

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