

The Irish Wife - song lyrics

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THE IRISH WIFE.

By Thos. D'Arcy McGee.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land-
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of France's hand;
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life-
An outlaw, so I'm near her
To love, till death, my Irish wife.

Oh! what would be this home of mine-
A ruined, hermit-haunted place,
But for the light that nightly shines
'Pon its walls from Kathleen's face?
What comfort is a mint of gold-
What pleasure in a royal life-
If the heart within lay dead and cold,
If I could not have wed my Irish wife?

When the law forbade the banns,
I knew my king abhorred her race;
Who never bent before their clans,
Must bow before their ladies' grace.
Take all my forfeited domain,
I cannot wage with kinsmen strife,
Take knightly gear and noble name,
And I will keep my Irish wife.

My Irish wife has clear blue eyes,
My heaven by day, my stars by night;
And twinlike truth and fondness lie
Within her swelling bosom white;
My Irish wife has golden hair;
Appollo's harp had once such strings;
Appollo's self might pause to hear
Her bird-like carol when she sings.

I would not give my Irish wife
For all the dames of the Saxon land-
I would not give my Irish wife
For the Queen of Fiance's hand;
For she to me is dearer
Than castles strong, or lands, or life-
In death I would near her,
And rise beside my Irish wife.