

## **Paddy Goes To Holyhead**

### **"Mantle Of Green"**

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My love came to Dublin  
one fine Sunday morning.  
My love came to Dublin  
to honour me there  
He wore a green ribbon  
wrapped round a green bonnet  
And I wore a bangle of gold in my hair

Now the leaves they were green  
on that bright Sunday morning  
But now they all fall  
in this wind in the bough  
And I never asked him  
to buy me a ring  
Fall down very lightly  
you leaves haunt me now

I will not ask the clergy  
for prayers in the chapel  
I will not hear the minister  
singing his prayers  
I go down to the river  
neath the birch trees and branches  
And ask them to raise up  
their arms in the air

Now the good girls they sleep  
in all their fine modesty  
The bad girls they sleep  
in the height of their shame  
I lie alone in the cold by the river  
Till I see my true love  
return with my name

And I'll make him some shoes  
of the finest green leather  
I'll make him a cloak  
the finest you've seen  
And he'll walk like a lord  
through the city of Dublin  
And I'll walk beside him

in mantles of green

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