

Irish Stew of Sindidun

"Lady Of New Tomorrow"

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Down the Hills in a valley lives a lady young and fair
And of such a beauty with nothing to compare
She owns wind in golden hair and morning in her smile
And every time I see her, she makes my heart beguiled

Chorus:

So, won't you come, dance with me? The child inside believes in fairies.
With that dress, like a queen, with those lips stolen cherries
With your face, sleeping grace, I don't need drink to drown the sorrow.
Won't you come, dance with me? Take me home to new tomorrow

I hope the day is near, I will wear my smart clothes
Walking firm and proud ripping thorns of white rose
To court the hand of lady that sorely won my heart
Creating new tomorrow, we'll never be apart.

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