

# 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 say I 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 hung As 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 she's 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 woollen fine  
The weary steed that my love was riding  
It flew more swiftly than the wind Come 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

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