Sweet Maggie Gordon - song lyrics

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SWEET MAGGIE GORDON.

Oh, I wish my love and I were sailing, far from land as far could be;
Sailing on the deep blue waters, where I'll have no one to trouble me.

Chorus.
Sweet Maggie Gordon, you are my bride, come and sit thee on my knee,
And tell me the very reason why I'm slighted so by thee.

Oh, the sea is deep-I cannot cross over, nor neither have I wings to fly;
But I wish I had some jolly boatsman to carry over my love and I.-Chorus.

I wish I had a glass of water-I will tell you the reason why:
While I am drinking, I am thinking of my true love, with a sigh.- Chorus.

Hush, My Darlings, Do Not Weep.

Hush, my darlings, do not weep, better days are coming near,
Sails a ship across the deep, and I know 'twill soon be here;
Oh, It brings to Erin's land, help and food for us galore-
Gift to us from Freedom's land, may Heaven bless it evermore!

Chorus.
Raise your little hands in prayer, bless the the kind hearts o'er the sea;
May our Lord from famine spare those who succor mine and me.

Oh, how bitter was our woe when we heard our children cry,
And when we saw them hungry grow, beg for food, and, pleading, die;
Then our mother-hearts they bled, and our anguish who can speak?
'Till from Freedom's land there sped stores of bounty for the weak. - Chorus.

Bless the willing hands of gold that have given bread to mine.
Grant them happiness untold-may the sun for them e'er shine;
Could they see our children dear clap their little hands in glee,
Oh, 'twould ever glad and cheer Freedom's daughters o'er the sea. - Chorus.