

Dubliners

"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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