

Irish Song Lyrics

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BONNY IRISH MAID

As I roved out one morning fair, so early I strayed,
It being all in the month of June the birds sang in the shade.
The sun shone down right merrily and billowing with pride
Where primroses and daisies grow down the Blackwater-side.

I had no gone but half a mile when there by chance I spied
Two lovers talking as they walked down by the Blackwater-side.
And as he held her in his arms these words to her did say:
'When I am in Amerikay I'll be true to my Irish maid.'

'This when you are in Amerikay those Yankee girls you'll find,
And you'll have sweethearts all your own more pleasing to your mind.
Do not forget the promises and the vows to me you made,
Oh stay at home, love, and do not roam from your bonny Irish maid.'

'This when I'm in Amerikay those Yankee girl I'll see
But they have to be very handsome to remind my love of thee,
There's not a bloom in yonder grove nor a leaf in cry
My love's gone to Amerikay and quite forsaken me.

I went on the church last Sunday, my love he passed me by,
I knew his mind was changing by the roving of his eye.
I knew his mind was altering to a girl of high degree,
Oh Willie lovely Willie, your love has wounded me

Last night I lay in my bed, so sick and sad was I,
I called all for a napkin around my head to tie.
Was he as much in lofve as I, then perhaps I'd mend again,
O love it is a killing thing, did you ever feel the pain?

I wish I was a butterfly, I'd to fly to my love's nest,
I wish I was a linnett, I would sing my love to rest.
And I wish I was a nightingale, I would sing my song so clear,
I would sing it all for you, false love, whom once I loved so dear