

Johnny of Hazeldean Packie Manus Byrne

One night as I rode o'er the lea with moonlight shining clear
I overheard a fair young maid lamenting for her dear
She did cry as I drew nigh and bitter to me it seemed
For she was letting the tears roll down for young Johnny o' Hazeldean

What is your trouble my lovely maid or what caused you to roam
Is it your father or your mother that's dead or have you got no home
My parents they are both alive and plainly to be seen
But I have lost my own true love he's young Johnny o' Hazeldean

What sort of your boy is your Hazeldean he's one I do not know
And he must be a brea young lad because you love him so
His arms are long and his shoulders broad he's comely to be seen
And his hair is rolled like chains of gold he's my Johnny o' Hazeldean

Dry up your tears my lovely maid and come along with me
And I'll have you wed to my only son I never had one but he
And you might be a bride I said to any lord or king
But I'd far rather be a bride said she to my Johnny o' Hazeldean

She got on her milk white steed and I got on my bay
And we rode along that moonlight night and part of the next day
And we came up to the gates the bells began to ring
And who stepped out but the brea young lad called Johnny o' Hazeldean

You're welcome home dear father he said you're welcome home to me
And you brought me back that fair young maid I thought I'd never see
The smile upon her gentle face as sweet as grass is green
So I hope she's enjoying her married life with young Johnny o' Hazeldean