

# Irish Song Lyrics

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## THE BONNY YOUNG IRISH BOY

O first I came a-courted by a bonny young Irish b'y,  
He called me all of his jewels, his sweetheart, pride and j'y;  
'Twas in fair Dubelin city, a place so old and fair,  
Where first I came a-courted by a bonny young Irish b'y.

His cheeks was of the roses and his hair was of the brown  
And hung in ringlets heavy to his shoulders hanging down  
His teeth was of an ivory white, his eyes was black as sloes;  
He'd charm the heart of any fair girl, no matter where he goes.

Long time I keeped him company and hoped to be his bride  
But now he is gone and leaved me, across the ocean wide.  
Sure I'm afraid some other fair maid, my true love will enj'y  
While I'm left here lamenting my bonny young Irish b'y.

So I'll pack all my clothing and in search of him I'll go,  
I'll cross the wide, wide ocean through stormy winds and snow  
And never shall I marry until the day I die,  
So I'll die broken-hearted for my bonny young Irish b'y.

O comrades, I am dying! There's one more word I'll say  
Take my bones to Ireland and bury them in the clay,  
And write upon my tombstone to children passing by,  
That I died broken-hearted for my bonny young Irish b'y.

From Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland. Greenleaf  
Collected from Clifford Toms, 1929