

Nana Mouskouri, Ballinderrie

Oh ! please come back
To Ballinderrie
You have my heart
Oh! don't you see
You left me here
And here I'll be sitting
Under the ivy tree

Oh,oh,oh, all are gone
Oh, oh ,oh all are gone

It's pretty here
In Ballinderrie
The summer's come
The trees are green
How pretty is was
And pretty it is
Is not as sweet
As your sweet kiss

Oh, oh, oh, all are gone
Oh, oh, oh, all are gone