

# Eileen Óg

## The Dubliners

Eileen Óg and that the darling's name is  
And through the Barony her features they were famous  
If we loved her then who was there to blame us  
For wasn't she the pride of Petravore

But her beauty made us all look so shy  
Not a man could look her in the eye  
Boys, oh boys, sure that's the reason why  
We're in mourning for the pride of Petravore

Eileen Óg, me heart is growin' grey  
Ever since the day you wandered far away  
Eileen Óg, there's good fish in the sea  
But there's none of them like the pride of Petravore

Friday at the fair of Ballintubber  
Eileen met McGrath, the cattle jobber  
I'd like to set me mark upon the robber  
For he stole away the pride of Petravore

He never seemed to see the girl at all  
Even when she ogled him from underneath her shawl  
Looking big and masterfull when she was looking small  
Most provoking for the pride of Petravore

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So it went as it was in the beginning  
Eileen Óg was bent upon the winning  
Big McGrath contentedly was grinning  
Being courted by the pride of Petravore

Says he, "I know a girl that could knock you into fits"  
As that Eileen nearly lost her wits  
The upshot of the ruction was that now the robber sits  
With his arm around the pride of Petravore

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Boys, oh boys, with faith is hard to grapple  
Of my eye 'tis Eileen was the apple  
Now to see her walking to the chapel  
With the hardest featured man in Petravore

Now boys, this is all I have to say  
When you do your courting make no display  
If you want them to run after you just walk the other way  
For they're mostly like the pride of Petravore

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