

Eileen's Ardency

Leaves' Eyes

I came home in May with a glad heart
Nothing there that could cause me grief
Nothing could make me sorrow-full and bitter
Nothing could make my head hang down

Eileen my white flower of the blackberry
Whiter than lilies
The dew of a rose
Eileen my bright flower of the blackberry
My summer breeze
A poem in the spring

Woman why are you crying out your eyes now?
Are there any other wooers around?
Woman the nightingale sang me a tale tonight
That is not soothing music to my ears

So green her eyes
Burning red her hair
A hundred rings of thorns around my neck
There's a thousand strings strangling my chest
Is tu ma ghra
A hundred rings of thorns around my neck
There's a thousand strings strangling my chest

Eileen my white flower of the blackberry
Whiter than lilies
The dew of a rose
Eileen
Is tu ma ghra
Eileen my death in the spring