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Flower of Sweet Strabane

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If I were King of Ireland's Isle and had all things at my will
I'd roam for recreation and I'd seek for comfort still
The comfort I would ask for, so that you may understand
Is to win the heart of Martha, the Flower of Sweet Strabane

Her cheeks they are a ruby red, her hair a lovely 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

Well I've been in the Phoenix Park and in Killarney fair
The lovely glens of Antrim and the winding banks of Clare
In all my earthly travels I never yet met one
That could compare, I do declare, with the Flower of Sweet Strabane

But since I cannot gain her love, no joy there is for me
And I must seek forgetfulness in 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

So its farewell to sweet Derry Quay, New Mills and Waterside
I'll sail out o'er the ocean, whatever may betide
I'll sail away from Derry Quay out by the Isle of Man
And I'll bid farewell to Martha, the Flower of Sweet Strabane

Several versions of this around.

Recorded by Margaret Barry, Paddy Tunney

MR

apr97