

## The Girl I Left Behind Me 8

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Come all ye handsome, comely maids  
That live near Carlow dwelling;  
Beware of young men's flatt'ring tongues  
When love to you they'ree telling.

Beware of the kind words they say  
Be wise and do not mind them  
For if they were talking till they die  
They'd leave you all behind them.

In Carlow town I lived, I own,  
All free from debt and dangers,  
Till Colonel Reilley listed me  
To join the Wicklow Rangers.  
They dressed me up in scarlet red  
And used me very kindly,  
But still I thought my heart would break  
For the girl I left behind me.

I was scarcely fourteen years of age  
When I was broken-hearted  
For I'm in love these two long years  
Since from my love I parted.  
These maidens wonder how I moan  
And bid me not to mind him  
That he might have more grief than joy  
For leaning me behind him.

From A treasury of Irish Folklore, Colum