

# Christy Moore, I Wish I Was In England

Oh I wish I was in England, in France or even in Spain  
Or wherever dwells my own true love, to hold her near again  
Wherever dwells my own true love to hold her near again

Oh long time I had been roaming, in country and in town  
But never in my wanderings met, a maid with such renown  
No never in my wanderings met, a maid with such renown

Until I met my true love on the shores of Knocknashee  
Her brown hair in the howling wind, a-blowing wild and free  
Her brown hair in the howling wind, a-blowing wild and free

Oh my true love she did promise me some land with rambling kine  
And on her ample pasture land to build a mansion fine  
And on her ample pasture land to build a mansion fine

But then my love she left me, and she wandered far away  
And I've been searching for my love for many's the night and day  
Yes I've been searching for my love for many's the night and day

Oh I wish that I was in England, or wherever she may be  
That I could go and call my love, and together we would be  
That I could go and call my love and together we would be