

Cara Dillon

"Craigie Hill"

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It being in the springtime and the small birds they were
singing,
Down by yon shady harbour I carelessly did stray,
The the thrushes they were warbling,
The violets they were charming
To view fond lovers talking, a while I did delay.

She said, my dear don't leave me all for another
season,
Though fortune does be pleasing I 'll go along with you,
I 'll forsake friends and relations and bid this Irish
nation,
And to the bonny Bann banks forever I 'll bid adieu.

He said, my dear don't grieve or yet annoy my
patience,
You know I love you dearly the more I'm going away,
I'm going to a foreign nation to purchase a plantation,
To comfort us hereafter all in Amerika y.

Then after a short while a fortune does be pleasing,

T'will cause them for smile at our late going away,
We'll be happy as Queen Victoria, all in her greatest
glory,
We'll be drinking wine and porter all in Amerika y.

If you were in your bed lying and thinking on dying,
The sight of the lovely Bann banks, your sorrow you'd
give o'er,
Or if were down one hour, down in yon shady bower,
Pleasure would surround you, you'd think on death no
more.

Then fare you well, sweet Cragie Hills, where often
times I've roved,
I never thought my childhood days I 'd part you any
more,
Now we're sailing on the ocean for honour and
promotion,
And the bonny boats are sailing, way down by Doorin
shore.

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