The Gem of the Roe

Cara Dillon

In a land of O'Cahan where bleak mountains rise
Over those brown ridgy tops, now the dusky clouds fly
Deep sunk in a valley a wild flower did grow
And her name was Finvola, the gem of the RoeFor the Isles of Abunde appeared to our view
A youth clad in tartan, it's strange but it's true
With a star on his breast and unstrung was his bow
And he sighed for Finvola, the gem of the RoeThe gem of the Roe, the gem of the Roe
And he sighed for Finvola, the gem of the RoeTo the gray shores of Alba, his bride he did bear
But short were the fond years these lovers did share
For thrice on the hillside the Banshee cried low
'T was the death of Finvola, the gem of the RoeThe gem of the Roe, the gem of the Roe
'T was the death of Finvola, the gem of the RoeNo more up the streamlet, her maidens will hie
For wan the pale cheek and bedimmed the blue eye
In silent affliction our sorrows will flow
Since gone is Finvola, the gem of the Roe

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