

Sinead O' Connor, Her Mantle So Green

As I went out walking one morning in June,
To view the fair fields and the valleys in bloom,
I spied a pretty fair maid she appeared like a queen
With her costly fine robes and her mantle so green.

Says I, "My pretty fair maid, won't you come with me
We'll both join in wedlock, and married we'll be,
I'll dress you in fine linnen, you'll appear like a queen,
With your costly fine robes and your mantle so green."

Says she now, "You Young man, you must be excused,
For I'll wed with no man, you must be refused;
To the green woods I will wander to shun all men's view,(?)
For the lad that I love fell in famed Waterloo."

"O, then, if you won't marry, tell me your love's name,
For I being in battle, I might know the same."
"Draw near to my garment and there will be seen,
His name is embroidered on my mantle so green."

In raising her mantle there I did behold
His name and his surname in letters of gold;
Young William O'Reilly appeared in my view
He was my chief comrade back in famed Waterloo.

But when he was dying I heard his last cry
'If you were here, Lovely Nancy, contented I'd die;'
Now Peace is proclaimed, and the truth I declare
Here is your love token, the gold ring I wear."

O, Nancy, dear Nancy, 'tis I won your heart
In your father's garden that day we did part.
Now the wars are all over, no trouble is seen
And I'll wed with my true love in her mantle so green."