

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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### Erin the Green

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Oh, draw near each young lover give ear to my ditty  
That bears my sad, mournful tale.  
Come join me in consort and lend me your pity  
Whilst I my misfortune bewail.  
The grief of my poor heart no tongue can disclose;  
My cheeks are now pale that once bloomed like a rose.  
And it's all for a young man whom I do suppose  
Is now far from sweet Erin the green.

Now, when we were children we walked out together  
Along the green meadows so neat  
And, although we were childish, we loved one another  
While gathering the wild berries sweet.  
It was to sweet Garvagh we were sent to school.  
He was first in his class and correct in each rule.  
And I cheerfully walked home by Kilnacoole,  
With the flower of sweet Erin the green.

Ah! His head on my bosom he used to repos`ed  
Each evening in under the shade.  
A song in my praises my darling compos`ed  
And styled me the cool Derry maid.  
At the time I denied him I'd die for his sake.  
It was little I thought my denial he'd take.  
Ah! But my misfortune, I made a mistake  
When he left me in Erin the green.

Oh, come all you young maids of our dear Irish nation,  
I pray you be steady and wise.  
Likewise, lend an ear to my kind assertion  
And never your true love dispise  
For such foolish folly distracted I rave  
There is no place for me but the dark, silent grave.  
And when all hopes deny me I'll then take my leave  
Of the flower of sweet Erin the green.

From Bonnnie Bunch of Roses, Milner  
Recorded by Frank Harte  
APR99