

Since Maggie Went Away

Since Maggie Went Away

(Sean O'Casey)

No more I stroll, no more I stroll
Along the boreen,
I see the scarlet poppies play
Amid the corn green.
No more beneath the hedge I watch
The butterflies at play,
For my heart is filled with woe, with woe
Since Maggie went away.

The sweet wild rose, the sweet wild rose,
That lov'd to see us there,
And seem'd to bid us hope, now droops,
And tells me to despair;
The linnets sing his song unheard,
Perched on a leafy spray;
Ah, my heart is filled with woe, with woe,
Since Maggie went away.

The gentle flowers, the gentle flowers,
Their happy charm is fled,
And how they seem like blossoms strewn,
Above the silent dead,
They're symbols now of sorrow deep
And life's swift, sure decay;
Ah, my heart is filled with woe, with woe,
Since Maggie went away.

The heartless sun, the heatless sun.
With splendour gilds the skies.
And mocks with smiling beams a heart
That now can only sigh.
Shine on, bright sun, shine on, while I
Could curse thy proud display,
For, my heart is filled with woe, with woe,
Since Maggie went away.

Then welcome grief, then welcome grief
Man's warm true-hearted friend,
For tho' all things be false, thou still art
Faithful to the end.

And now I walk alone with thee,
Till life turns into clay
Ah, my heart is filled with woe, with woe,
Since Maggie went away.

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