

411

"Ned Of The Hill"

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Oh, who is that outside with anger in his voice
Beating on my closed door?
I am Eamann of the Hill, soaked through and wet
From constant walking of mountains and glens.

Oh, who is without, that in anger they should
Keep beating my bolted door?
I am Ned of the Hill, long weary and chill
From long trudging over marsh and moor.

My love, fond and true, what else could I do
But shield you from wind and from weather,
When the shot falls like hail, they us both shall
Assail,
And mayhap we will die together.

Through frost and through snow, tired and hunted I go,
In fear both of friend & of neighbor

My horses run wild, my acres untilled,
And all of it lost to my labor.

What grieves me far more than the loss of my store
Is there's no one would shield me from danger,
So my fate it must be to bid farewell to thee,
And languish amid strangers.

My darling, my beloved,
We will go off together for a while
To forests of fragrant fruit trees,
And the blackbird in his nest,
The deer and the buck calling,
Sweet little birds singing on branches,
And the little cuckoo on top of the green yew tree;
Forever, forever, death will not come near us
In the middle of our fragrant forest.

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