

The Colleen Roo

As I walked out on a summer's morning speculating most curiously,
to my surprise I there espied a dazzling fair one approaching me;
I stood a while in deep admiration, speculating what I should do,
till at last recruiting all my sensations I thus accosted the colleen roo.

Are you Aurora or the goddess Flora or Timidora or Venus bright,
or Helen fair beyond compare that Paris stole from the Grecian side,
oh fairest maiden, you have ensnared me, I captivated in Cupid's glue,
your golden sayings and infatuations they have ensnared me, a chailín roo.

Kind sir, be easy and do not tease me with your false praises so jestingly,
your dissimulations and invocations are vaunting praises alluring me,
I'm not Aurora or the goddess Flora, but a rural maiden to all men's view,
that's here condoling my situation, my appellation the colleen roo.

Oh, were I Hector that noble victor who fell a victim to the Grecian skill,
or were I Paris whose deeds are various, as an arbitrator on Ida's hill,
I'd roam throw Asia and Abyssinia or Pennsylvania courting you,
the burning regions like sage Orpheus all for to find you, a chailín roo.