

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Brackagh Hill

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One night as I lay slumbering in my silent bed alone  
Some rakish thoughts came in my head which caused me for to roam  
To leave behind me my native town and the wee girl I adore  
To take a trip as I saw fit strange countries to explore

The night before I went away I was walking over Brackagh Hill  
I met my love upon the road and her eyes with tears did fill  
O Johnny dear she said stay here and do not go away  
For there'll be none for comfort me when you are o'er the sea

Well I took her by the lily white hand and I held her long and fast  
My darling girl I must away for our ship lies in Belfast  
But if you'll prove constant I'll prove true for you know I am well inclined  
So we kissed shook hands and parted and I left my girl behind

And it's when we landed in Greenock sure the people all gathered round  
They said I was a rakish lad come to cut their harvest down  
They told me to return home and to never more be seen  
So that very night I took my flight back to Erin's lovely green

And when Mary heard her Johnny was home her heart it did leap with joy  
So three herself all in his arms saying yo're my darling boy  
O Johnny dear I'm glad you're here for you I have thought long  
So let them all say as they will our wedding will go on

And Brackagh Hill is a lovely place with fine wee girls therein  
You'd swear they were the nightingale when they sit down and sing  
Where the Salmon Trout do sport about round Lough Neagh's verdant shore  
So let them all say as they will you are mine forever

Sung by Patrick Street on "Irish Times"

note: A song of love. Love between people and love for a place.

Brackagh is a small town in Co. Tyrone near the shores of Lough Neagh.

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