

The Gem Of The Roe

Cara Dillon

In a land of O'Cahan where bleak mountains rise
O'er those brown ridgy tops now the dusky clouds fly
Deep sunk in a valley a wild flower did grow

And her name was Finvola, the Gem of the Roe

For the Isles of Abunde appeared to out view

A youth clad in tartan, it's strange but it's true

With a star on his breast and unstrung was his bow
And he sighed for Finvola the Gem of the Roe

The Gem of the Roe, the Gem of the Roe
And he sighed for Finvola
The Gem of the Roe

To the grey shores of Alba his bride he did bear
But short were the fond years these lovers did share
For thrice on the hillside the Banshee cried low

Twas the death of Finvola the Gem of the Roe

The Gem of the Roe, the Gem of the Roe
Twas the death of Finvola
The Gem of the Roe

No more up the streamlet her maidens will hie
For wan the pale cheek and bedimmed the blue eye
In silent affliction our sorrows will flow

Since gone is Finvola the Gem of the Roe
The Gem of the Roe, the Gem of the Roe
Since gone is Finvola
The Gem of the Roe