

Lost Jimmy Whelan
(trad.)

All alone as I strayed by the banks of the river
Watching the moonbeams as evening drew neigh
All alone as I rambled, I spied a fair damsel
Weeping and wailing with many a sigh

Weeping for one who is now lying lowly
Mourning for one whom no mortal can save
As the foaming dark waters flow silently o'er him
Onward they sweep over young Jimmy's grave

Oh Jimmy why can't you tarry here with me
Not leave me alone all distracted in pain
But since death is the dagger which has cut us asunder
Then wide is the gulf, love between you and I

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