

Unknown

"Craigie Hill"

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Craigie Hill

It being in spring and the small birds they were singing
Down by a shady arbour I carelessly did stray
Where the thrushes they were warbling
The violets they were charming
For to view two lovers talking a while I did delay

She said, "My dear, don't leave me all for another
season
Though fortune may be pleasing I'll go along with you
I'll give up friends and relations and quit this Irish
nation
And to the bonnie Bann banks forever I'll bid adieu"

He said, "My dear, don't grieve me or yet annoy my
patience
You know I love you dearly although I'm going away
I'm going to some foreign nation to purchase a
plantation
For to comfort us hereafter all in America.

The landlords and their agents, their bailiffs and their
beagles
The land of our forefathers we're forced for to give
o'er
And we're sailing on the ocean for honor and
promotion
And we're parting with our sweethearts, it's them we do
adore

If you were in your bed lying and thinking of dying
One sight of the bonny Bann banks, your sorrows you'd
give o'er
And if your were but one hour all in her shady bower
Pleasure would surround you, You'd think on death no
more

So fare thee well, sweet Craigie Hill, where ofttimes I
have roved in
I never thought in my childhood days I'd part you any

more
But we're sailing on the ocean for honour and
promotion
And the bonny boat's sailing way down by Doorin shore

@emigration @Irish
filename[CRAIGHIL
recorded by Dick Gaughan
SF
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