

## Dubaldo Marie Claire

### "Cavan Girl"

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As I walk the road from Killeshandra weary I sit down  
For it's twelve long miles around the lake to get to  
Cavan Town  
Though Oughter and the road I go once seemed  
beyond  
Compare  
Now I curse the time it takes to reach my Cavan girl so  
Fair

The autumn shades are on the leaves, the trees will  
Soon be bare  
Each red-coat leaf around me seems the colours of her  
Hair  
My gaze retreats defies my feet and once again I sigh  
For the broken pool of sky reminds me, the colour of  
Her eyes

At the Cavan cross each Sunday morning, there she  
can  
Be found  
And she seems to have the eye of every boy in Cavan  
Town  
If my luck will hold I'll have the golden summer of her  
Smile  
And to break the hearts of Cavan men she'll walk with  
Me awhile

So next Sunday evening finds me homeward -  
Killeshandra  
Bound -  
To work the week till I return and court in Cavan Town  
When asked if she would be my bride, at least she'd  
not  
Say no  
So next Sunday morning 'rouse myself and back to her  
I'll go

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