

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Pride of Petrovar

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(words by Percy French; music - traditional)

Well Eileen Orr, O that's me darlin's name is
O'er the Barony her features they were famous
If we loved her, well who is there to blame us,
For wasn't she the Pride of Petrovar?
But her beauty was like to make you shy,
Not a livin' boy could look her in the eye.
Boys O boys! now there's the reason why
we're in love with the Pride of Petrovar.

cho: Eileen Orr, me heart is turning gray
Ever since the day you wandered far away.
Eileen Orr, There's more fish in the sea,
But there's none just like the Pride of Petrovar.

Well it's Friday at the fair at Ballintubber,
Eileen met McGraw the old horse trader
I'd like to put me hands upon the robber,
For he stole away the Pride of Petrovar
Well he never seemed to see her standing there at all
Even when she ogled him from underneath her shawl
He was big and masterful and she was looking small
Most provokin' to the Pride of Petrovar

So it is and it was in the beginning
Eileen's heart was set upon the winning
To see McGraw contentedly a grinning
To be courted by the Pride of Petrovar
Says he, 'I know a girl that could knock you into fits'
At that our Eileen nearly lost her wits.
The outcome of the whole thing is that now the robber sits
With his arm around the Pride of Petrovar.

Well, argh me boys, with fate 'tis hard to grapple
Of all those girls well our Eileen was the apple;
And now to see McGraw walking toward the chapel
Arm and arm with the Pride of Petrovar.
Well all I have is just one thing to say;
If you go a courtin' then look the other way,
If you want them to come after you, just look the other way,
For they're mostly like the Pride of Petrovar.

RR
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