Irish Song Lyrics

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THE VERDANT BRAES OF SKREEN

As I rode out one evening fair
By the verdant braes of Skreen
I set my back to a hawthorn tree
To view the sun in the west country
And the dew on the forest green

A lad I spied by Owen's side
And a maiden by his knee
And he was as dark as the very brown wood
And she all whey and wan to see
All whey and wan was she

"Oh, sit you down on the grass," he said.
"On the dewy grass so green
For the wee birds all have come and gone
Since I my true love have seen
Since I my true love have seen"

"Oh then I'll not sit on the grass," she said.
"Nor be a love of thine
For I hear you love a Connaught maid
And your heart's no longer mine," she said
"And your heart's no longer mine."

"Nor I'll not heed what an old man says
For his days are nearly done
And I'll not heed what a young man says
For he's fair to many's the one," she said.
"For he's fair to many's the one."

"And I'll not heed what any man says
Let his hair be white, black, or brown
Save that he were on top of some high gallows tree
And swearin' he'd wish to come down," she said.
"And swearin' he'd wish to come down."

"But I will climb a high, high tree
And I'll rob a wild bird's nest
And back I'll bring whatever I do find
To the arms that I love best," she said.
"To the arms that I love best."