

The Faughan Side

A stream like crystal it runs down
As clearly may be seen
It's there you'll find the Irish Oak
Trimmed with the ivy green
The shamrock, rose and thistle
The lily too besides
All flourish there together boys
Along the Faughan side

Oh could you see this lovely place
All in the summer time
Each bush and tree they look so gay
Each meadow in its prime
The blackbird and the golden thrush
They tune their notes so gay
But still I had a notion
Of going to Amerikay

Farewell onto this lovely place
From it I mean to roam
To leave my friends in Ireland
And my dear old Irish home
Fare well unto my comrades all
And the place where they reside
For many's the happy times we spent
Along the Faughan side

It's about two miles from Derry
To the bridge of Drumahoe
Where many's the happy night we spent
In the days of long ago
Where the lambs do sport
And the fair maids court
And the small fish gently glide
In the blooming Spring
The small birds sing
Along the Faughan side

The leaving of this lovely place
It grieves my heart full sore
But the leaving of my bonny wee girl
It grieves me ten times more
And if ever I return again
I will make her my bride
And I'll roll her in my arms, boys
Along the Faughan side

Lily of the West

When first I came to Louisville
My fortunes there to find
There was a maiden there from Lexington
Was pleasing to my mind
Her rosy cheeks her ruby lips
Like arrows pierced my breast
And the name she bore was Flora
The Lily of the West

I courted lovely Flora
Some pleasures there to find
But she turned unto another man
Which soon displeased my mind
She stole away my liberty
Deprived me of the rest
And the name she bore was Flora
The Lily of the West

'Twas down in yonder shady bower
With a man of high degree
Conversing with my Flora there
It seemed so strange to me
The answer that she gave to him
Sore did my heart oppress
I was betrayed by Flora
The Lily of the West

I stepped up to my rival
My dagger in my hand
I seized him by the collar
And boldly bid him stand
Being mad with desperation
I pierced him in the breast
All for the love of Flora
The Lily of the West

I had to stand my trial
I had to make a plea
The put me in the criminal box
And sentenced passed on me
Although she stole my life away
Deprived me of the rest
I did it all for Flora
The Lily of the West

The Flower of Sweet Strabane

If I was King of Ireland
And had all this at my will
I'd roam for recreation
New fortunes to find still
But the fortune I would seek the most
I'll have you understand
Is to gain the heart of Martha
The flower of sweet Strabane

Her cheeks are like red roses
Her hair a lovely brown
And o'er her lily white shoulders
It rolls and tumbles down
She's one of the fairest creatures
In the whole Milesian Clan
Sure my heart is captivated by
The flower of sweet Strabane

I wish I had you Martha
Way down in Inisown
Or in some lonesome valley
In the wild woods of Tyrone
I'd do my whole endeavour
I would organise my plan
For to win the heart of Martha
The flower of sweet Strabane

So farewell Ballyliffin
New Mills and Waterside
I'm sailing on the ocean
Whatever may betide
As down the Foyle, the waters boil
Farewell to Ireland
And I bid farewell to Martha
The flower of sweet Strabane

The May Morning Dew

How pleasant in winter to sit by the hob
Listening to barks and the howls of a dog
And in summer to wander the wide valleys
through
And to pluck the wild flowers in the May
morning dew

Summer is coming, oh, summer is here
With the leaves on the trees and the skys
bright and clear
And the birds they are singing their notes soft
and true
And the wild flowers they are springing in the
May morning dew

The house I as raised in is but a stone on a
stone
And all 'round the garden the weeds they
have grown
And all the fine neighbours that I ever knew
Like the wild rose they are faded in the May
morning dew

God be with the old folks who are now dead
and gone
And likewise by brothers young Dennis and
John
As they skip through the heather the wild hare
to pursue
Their joys they are mingled in the May
morning dew

The Turfman from Ardee

For the sake of health I took a walk
One morning in the dawn
I met a jolly turfman
On the road as he came on
A friendly conversation came
Between that man and me
That's how I came acquainted with
The turfman from Ardee

We chatted very freely
As we jogged along the road
Sez he "me ass is tired"
"And I'd like to sell me load"
"I've had no refreshments"
"Since I left me home you see"
"And I'm tired out of travelling"
Said the turfman from Ardee

Sez I "your cart is ancient"
"And your ass is very old"
"It must be twenty Summers"
"Since that animal was foaled"
"Yoked in a cart when I was born"
"September forty three"
"And he cantered for the midwife"
Said the turfman from Ardee

"It's true me cart is ancient"
"But it's tough old Irish wood"
"It's been in circulation"
"since the time of Noah's Flood"
"The axel never wanted grease"
"In one year out of three"
"That's a real old Carrick axel"
Said the turfman from Ardee

'Twas then I heard a female voice
That I know very well
Politely asking this poor man
His load of turf to sell
I shook the dteady hand of his
He bowed respectfully
And I hope I meet some future day
With the turfman from Ardee

The Leinster Lass

One evening fair to take the air
I strolled along the Foyle
I'll tell you true I stood to view
All Nature in its pride
I'll tell you true I stood to view
The big ships sailing past
When a steamboat brave
Heaved up the wave
It was the Leinster Lass

On Newfound green she had been seen
Sailing up and down
And in the docks of Liverpool
Her equal can't be found
A mermaid stood on yon green bank
With her fine comb and glass
Saying; "You're welcome back to Erin's Isle"
"My lovely Leinster Lass"

It was on the seventeenth of March
It was Saint Patrick's Day
I heard a band march up the strand
And oh how they did play
Her colours flew red, white and blue
The birds sailed 'round her mast
Saying; "You're welcome back to Erin's Isle"
"My lovely Leinster Lass"

Here's a health to her Commander
All honour to his name
And likewise her Sea Captain
His name was Willy Kane
Let every man on her deck stand
Hold up a flowing glass
And we'll rig and steer when danger's near
On board the Leinster Lass