

## MARY ÓG MO CHROÍ

Dear Erin's heath-clad mountains are beautiful to view,  
Likewise her hills and fountains and lakes of rolling blue.  
But on these hills and sparkling mills there are no joys for me  
Since You beneath the clay now sleep young Mary óg mo chroí.

And fond memory brings me back the hours when over the mountains wild,  
I wandered through those perfumed bowers with Mary young and mild.  
And when beneath those shady trees we sat down silently,  
Or listening to the blustering breeze with Mary óg mo chroí.

Her cheeks were like the rose so red, upon the mountain side.  
Her neck was like the foam that flows, down by Lough Gara's tide.  
Her eyes shone like two diamonds most beautiful to see  
And my hearts delight, both day and night was Mary óg mo chroí.

In Callow's lone and shady Groves, some comely maidens dwell  
But she the queen of perfumed flowers from the Callow maidens fell.  
No more the summer sun will shine on our meadows cheerily,  
Since You beneath the clay now sleep young Mary óg mo chroí.

No more in Callows shady bowers gladsomely shall we stray.  
No more in Callows shady bowers will we while the hours away.  
No more we'll meet on Frenchpark Street or view its verdant lea  
For beneath the clay in Clooneshamble lawn sleeps Mary óg mo chroí.

