

Michael

In the time spent in the foggy dew
With the raven and the dove
Barefoot she walked the winter streets
In search of her own true love

For she was Mary Hamilton
And lover of John Riley
And the maid of constant sorrow
And the mother of the doomed Geordie

One day by the banks of the river
Midst tears and gossamer
Sweet Michael rowed his boat ashore
And came to rescue her

And fill thee up my loving cup
Fast and to the brim
How many fair and tender maids
Could love as she could then?

For was was likened to Pretty Boy Floyd
And also John Riley
And a rake and rambling railroad boy
And the Silkie of the Sule Skerry

And there in the arms of Michael
In their stolen hour
Loud rang the bells of Rhymney
From the ancient church bell tower

And there in the night with Michael
While he lay fast asleep
She put her head to the window pane
And in the fullness of love did weep

And fill thee up my loving cup
Fast and to the brim
How many fair and tender maids
Will love as she did then?

You've heard of the House of the Rising Sun
And what careless love can do
You've heard of the wildwood flower
That fades in the morning dew

And of the ship that circles three times round
And sinks beneath the sea
You've heard of Barbary Allen
And now you've heard of me

So fill thee up my loving cup
Fast and to the brim
How many fair and tender maids
Will ever love again?