

The Lass from Cushendun

Come all you young and dashing blades and a warning take by me,
And never put much confidence in any wee girl you see.
If to me you'll lend an ear before my song is done,
I'll tell you of a bonny wee lass that came from Cushendun.

It was at the Ballycastle Fair it being the Lammas Time,
When farming folk are in good cheer and the harvest is enshrined.
On the female throng I gazed upon until I spied this one,
Dismounting from a farmer's cart that had come from Cushendun.

Well I boldly stepped right up to her and helped her to alight.
She gave to me a flashing smile by heaven all seemed right. Our
glances met her vision passed and round my heart was spun,
A web of love that bound me fast was the girl from Cushendun.

I met her later as by chance and she yielded me her hand,
And in the middle of the dance I entered fairy land.
On twinkling toes my spirits rose and the jig has scarce begun.
Well I seemed to soar on music's wings with the girl from Cushendun.

When the dance was done we both sat down, and I asked her name
and place.
I praised the pattern of her gown and the fairness of her face.
She gave her sunny curls a shake and a cloud passed o'er the sun.
Says she my name is Missus Ross and I come from Cushendun.

Its glad to meet and sad to part its years ago and yet,
The memory of an old sweetheart is harder to forget.
Although my face is lined with care and the sands of time near done,
I mind the Ballycastle fair and the girl from Cushendun.
Yes, I mind the Ballycastle fair and the girl from Cushendun.