

Emmet's Farewell To His True Love - song lyrics

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Emmet's Farewell to His True Love.

Farewell, love, farewell, love, I now must leave you,
The pale moon is shining her last beams on me;
In truth I do declare I never deceived you,
For it's next to my heart is dear Erin and thee.

Draw near to my bosom, my first and fond true love,
And cherish the heart that heats only for thee;
And let my cold grave with green laurels be strewn, love,
For I'll die for my country, dear Erin, and thee.

Oh, never again in the moonlight we'll roam, love,
When the birds are at rest and the stars they do shine;
Oh, never again shall I kiss thy sweet lips, love,
Or wander by streamlets with thy hands pressed in mine.

Oh, should a mother's love make all others forsake me,
Oh, give me a promise before that I die,
That you'll come to my grave when all others forsake me,
And there with the soft winds breath sigh then for sigh.

My hour is approaching, let me take one fond look, love,
And watch thy pure beauty till my soul does depart;
Let thy wrinklets fall on my face and brow, love,
Draw near till I press thee to my fond and true heart.

Farewell, love, farewell, love, the words are now spoken,
The pale moon is shining her last beams on me;
Farewell, love, farewell, love, I hear the death token,
Never more in this world your Emmet you'll see.