

The Lady and the Roving Blade

The Irish Rovers

He always was a rover who never settled down
Freedom of the open road kept him rambling 'round
Songs and storytelling were his stock and trade
Happy as a lark was the jolly Roving Blade

And she was born a lady into high society
At home among the gentry and raised most properly
Beautiful and charming, the young men came to call
None could take her fancy; she refused them all

Love is everywhere, elusive as the wind
Blowing hot or cold, no one know where it begins
A stirring in the blood and the heart begins to sing
Growing to a flower like a blossom in the spring

They met by chance on morning, 'twas on a market day
They joined in conversation and the time, it whiled away
Everything in common, be it a hundred worlds apart
But Cupid's always blind in matters of the heart

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Enchanted by each other, they walked along the strand
As close as long-lost lovers, strolling hand in hand
Said he, "I know this country, and could show you all its charms"
Said she, "I'll gladly go with you and nestle in your arms"

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The Lady and the Roving Blade answered Cupid's call
And found a lasting true love - the most precious gift of all
Arm in arm together, they followed true love's ways
Two hearts joined as one, now, forever and a day

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