

MY LOVELY IRISH ROSE

Performed by: Eta Nash

A winding welard¹ winds its way out to an Irish home;
We mingled there so anxiously, where across the green grass grows;
And in a spark go to the cot, where the grass so green it grows,
That I bid farewell to my own sweet girl, my lovely Irish Rose.

Oh Donegal, the pride of all I never shall forget,
In cabins there beyond compare, I think I see them yet;
I'd rather stray by the old home way, where the grass so green it grows,
On summer's night for my heart felt light, my lovely Irish Rose.

Oh Mary, dear, I miss you here, I'm lonesome for a while,
I miss your loving arms at rest and I miss your Irish smile;
Before I go to sleep at night, before my eyes are closed,
And I pray that God may guide to rise, my lovely Irish Rose.
And I pray that God may guide to rise, my lovely Irish Rose.

¹ *Editor's note: river.*