

The dames of France are fond and free
The Girl I Left Behind Me

The dames of France are fond and free,
And Flemish lips are willing;
And soft the maids of Italy,
And Spanish eyes are thrilling;
Still, though I bask beneath their smile,
Their charms fail to bind me.
And my heart goes back to Erin's Isle,
To the girl I left behind me.

2. For she's as fair as Shannon's side,
And purer than its water,
But she refused to be my bride
Though many years I sought her.
Yet, since to France I sailed away,
Her letters oft remind me,
That I promised never to gainsay
The girl I left behind me.

3. She says: "My own dear love come home,
My friends are rich and many;
Or else, abroad with you I'll roam,
A soldier stout as any;
If you'll not come, nor let me go,
I'll think you have resigned me."
My heart nigh broke when I answered "No,"
To the girl I left behind me.

4. For never shall my true love brave
A life of war and toiling
And never as a skulking slave
I'll tread my native soil on.
But were it free or to be free,
The battle's close would find me
To Ireland bound, nor message need
From the girl I left behind me.