Valley of Strathmore

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By the clear and the winding stream
In the valley of Strathmore
Where my love and I have been
Where we'll wander never more

But if time was a thing man could buy
All the money that I have in store
I would give for one day by her side
In the valley of Strathmore

From the glen of the golden and the green
I left for a land far away
Where sadness has never been seen
Aye, and joy only costs a day's pay

In Strathmore there's a long working day
For a man with his hands on the plow
But it's work I'd be happy to do
If at night I were lying with you

As I take a long draft from my glass
Oh, I'm drinking alone here again
And I try not to think of my lass
For the old days will ne'er come again

JN
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