ears

So green her eyes  
Burning red her hair  
A hundred rings of thorns around my neck  
There's a thousand strings strangling my chest  
Is tu ma ghra  
A hundred rings of thorns around my neck  
There's a thousand strings strangling my chest

Eileen my white flower of the blackberry  
Whiter than lilies  
The dew of a rose  
Eileen  
Is tu ma ghra  
Eileen my death in the spring