

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, wont you come with me,
We'll both join in wedlock, and married we'll be;
I will dress you in fine linen, you'll appear like a queen,
With your costly fine robes and your mantle so green.

Says she, now my young man, you must be excused,
For I'll wed no man, so you must be refused;
To the green woods I will wander and shun all men's view
For the boy I love dearly lies in farmed Waterloo.

Well if you're not married, say your lover's name
I fought in that battle, so I might know the same.
Draw near to my garment, and there you will see
His name is embroidered on my mantle so green.

In the ribbon of her mantle, there I did behold,
His name and his surname, in letters of gold
Young William O'Riley, appeared in my view
He was my chief comrade back in farmed Waterloo

And as he lay dying, I heard his last cry
"If you were here lovely Nancy I'd be willing to die"
And as I told her this story, in anguish she flew,
And the more that I told her, the paler she grew

So I smiled on my Nancy, 'twas I broke your heart,
In your father's garden, that day we did part
And this is the truth, and the truth I declare,
Oh here's your love token the gold ring I wear.