

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Girl I've Left Behind Me

Girl I've Left Behind Me

SOURCE:
Bob Pfeffer

SOURCE'S SOURCE: ????

COMMENTS: AKA: Brighton Camp

TEXT:

 D G
I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill
 D G D
And o'er the moor and valley
 D G
Such heavy thoughts my mind do fill
 A7 D
Since parting with my Sally
 D
I ask no more the fine or gay
 D A7
For each but does remind me
 D G
How swift the hours did pass away
 A7 D
With the girl I've left behind me

Oh, ne'er shall I forget the night
The stars were bright above me
And gently lent their silv'ry light
When first she vow'd to love me
But now I'm bound to Brighton Camp
Kind Heaven, then, pray guide me
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

Had I the art to sing her praise
With all the skill of Homer,
The only theme should fill my lays -
The charms of my true lover.
So let the night be e'er so dark,
Or e'er so wet and windy
Kind heaven send me back again

To the girl I've left behind me.

Her golden hair, in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
May leave the swan repining.

Ye gods above! oh, hear my prayer,
To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling waves may cease to roar,
Ere I shall seek to change her.

The vows we register'd above
Shall ever cheer and bind me
In constancy to her I love, -
Ye gods above! oh, hear my prayer,
To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I've left behind me.

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling waves may cease to roar,
Ere I shall seek to change her.

The vows we register'd above
Shall ever cheer and bind me
In constancy to her I love, -
The girl I've left behind me.

Additional verses from Songs of the Irish in America, Meek.RG

She says, "My love, come home to me
My friends are rich and many;
Or else abroad with you I'll roam
A soldier stout as any.

If you'll not come or let me go
I'll think you have resigned me,"
It broke my heart to answer, "No"
To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave
A life of war and toiling,
And never as a skulking slave
I'll tread my native soil on.

But someday I'll return again
If the rebels they don't find me

And never will I roam again
From the girl I left behind me.

RPf