

Lonely Irish Maid

As I roved out one morning fair bright and early as I strayed
It being in the merry month of May as the birds sang on each tree
The sun it shone so merrily and billowing with pride
Where primroses and daisies there down by Blackwaterside

I'd scarcely gone but half a mile when there by change I spied
Two lovers talking as they walked down by Blackwaterside
And as he held her in his arms to her these words did say
When I am in Americay, I'll be true to my Irish maid

When you go to Americay those Yankees girls you'll find
And you'll have sweethearts of your own more pleasing to your mind
Do not forget the promises or the vows you made to me
Oh, stay at home, love, do not roam from your only Irish maid

'Tis many's a foolish youth, she said has gone to some foreign shore
Leaving his own true love behind oh, ne'er to see no more
It's in crossing the Atlantic foam sometimes our graves our made
Oh, stay at home, love, do not roam from your only Irish maid

These two young hearts together so fondly did embrace
Like dew upon the honey drops the tears run down her face
There's not a day while your away I'll visit still this place
Until you do return again to your lonely Irish maid