

Ballinдерrie



Oh please come back
To Ballinдерrie
You have my heart
Oh don't you see
You left me here
And here I'll be sitting
Under the ivy tree

Oho-ohe, all are gone
Oho-ohe, all are gone
It's pretty here
In Ballinдерrie
The summer's come
The trees are green
How pretty is was
And pretty it is
Is not as sweet
As your sweet kiss

Oho-ohe, all are gone
Oho-ohe, all are gone

(Trad. Arr. B. Scott)

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