

## **Flower Of Sweet Strabane**

**D**  
If I were King of Ireland  
**A**  
**Bm**  
And had all things at my will  
I'd roam for recreation  
**A**  
More comfort to find still  
**Bm**  
But the comfort I would seek the most  
**A**  
So that you may understand  
**Bm**  
Would be to win the heart of MarA]tha  
**Bm D**  
The Flower of Sweet Strabane,,,

Her cheeks they are as rubies  
Her hair a dove-soft brown  
And o'er her milk white shoulders  
It carelessly hangs down  
She is the fairest creature  
And the pride of all her clan  
And my heart is captivated  
By the flower of Sweet Strabane

But since I cannot gain her love  
No joy there is for me  
And I must seek to hide my tears  
In the lands across the sea  
Unless she cares to follow me  
I swear by my right hand  
McKenna's face you'll ne'er more see  
My Flower of Sweet Strabane.