

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Streets of Derry

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And after morning there comes an evening,
And after evening another day,
And after false love there comes a true love,
Come listen now to what I say.

My love he is a handsome young man,
As fair as any that the sun shone on,
But how to win him I do not know,
For now he has a sentence to be hung.

As he walked out through the streets of Derry
I'm sure he stood out right manfully;
He looked more like a commanding officer
Than a man to die upon the gallow's tree.

"Oh, where's my love, she's so long in coming,
And what detains her so long from me;
Perhaps she thinks it's a shame, a scandal
For a man to die upon the gallow's tree."

He looked around and he saw her coming,
As she rode swifter than the wind;
She said, "I'll show them that they cannot hang you,
And I'll crown my love with a bunch of green."

JH

APR99