

Cavan Girl

The Dubliners

As I walk the road from Killeshandra, weary I sit down
For it's twelve long miles around the lake to get to Cavan town
'Though Oughter and the road I go, one scene beyond compare
How I curse the time it takes to reach my Cavan girl so fair.

The autumn shades are on the leaves, the trees will soon be bare
Each red coat leaf around me seems to colour all her hair
My gaze retreats, defies my feet and once again I sigh
Of a broken pool of sky reminds the colour of her eyes.

At the Cavan cross each Sunday morning it's there she can be found
And she seems to have the eye of every boy in Cavan town
If my luck will hold I'll have the golden summer of her smile
And to break the hearts of Cavan men she'll talk to me a while

So next Sunday evening finds me homeward to Killeshandra bound
To work a week till I return to court in Cavan town
When asked if she would be my wife, at least she'd not said no
So next Sunday morning rouse myself and back to her I go..