

# The Maid Of Sweet Gorteen - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

The Maid of Sweet Gorteen.

Come all you gentle Muses, combine and lend an ear,  
While I set forth the praises of a charming maiden fair;  
It's the curling of her yellow locks that stole away my heart,  
And death, I'm sure, must be the care if she and I must part

The praises of this lovely maid I mean for to unfold,  
Her hair hangs o'er her shoulders like lovely links of gold;  
Her carriage neat, her limbs complete, which fractured quite my brain.  
Her skin is whiter than the swan that swims on the purling stream.

Her eyes are like the diamonds bright that shine In crystal stream.  
So modest and so tender, she's fit to be a queen;  
Many pleasant hours I spent in the garden field,  
She won the heart, I cannot part with the maid of sweet Gorteen.

It was my cruel father that caused my grief and woe,  
He locked her in a room and would not let her go;  
Her windows I have daily watched, thinking she might be seen.  
In hopes to get another sight of the maid of sweet Gorteen.

My father arose one day and thus to me did say:  
O, my dear son, be advised by me, don't throw yourself away.  
To marry a poor servant girl whose parents are so mean.  
So stay at home and do not roam, but always with me remain.

O, father, dearest father, don't part me from my dear,  
I would not lose my darling for œ1000 a year;  
Was I possessed of England's crown I would make her my queen,  
In high renown I'd wear the crown with the maid of sweet Gorteen.

My father in a passion flew and thus to me did say:  
Since it's the case within this place no longer she shall stay,  
Mark what I say, from this very day you never shall see her face,  
For I will send her far away unto some lonesome place.

Twas a few days after a horse he did prepare,  
And sent my darling far away to a place I know not where;  
I may go view my darling's room, where oftimes she has been  
Thinking to get another sight of the maid of sweet Gorteen.

Now to conclude and make an stand I take my pen in hand,  
John O'Brien is my name, and flowery is my land.  
My days are spent in merriment since my darling I first seen.  
But her abode is on a road at a place called sweet Gorteen.