

## **Cara Dillon**

### **"Erin The Green"**

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Oh draw near each young lover  
Give ear to my story that bears my sad mournful tale  
Come and join me in chorus and lend me your pity  
Whilst I my misfortune bewail  
The grief of my poor heart no tongue can disclose  
My cheeks are now pale they once bloomed like the  
rose  
And it's all for a young man whom I do suppose  
Is now far from sweet Erin the Green

Now when we were children  
We walked out together along the green meadows so  
neat  
And although we were childish we loved one another  
Whilst gathering the wild berries sweet

It was to sweet Garvagh where we went to school  
He was first in his class and correct in each rule  
And I cheerfully walked home by Kilnacoole  
With the flower of sweet Erin the Green

Oh his head on my breast  
And he used to repose each evening under the shade  
A song in my praises my darling composed  
And he styled me the cool Derry maid  
At the time I denied him I'd die for his sake  
It was little I thought my denial he'd take  
Oh but my own misfortune I made a mistake  
When he left me on Erin the Green

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