The Widow Of Wicklow - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE WIDOW OF WICKLOW.
Copyright, 1890, by Frank Harding.
Words and Music by J. H. Woodhouse.

In a neat little cabin far o'er on the hillside,
Over in Wicklow. a widow does dwell;
But not all alone, for a colleen lives with her.
The sweetheart of one whom they both loved so well;
It was not for treason he left his own country.
But to better hid lot, to bring comfort and joy;
And whenever the neighbors inquire if he's living,
With tears in her eyes she will speak of her boy.

Chorus.
He's gone to the land where they pave the streets with money,
Where freedom and friendship their flags they do unfurl;
And when He's rich my boy, I know my darling honey will return
To his mother and the pick of Irish girls-his pick of Irish girls.

Each meal-time his arm-chair is placed near the table,
As if she expected her boy coming home;
The Slippers he wore are placed down by the fender,
Forgetting awhile that he's far o'er the foam;
Her mind is quite absent from watching and waiting;
The postman's rat-tat can alone make her start.
And when she has read the contents of his letter,
She sings and then presses it close to her heart.-Chorus.

He thinks of the colleen he left in old Ireland,
The tears of pure love to his eyes often start;
he worships the soil that belongs to his Ireland,
And grieves when he thinks of his mother's sad heart;
The thought of returning will oft help to cheer him;
From morning till night at his labor he's seen,
And often he'll murmur when any one's near him.
May God keep my mother and Irish colleen.-Chorus.