

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

[www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## Laurel Hill

Laurel Hill

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