# Erin the Green

## Cara Dillon

Oh draw near each young lover
Give ear to my story that bears my sad mournful tale
Come and join me in chorus and lend me your pity
Whilst I my misfortune bewailThe grief of my poor heart no tongue can disclose
My cheeks are now pale they once bloomed like the rose
And it's all for a young man whom I do suppose
Is now far from sweet Erin the GreenNow when we were children
We walked out together along the green meadows so neat
And although we were childish we loved one another
Whilst gathering the wild berries sweetIt was to sweet Garvagh where we went to school
He was first in his class and correct in each rule
And I cheerfully walked home by Kilnacoole
With the flower of sweet Erin the GreenOh, his head on my breast
And he used to reposed each evening under the shade
A song in my praises, my darling composed
And he styled me the cool Derry maidAt the time I denied him I'd die for his sake
It was little I thought my denial he'd take
Oh but my own misfortune I made a mistake
When he left me on Erin the Green

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