The Streets Of Derry

Cara Dillon

After the morning there comes an evening
And after the evening another day
And after a false love there comes a true love
I'd have you listen now to what I sayI swear my love is the finest young man
As fair as any the sun shines on
But how to save him, I do not know it
For he has got a sentence to be hungAs he was marching the streets of Derry
I own he marched up right manfully
Being much more like a commanding officer
Than a man to die upon the gallows tree"What keeps my love so long in coming
Oh what detains her so long from me
Or does she think it a shame or scandal
To see me die upon the gallows tree"He looked around and he saw her coming
And she was dressed all in woolen fine
The weary steed that my love was riding
It flew more swiftly than the windCome down, come down from that cruel gallows
I've got your pardon from the king
And I'll let them see that they dare not hang you
And I'll crown my love with a bunch of green

Songwriters
DILLON, CARA/LAKEMAN, SAMPublished by
Lyrics Â© EMI Music Publishing Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/