

High Kings, The "Cavan Girl"

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As I walk the road from Killeshandra weary I sat down
For it's twelve long miles around the lake to get to
Cavan Town
Though Oughter and the road I go once seemed
beyond compare
Now I curse the time it takes to reach my Cavan girl so
fair

The autumn shades are on the leaves, the trees will
soon be bare
Each red-coat leaf around me seems the colour of her
hair
My gaze retreats to find my feet and once again I sigh
As the broken pools of sky remind me of the colour of
her eyes

At the Cavan cross each Sunday morning, where she
can be found
And she seems to have the eye of every boy in Cavan
Town
If my luck will hold I'll have the golden summer of her
smile
And to break the hearts of Cavan men she'll talk to me
a while

So next Sunday evening finds me homeward -
Killeshandra bound -
To work the week till I return to court in Cavan Town
When asked if she would be my bride, at least she'd
not say no
So next Sunday morning I'll rouse myself and back to
her I'll go

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