

Her Mantle so Green

Eleanor Shanley

As I went out walking, one morning in June
To view the fair fields, and the valleys in bloom;
I spied a pretty fair maid, she appeared like a queen,
With her costly fine robes and her mantle so green
Says I, my pretty fair maid, wont you come with me,
We'll both join in wedlock, and married we'll be;
I will dress you in fine linen, you'll appear like a queen,
With your costly fine robes and your mantle so green.
Says she, now my young man, you must be excused,
For I'll wed no man, so you must be refused;
To the green woods I will wander and shun all men's view
For the boy I love dearly lies in fame-ed Waterloo.
Well if you're not married, say your lover's name
I fought in that battle, so I might know the same.
Draw near to my garment, and there you will see

His name is embroidered on my mantle so green.
In the ribbon of her mantle, there I did behold,
His name and his surname, in letters of gold
Young William O'Riley, appeared in my view
He was my chief comrade back in fame-ed Waterloo
And as he lay dying, I heard his last cry
"If you were here lovely Nancy I'd be willing to die"
And as I told her this story, in anguish she flew,
And the more that I told her, the paler she grew
So I smiled on my Nancy, 'twas I broke your heart,
In your fathers garden, that day we did part
And this is the truth, and the truth I declare,
Oh here's your love token the gold ring I wear.

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