

GB/6b/14 Shule Agra

Sung by Mr. Smith at Stoke Lacy, Hereford, September 1907

Noted by George Butterworth

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Dorian

O it's slan, slan, slan a - guss-a - roo, Time can on - ly ease my woe, Since the

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lad of my heart from me did de-part, Slan mav-our - neen, slan, slan.

1. O it's slan, slan, slan agussaroo,
Time can only ease my woe,
Since the lad of my heart from me did depart,
Slan mavourneen, slan, slan.
2. Then I'll sell my rock and I'll sell my wheel,
To buy my love a sword of steel,
That every battle he might win,
Slan mavourneen, slan, slan.
3. I wish I was on yonder hill,
I'd sit me down and cry my fill;
Every tear might turn a mill,
Slan mavourneen, slan, slan.
4. Then round my petticoats I wear red,
Oft times my parents wish that I was dead,
As through the world I beg my bread,
Slan, mavourneen, slan, slan.