

Eileen Mc Mahon Patricia Herald

Last night as I lay on my pillow
A vision came into my view
Of a ship sailing out on the ocean
And the wind it tremendously blew

On the deck stood a handsome young maiden
Her features I ne'er saw before
As she sighed for the rights of her country
Saying I'm banished from Erin's green shore

In thoughts I addressed this fair maiden
And asked her the cause of her sigh
Saying cheer up my handsome young maiden
And I'll be your slave til I die

She looked at me in meditation
As the tears from her blue eyes did flow
Saying I'm a poor exile from Erin
The land where the green shamrocks grow

My name it is Eileen McMahon
My age it is scarcely eighteen
And I thank you dear sir for your kindness
For you don't know how lonely I've been

For the want of employment in Ireland
I was forced as an exile to roam
Far away from my home in Killarney
Where in childhood I longed for to be

Far away from each mountain and valley
From hence forth to the gap of Dunloe
All around by the sweet shores of Muckish
And the beautiful vale of Arklow

It was then I awoke from my slumber
To gaze at my Eileen mo chroi
It was only the face of my mother
As fondly she gazed at me

The ship on the ocean has vanished
In fancy I see her once more
My beautiful Eileen McMahan
You're the pride of Erin's green shore