

The Beaver Brig

The Beaver Brig sits neat and trig all in the month of May,
she hoists her sail with a pleasant gale all on the raging sea,
her crew she been well manned and her anchor she let sway,
as down the Foyle away did toil bound for Amerikay.

The wind it blew from the south-east the weather it was clear,
at nights when I should slumber I think all on my dear,
these words I says unto myself as I did walk alone,
I wish my darling was safe back once more to Inishowen.

Moville it is a pleasant place where fine ships they do lie,
and likewise sweet Magilligan where fine ships they do sail by,
my love she is Diana bright, she's the girl I do adore,
and she's left me here in bondage to lament on Erin's shore.

Had I Peru or Mexico or India's golden store,
I'd gladly share them with my love, she's the girl I do adore,
for want of pen to move my hand for learning I need skill,
and my rural habitation's in the centre of Moville.

I'll pluck the finest flower that grows in the month of May,
I'll take two letters from the herb that's hoist on Patrick's Day,
I'll place those letters carefully that stand at number four,
and they'll spell the name of that fair dame once sailed from Erin's shore.