

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Laurel Hill

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When war had oppressed every nation with horror
And Wellington ventured his life o'er the main
To pull down French tyrants and make them surrender
For the sake of old Ireland I ventured the same
I left those green vales where I first met with Nancy
She said "Dearest Jamie, you'll be true to me still
Until you gain the victory and return from the slaughter
I must roam through these valleys around Laurel Hill"

When we landed in Spain we were almost exhausted
We were tossed by the wind and the billows so high
And pursuing our foes over yon snowy mountains
Where many brave heroes were obliged for to die
And when we'd survived through the great heat of battle
And over yon mountains we fought with great skill
As our foes they lie bleeding in their gore all around us
I smiled on all danger, far from Laurel Hill

Our commanders being brave and we all being stout hearted
Well its France Spain and Holland know what we could do
For we pulled down their batteries with the great guns of Britain
And left orphans to mourn on distressed Waterloo
But now the wars over and all are returning
And the trumpet's loud note it can rest for a while
As we gave out three cheers as we sailed for old Ireland
And that long-looked for valley in the beautiful isle.

And when I arrived at the lovely Bann water
There I spied my love at the side of the mill
Near the Leap of Coleraine where I first parted from her
For to gain Britain's valour, far from Laurel Hill
She appeared unto me like one dressed in great mourning
And I asked her the reason she roamed the Bann shore
She said " My Jamie's a soldier and all are returning
But my Jamie, alas, I will ne'er see him more

For he's left me to wander these dark gloomy valleys
Where the wild fox and otter do sport with free will
And the trout finds her mate in the lovely Bann water
But I'll not find my Jamie around Laurel Hill"
He said "I'm your Jamie, your long looked for soldier
Although my tongue's altered and I'm in disguise

Do you mind on old Kyles flowery Brae where we parted
When the trumpet's loud note took me off in surprise?"

She fell into his arms like one pale and distracted
And the tears trickled down like the dew from the thorn
And her eyes were inviting each one that beheld her
For to welcome her long looked for soldier's return
And as they stood viewing the ships in yon harbour
And the wild sporting angler, his aim was to kill
The young trout as they played in the lovely Bann water
Still lending more beauty to grace Laurel Hill

And now to conclude I'll sing Wellington's praises
An undaunted hero and an Irishman still
And his name will be sounded when kings are forgotten
And ring round those valleys of sweet Laurel Hill
Now the joybells of Erin may ring and be merry
With great shouts of gladness o'er each valley and plain
And we'll never more part since we're both joined together
In that neat little cottage near the town of Coleraine

MR
apr97