Traditional Irish



- 3. Her golden hair in ringlets fair, her eyes like diamonds shining Her slender waist, her heavenly face, that leaves my heart still pining Ye gods above oh hear my prayer to my beauteous fair to find me And send me safely back again, to the girl I left behind me
- 4. The bee shall honey taste no more, the dove become a ranger

  The falling waters cease to roar, ere I shall seek to change her

  The vows we made to heav'n above shall ever cheer and bind me
  In constancy to her I love, the girl I left behind me.















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