

Roger Whittaker "Mary"

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I first heard her singing, her songs of old Ireland,
Sweet songs full of joy, full of sorrow and pain.
And all of that summer I listen and watched her
And I fell in love with sweet Mary Mc Kaine.

She told me of Ireland, her father and mother,
Of believing in Good hum she felt deep inside.
She sang of her brothers both berried in Derry.
She sang of the course for witch both of them died.

Oh I think of Mary and Dublin and Derry
And songs full of sadness that made us both cry.
Oh I think of Mary and Dublin and Derry
And eyes full of truth just as blue as the sky.
Oh I think of Mary and then I just ask myself why?

I bagged her, come with me, life far from your Ireland.
You'll never find peace as the pain grows more keen.
She smiled and caressed me, she needed her
homeland.
She needed her Ireland, so wild and so green.

Oh I think of Mary and Dublin and Derry
And songs full of sadness that made us both cry.
Oh I think of Mary and Dublin and Derry
And eyes full of truth just as blue as the sky.

Oh I think of Mary and then I just ask myself why?
Sweet Mary I love till I die.

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