

# 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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