My Little Maureen

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Oh my love is as soft as the down on the breast of a swan
Aye and sweeter by far than the honey that comes from the bees
I'm happier still than the singing of birds on the wing
Oh my sweet one, my treasure, my little Maureen Machrie

Oh her eyes are the stars that shine in the black of the sky
And her cheeks are as soft as petals that come from the rose
And happy would I be forever beside her to lie
And God in his heaven forgive me for loving her so

When the greyness of winter gives way to the colors of spring
When the sea stops its fury and wee birds are starting to build
Then I'll go with my Maureen when blackthorns are blooming
And the summer's green meadows we'll gather the flowers of the hills

recorded by Irish Rovers
SOF