Orange Maid of Sligo

Orange Maid of Sligo

On Ben Bulben's green and lofty height
The evening sun was a setting bright
It gave a ray of a golden light
Around the Bay of Sligo

A tiny craft with glancing oars
And spreading sails, the wind before
It blew the tiny craft ashore
To this, the Bay of Sligo

And at the bow there sat a girl
With lovely cheeks and flaxen curl
Her tender beauty was like a pearl
T'was the Orange maid of Sligo

And glancing o'er the vessel's side
She saw upon the water's glide
An orange lily's golden pride
Upon the Bay of Sligo

"Make haste, make haste and save that flower
I prize it more than any other
No traitor shall have it within his power
Around the Bay of Sligo"

An Orange youth then made a vow,
Brought back that flower and with a bow
Bestowed it on the lovely brow
Of the orange maid of Sligo

She soon became his lovely bride
And oft they thought at even tide
Upon that lily's golden pride
Around the Bay of Sligo

Come all true blues and fill your glass
A better toast will never pass
We'll drink unto that lovely lass
The Orange Maid of Sligo

Air is very close to "Avondale". A real rarity!

MR
apr97

Visit www.traditionalmusic.co.uk for more songs.