THE NEW VERSION OF THE COLLEEN BAWN

In the golden Vale of Limrik beside Shannon stream,
That a maiden lives who holds my heart and haunts me like a dream.
With shining showers of golden hair and gentle as the fan,
And cheeks that makes the red rose pale my darling colleen bawn.

Altho' she seldom spake to me I think of her with pide,
For many years I courted her & thought she'd be my bride,
But dreary hours of cold neglect are all from her I've drawn,
For I am but a labouring boy and she's the colleen bawn.

Her hand are whiter than the snow upon your mountain side,
And softer than the creamy foam that floats upon the tide,
Her eyes are bluer than the dew that sparkles on the lawn,
The sunshine of my life is she my darling colleen bawn.

To leay old Ireland far behind is often in my mind,
And wander for an other bride and Country for to find,
And that I've seen some loving swains upon her footsteps ban,
Which still keeps me near to guard my dear my darling colleen bawn.

Her beauty is fairest than all other females fine,
She is far briter than the sun that dose upon us shine,
Each night she dews upon my rest I cannot sleep till dawn,
Still wishing her to be my bride my darling colleen bawn.

The women of Limrik takes the sway around old Erin's shore:
They laught upon the city wall they did in days of yore,
They kept away the enemy all night until the dawn,
Most worthy of the title was my sweet my sweet colleen bawn.

Patrick's Clove, Dublin.