

The Maid From Buncloudy

The Maid From Buncloudy
(Traditional)

Oh were I at the moss house
Where the birds do increase
By the foot of Mount Leinster
Or some silent place
By the streams of Buncloudy
Where all pleasures do meet
And all that I ask is
One kiss from you sweet

Oh the streams of Buncloudy
They flow down to the sea
By the streams of Buncloudy
I am longing to be
A-drinking stong liquor
At the height of my cheer
Here's a health to Buncloudy
And the lass I love dear

Oh the cuckoo is a pretty bird
And she sings as she flies
She brings us glad tidings
And she tells us no lies
She sucks all of the small birds' eggs
Just to make her voice clear
And the more she sings cuckoo
The summer draws near

If I were a clerk
And I could write a good hand
I would write to my true love
So that she'd understand
That I am a young fellow
Who is wounded in love
Once I lived in Buncloudy
But now must remove

So farewell to my father
And my mother adieu
To my sister and my brother
Farewell unto you

I am bound out for America
My fortune to try
When I think on Buncloudey
I am ready to die

Source: Martyn Wyndham-Read 'The Maid from Buncloudey' recorded on Martyn
Wyndham-Read 'Martyn Wyndham-Read' Trailer LER 2028. Martyn noted that he learn
ed the
song from Brian Mooney.
Usually known as "The Streams of Buncloudey" in Ireland (Buncloudey is in Co. Wexfor
d).

SX
apr00