

Here's a health to you, bonny Kellswater
Where you'll get all the pleasures of life
Where you'll get all the fishing and fowling,
And a bonny wee lass for your wife.

Oh, it's down where yon waters run muddy,
I'm afraid they will never run clear.
And it's when I dig in for to study
My mind is on them that's not here.

It's this one and that one they court him,
But if anyone gets him but me,
It's early and late I will curse them
That parted lovely Willie from me.

Oh, a father he calls on his daughter,
"Two choices I'll give unto thee
Would you rather see Willie's ship a-sailing,
Or see him hung like a dog from yon tree?"

"Oh, Father, dear Father, I love him.
I can no longer hide it from thee.
Through an acre of fire I would travel
Alone with lovely Willie to be."

Oh, hard was the heart that confined her,
And took from her her heart's delight.
May the chains of old Ireland bind around them,
And soft be their pillows at night.

Oh, yonder's a ship on the ocean
And she does not know which way to steer.
From the east to the west she's a-going.
She reminds me of the charms of my dear.

Oh, it's yonder my Willie will be coming,
He said he'd be here in the spring,
And it's down by yon green shades I'll meet him,
And among yon wild roses we'll sing.

For a gold ring he placed on my finger
Saying "Love, bear this in your mind
If ever I sail from Old Ireland,
You'll mind I'll not leave you behind."

Farewell to you, bonny Kellswater
Where you'll get all the pleasures of life,
Where you'll get all the fishing and fowling,
And a bonny wee lass for your wife.