

Roisin Dubh

Oh boys, ochone, I'm all alone, and my eyes with big tears fill
I'm bound today for Boston Bay in a steamship from Moville
There's no relief, I'm blind with grief, and my pride has got a fall
For I'm leaving darling Roisin Dubh, my girl from Donegal.

Oh she has eyes like May-morn skies and midnight in her hair
A swan-like breast - love's cosy nest - and a face that's ever fair
Where the heather grows and blooms the rose, the rarest rose of all,
In her beauty grew my Roisin Dubh, my girl from Donegal.

But who can tell the thoughts that dwell in a mind with care
oppressed?
Or who can know the weight of woe that's buried in my breast?
I sigh and moan, I'm weary grown, and the day dawns like a pall
For I'm leaving darling Roisin Dubh, my girl from Donegal.

Oh I'd be glad, an Irish lad, to slave in the old soil
With a pick or spade, though poorly paid, from the Shannon to the
Foyle
But I've travelled here and travelled there, my luck's gone to the wall
And I'm leaving darling Roisin Dubh, my girl from Donegal.

But when "out west" I'll work my best till fortune's web is spun
And my eye is bright, my step is light, and I have "the dollars" won
Then when I've trod my native sod once more, with "cash at call"
Sure, I'll marry darling Roisin Dubh, my girl from Donegal.

For she has eyes like May-morn skies and midnight in her hair
A swan-like breast - love's cosy nest - and a face that's ever fair
From the Blarney Stone to Inishowen, none can compare at all,
With the tried and true, my Roisin Dubh, my girl from Donegal.

Written by John Gerald Roddy, Derry, December 1915.

Set to the air suggested by Deirdre Scanlan: O'Brien the Blacksmith