

## The Cavan Road

One evening fair to take the air alone I chanced to stray;  
In silent meditation to Cootehill I took my way.  
It was there I spied a charming girl near to her own abode,  
And this charmer fair I do declare lived on the Cavan Road.

Say's I, "Fair maid, why have you strayed so lonely on your way?  
Some rude young man might you trepan and could lead you quite astray.  
Oh, the sun is hot, we'll have a chat together as we rove,  
And we'll talk about our own true loves along the Cavan Road."

"My parents, they'd be angry at me making so free."  
"Your parents would be angry for this is destiny,  
For it was ordained all by the Lord this meeting to fulfill.  
Therefore I say, make no delay, leave lovely sweet Cootehill."

This fair one then made answer and this to me did say,  
"You might be acting pleasing, my virtue to betray,  
And since I am but very young I must have my parents' will,  
And until that I get their consent I cannot leave Cootehill."

It was early the next morning to her father's house we went,  
And after some conversation they gave us their consent.  
We joined our hands in wedlock bands with a free heart and good will,  
And it's now she's in America, left lovely sweet Cootehill.

It's now she's in America with her true love doing well,  
And she has money at her command, the truth to you I'll tell.  
She drinks a health to all young men that by true love are controlled,  
And to every comely browey girl along the Cavan Road.