Eileen

Bing Crosby

In a town on the sea, by the castle Doonee,
The fairest of them all, was the maiden Eileen.
The bloom on her cheek was as fresh as the dew,
And her heart to a young fisher laddie was true.
At morn he would sail with the sun and the tide,
That he would return to his promised young bride.
And there on the shore she could hear it so plain,
His voice in the wind singing soft this refrain.
Eileen, My Eileen, Oh wait for me wait Eileen.
They were to be wed on a Sunday in May,
And faith was a joy to see Eileen so gay.
The morning before he set sail with the tide,
But he never returned to his promised young bride.
Oh no never more was her heart light and warm,
Her lover he died, yes he died in a storm.
But down by the shore, she could still hear so plain,
His voice in the wind, singing soft this refrain.
Eileen, My Eileen, Oh wait for me wait Eileen.
They say that her heart, it was broken in two,
The lovely Eileen, ah so young and so true.
And down by the shore, they who loved her the best,
By the rock where she waited, they laid her to rest.
Oh many the years that have past since that day,
But maidens who wait for their lovers they say.
But still on the shore, they can hear it so plain,
His ghost in the wind, singing soft this refrain.
Eileen, My Eileen, oh wait for me wait Eileen.

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