

THE FLOWER OF SWEET STRABANE

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If I were king of Erin's isle, and all things at my will
I'd roam thru all creation, new fortunes to find still
And the fortune I would seek the most, you all must understand
Is to win the heart of Martha, the flower of sweet Strabane

Her cheeks they are a rosy red, her hair golden brown
And o'er her lily-white shoulders it carelessly falls down
She's one of the loveliest creatures of the whole creation planned
And my heart is captivated by the flower of sweet Strabane.

If I had you lovely Martha away in Inishowen
Or in some lonesome valley in the wild woods of Tyrone
I would use my whole endeavour and I'd try to work my plan
For to gain my prize and to feast my eyes on the Flower of
sweet Strabane

Oh, I'll go o'er the Lagan down where the steamships roam
I'm sailing for Amerikay across the briny foam
My boat is bound for Liverpool down by the Isle of Man
So I'll say farewell, God bless you, my Flower of sweet Strabane.