

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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