

An Cat Dubh "Celtic Queen"

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As we met it was St. Patrick's Day. and we were talking
4til late .

As you smiled at me, my love, it was the smile of fate.

You4re the lady of my life, you4re my sweet caileen.
You4re old Erin's rose, my love, you4re my Celtic
Queen.

Now I miss your tender hands, your loving arms to hold
me.

I miss you laugh at me, my love, it makes my life a bit
more easy.

You4re the lady of my life, you4re my sweet caileen.
You4re old Erin's rose, my love, you4re my Celtic
Queen.

As I look through the photographs, combine them with
my memories,
I can see you stepping down, my love, the Connemara
alleys.

You4re the lady of my life, you4re my sweet caileen.
You4re old Erin's rose, my love, you4re my Celtic
Queen.

You4re the song of the lark in the morning, the
mockingbird's tale in the day,
The sparrow's lamentation in the afternoon, and even
the nightingale's tune.

You4re the lady of my life, you4re my sweet caileen.
You4re old Erin's rose, my love, you4re my Celtic
Queen.

Now I miss your tender hands, I cannot see your
charms.
Never, never again my love will I hold you in my arms.

You4re the lady of my life, you4re my sweet caileen.
You4re old Erin's rose, my love, you4re my Celtic

Queen.

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