

# Craigie Hill

Cara Dillon

It being in the springtime and the small birds, they were singing  
Down by yon shady harbor, I carelessly did stray, the, the thrushes  
They were warbling, the violets, they were charming  
To view fond lovers talking, a while I did delay  
She said, "My dear, don't leave me all for  
another season  
Though fortune does be pleasing, I'll go along with you  
I'll forsake friends and relations and bid this Irish nation  
And to the bonny Bann banks forever, I'll bid adieu"  
He said, "My dear, don't grieve or yet  
annoy my patience  
You know I love you dearly the more I'm going away  
I'm going to a foreign nation to purchase a plantation  
To comfort us hereafter all in America"  
Then after a short while a fortune does be pleasing  
It will 'cause them for 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 America  
If you were in your bed lying and thinking on  
dying  
The sight of the lovely Bann banks, your sorrow you'd give over  
Or if were down one hour, down in yon shady bower  
Pleasure would surround you, you'd think on death no more  
Then fare you well, sweet Craigie Hills, where often times I've roved  
I never thought my childhood days I'd part you anymore  
Now, we're sailing on the ocean for honor and promotion  
And the bonny boats are sailing way down by Doorin shore

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