

Irish Song Lyrics

from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

LAMBS ON THE GREEN HILLS

The lambs on the green hills, they sport and they play
And many strawberries grow round the salt sea
How sad is my heart when my love is away
How many's the ships sails the ocean

The bride and the bride's party to church they did go
The bride she rode foremost, she bears the best show
But I followed after with my heart filled with woe
To see my love wed to another

The first place I saw her was in the church stand
Gold rings on her fingers and her love by the hand
Says I, ma wee lassie, I will be the man
Altho you are wed to another

The next place I saw her was on the way home
I ran on before her, not knowing where to roam
Says I, ma wee lassie, I'll be by your side
Altho you are wed to another

Stop, stop, says the groomsman, til I speak a word
Will you venture your life on the point of my sword
For courting so slowly you've lost this fair maid
So, begone for you'll never enjoy her

O make now my grave, both large, wide and deep
And sprinkle it over with flowers so sweet
And lay me down in ti to take my last sleep
For that's the best way to forget her