

## Wolfetones, The "Slievenamon"

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Alone all alone by the wave-washed strand  
And alone in a crowded hall  
The hall it is gay and the waves they are grand  
But but my heart is not here at all  
It lies far away by night and by day  
To the times and the joys that are gone  
But I never will forget the sweet maiden I met  
In the valley near Slievenamon

Oh it was not the grace of her queenly air  
Nor her cheeks of roses glow  
Nor her soft black eyes nor her flowing hair  
Nor was it her lily white brow  
'Twas the soul of truth and of melting ruth  
And the smile like a summer's dawn  
that stole my heart away one soft summer's day  
In the valley near Slievenamon.

In the festive hall by the star watched shore Oh ever my  
restless spirit cries  
My love oh my love will I ne'er see you more  
And my land will you never arise  
By night and by day I ever ever pray  
While lonely my life flows on  
To see our flag unrolled  
And my true love to enfold  
In the valley near Slievenamon.

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