



COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHA NA MHO.

It was on a fine summer's morning,  
 When birds sweetly tuned on each bough,  
 I heard a fair maid sing most charming  
 As she sat milking her cow,  
 Her voice was enchanting melodious,  
 Which left me scarce able to go,  
 My heart is soothed in solace,  
 By Colleen das crutha na Mho.

With courtesy I did salute her,  
 Good morrow most amiable maid,  
 I am your captive slave for the future,  
 Kind sir, do not banter' she said.  
 'I'm not such a precious rare jewel,  
 That I should enamour you so,  
 I am but a plain country girl,  
 Says Colleen dhas crutha na Mho.  
 The Indies afford no such jewels,  
 So precious and transparently fair,  
 Oh, do not add fuel to my flame,  
 But content for to love me, my dear.  
 Take pity and grant my desire  
 And leave me no longer in wee,  
 O love me, or else I'll expire,  
 Says Colleen dhas crutha na Mho.

I don't understand what you mean, sir,  
 I ne'er was a slave yet in love,  
 These emotions I do not experience  
 So I pray your affections remove,  
 To marry I cannot I assure you,  
 That state I'll not undergo,  
 So young man I pray you'll excuse me  
 Says Colleen dhas crutha na Mho.  
 Or had I the wealth of great Damer,  
 Or all on the African shore,  
 Or had I great Devonshire treasure,  
 Or had I ten thousand times more,  
 Or had I the lamp of Aladdin  
 Or had I his genius also,  
 I'd rather live poor on a mountain  
 With Colleen dhas crutha na Mho.

I beg you'll withdraw and dont tease me,  
 I cannot consent unto thee,  
 I like to live single and airy,  
 I'll more of the world I do see,  
 New cares they would me embarris  
 Besides, sir, my fortune is low,  
 Until I get rich I, ll not marry,  
 Says Colleen dhas crutha na Mho.

An old maid is like an old almanac,  
 Quite useless when once out of date,  
 If her ware is not sold in the morning,  
 At noon it must fall to low rate.  
 The fragrance of May is soon over,  
 The rose loses its beauty, you know  
 All bloom is consumed in October,  
 Sweet Colleen dhas crutha na Mho.

A young maid is like a ship sailing,  
 Dont know how long she may steer,  
 For every blast she's in danger,  
 So consent, love, and banish each fear.  
 For riches I care not a farthing,  
 Your affection I want, and no more,  
 In wedlock I'd wish to enjoy you,  
 Sweet Colleen dhas crutha na Mho.



The Emigrant's Farewell

Farewell, dear Erin, I now must leave you,  
 And cross the seas to a foreign clime,  
 Farewell to friends and to kind relations,  
 And to my aged parents I left behind.  
 My heart is breaking all for to leave you,  
 Where I've spent many a happy day,  
 With lads and lasses and sparkling glasses,  
 But now I'm bound for America.

Farewell green hills and sweet lovely valleys,  
 Where with my love I did often rove,  
 And fondly told her I ne'er would leave her,  
 Whilst walking thro' each silent grove.  
 But I must leave you my charming Mary,  
 Was fortune kind sure at home I'd stay,  
 So do not mourn for I'll soon return,  
 And bring you off to America.

Oh, lovely Willy, now do not leave me.  
 I love you dearly, right well you know  
 Pray do not stray to a foreign nation,  
 Or leave me here, love, in grief and woe.  
 I know right well that the times are ca  
 Which causes thousands to go away,  
 But if you wait until the next season  
 We'll both sail over to America.

My love I'm bound for a foreign nation,  
 If the lord be pleased to bring me o'e,  
 To seek promotion and look for labour  
 Since all things failed on the Shamrock shore.  
 But if you have patience—if fortune favors  
 To crown my labours, believe what I say,  
 I will come, love, with gold in store,  
 And bring you over to America.

When I am roving upon the ocean,  
 Sweet Mary dear, you will run in my mind,  
 So do not mourn for I will return,  
 If you prove constant, love, I'll prove kind.  
 I pray have patience, my charming Mary,  
 Farewell, adieu now I must away,  
 I do intend it, let none prevent it,  
 To seek adventures in America.

Unknown to parents, friends and relations  
 My dearest Willy, with you I'll remain,  
 For I have plenty to bring us over,  
 As you wont consent, love, to stay at home,  
 He then consented—straightway they went