



A NEW VERSION
ON THE
COLLEEN BAWN

In the golden vale of Limerick,
Beside the Shannon stream
The maiden lives who holds my heart,
And haunts me like a dream,
With shining showers of golden hair
As gentle as the fawn,
And cheeks that make the red rose
My darling Colleen Bawn.

Although she seldom speaks to me,
I think of her with pride,
For five long years I courted her,
And asked her to be my bride
For dreary times of cold neglect,
Are all from her I've drawn,
For I am but a labouring boy,
And she the Colleen Bawn.

Her hands are whiter than the snow,
Upon the mountain high
And softer than the creamy foam
That floats upon the tide
Her eyes are brighter than the sun
That sparkles on the lawn
The sunshine of my life is she,
My darling Colleen Bawn.

And leave old Ireland far behind
Though often in my mind
And wander for another battle
And country far to find,
But that I've seen some low spe'p'een,
Upon her foot step tawn
Which keeps me near to guard my dear
My darling Colleen Bawn

Her beauty it is far beyond
All other females fine
She is brighter than the sun
That does upon us shine,
Each night she does disturb my rest,
I cannot sleep till dawn
Still wishing her to my bride
My darling Colleen Bawn.

The women of Limerick takes the sway
Thro' old Erin's shore
They fought upon the City walls
They did in days of yore
They kept away the enemy
All night until the dawn
Most worthy of the titles was
My darling Colleen Dawn

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