

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Betsy Gray

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The star of evening slowly rose
Through shades of twilight gleaming
It shone to witness Erin's woes
Her children's life's blood streaming
'Twas then, sweet star, thy pensive ray
Fell on the cold unconscious clay
That wraps the breast of Betsy Gray
In softened lustre beaming

note:Elizabeth "Betsy" Gray led the pikemen in the front ranks at the battle of Ballinahinch. Later, as she scouted ahead on the road to Lisburn, she was ridden down. A cavalryman severed her hand at the wrist with a sabre, then two more shot her through the head. TK

TK

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