

Irish Song Lyrics

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DARLING BETSY GRAY

In Granshaw she was born and reared,
Near to the Ards new town -
With twinkling eyes and golden curls,
She was the pride of Down;

You'd go the whole of Erin's Isle,
And search by night and day -
But never would you find the like,
Of darling Betsy Gray.

'Twas on the thirteenth day of June,
That year of Ninety-Eight -
The pikes turned out 'gainst Ballynahinch,
To better free men's fate;

The bravest of the Hearts of Down,
Amidst the gory fray -
With dashing steed and flashing blade,
Was darling Betsy Gray.

But English muskets said their piece,
They cut the Irish down -
And Freedom's dreams lay cold and dead,
Before the Butcher's Crown;

Her sweetheart, Willie Boal, cried out:
My love, we must away -
No Redcoat e'er shall lay a hand,
On darling Betsy Gray.

At Armstrong's farm at Ballycreen,
The Yeos upon them fell -
They murdered Betsy, Willie too,
Her brother George as well;

Now in that vale of Ballycreen,
Green bushes wave and sway -
And only black oak marks the grave,
Of darling Betsy Gray.