

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Bonny Irish Maid

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As I roved out one morning fair, it early as I strayed
It being all in the month of May the birds sang in the shade
The sun shone down right merrily and the water did swiftly glide
Where primroses and daisies grow, down by Blackwaterside

I had not gone but half a mile when there by chance I spied
Two lovers talking as they walked down by Blackwaterside
And as he embraced her in his arms, these words to her he said
"When I'm in America I'll be true to my Bonny Irish Maid"

"Oh when you are in America the Yankee girls you'll find
And you'll have sweethearts of your own more pleasing to your mind
But do not forget the promises and the vows to me you made
Oh stay at home and do not roam from your bonny Irish maid"

"Oh when I'm in America, the Yankee girls I'll see
But they must be very pretty love, to remind me of thee
For there's not a bird in yonder bush nor or flower in yon green glade
But does remind me love of you, my bonny Irish maid"

"It's many's the foolish youth" she said, "has gone to a distant shore
Leaving behind his own true love, perhaps to meet no more
It's in crossing of the Atlantic foam, sometimes their graves are made
Oh stay at home and do not roam from your bonny Irish maid"

And so these two young lovers so fondly did embrace
Like honey drops upon the dew, the tears ran down her face
Saying there's not a day while you're away but I'll visit still these glades
Until you do return again to your bonny Irish maid.

Recorded by, amongst others, the Battlefield Band who, like me, learned it
from one Tony O'Halloran

MR

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