

# Brighidin Ban Mo Store

[Andy M. Stewart](#)

I am a wand'ring minstrel man,  
And Love my only theme,  
I've stray'd beside the pleasant Bann,  
And eke the Shannon's stream;  
I've pip'd and play'd to wife and maid  
By Barrow, Suir, and Nore,  
But never met a maiden yet  
Like Brighidin Ban Mo Store. My girl hath ringlets rich and rare,  
By Nature's fingers wove -  
Loch-Carra's swan is not so fair  
As her breast of love;  
And when she moves, in Sunday sheen,  
Beyond our cottage door,  
I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen  
For Brighidin Ban Mo Store. It is not that thy smile is sweet,  
And soft thy voice of song -  
It is not that thou fleest to meet  
My comings lone and long;  
But that doth rest beneath thy breast,  
A heart of purest core,  
Whose pulse is known to me alone,  
My Brighidin Ban Mo Store!

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