

Craigie Hills Jim MacFarland

It being in spring and the small birds were singing
Down by yon shady harbour I carelessly did stray
The thrushes they were warbling the violets were charming
To view fond lovers talking a while I did delay.

She said my love don't leave me for another season
Though fortune may be pleasing I 'll go along with you
I 'll forsake friends and relations and I'll quit this Irish nation
And to the bonny Bann banks forever I'll bid adieu.

He said my love don't grieve me or yet annoy my patience
You know I love you dearly the more I'm going away
I am going to a foreign nation to purchase a plantation
To comfort us hereafter all in Amerikay.

And after a short while if fortune does seem pleasing
'Twill cause them for to smile at our late going away
We'll be happy as Queen Victoria all in her greatest glory
We'll be drinking wine and porter all in Amerikay.

The landlord and their agents the bailiffs and their beagles
The land of our forefathers we're forced for to give o'er
Now we're sailing on the ocean for honour and promotion
And parting with our sweethearts it's them we do adore.

If you're ever in your bed lying and thinking on dying
One sight of the bonny Bann banks your sorrow you'd give o'er
Or if you were one hour down in yon shady bower
Pleasure would surround you you'd think on death no more.

So fare you well sweet Craigie Hills where oft times I roved
I never thought my childhood days I 'd part you anymore
Now we're sailing on the ocean for honour and promotion
And the bonny boats are sailing way down by Doorin shore.