

Eileen Oge
(The Pride Of Petravore)

Em Am D Bm

Em Am G Em 3

Em D Bm Am

Em D Bm Em

Eileen Oge
(From The Dubliners CD 30, Years—a–Greying)

Eileen Oge and that the darlin's name is
Through the Barony her features they were famous
If we loved her who is there to blame us
for wasn't she the pride of Petravore
But her beauty made us all so shy
Not a man could look her in the eye
Boys oh Boys sure that's the reason why
We're in mournin' for the Pride of Petravore

Chorus

Eileen Oge! me heart is growin' grey
Ever since that day, you wandered far away
Eileen Oge! there's good fish in the say
But there's no one like the Pride of Petravore.

Friday at the fair of Ballintubber,
Eileen met McGrath the cattle jobber,
I'd like to set me mark upon the robber
For he stole away the Pride of Petravore.
He never seemed to see the girl at all
Even when she ogled him underneath her shawl,
Lookin' big and masterful when she was lookin' small,
Most provoking for the Pride of Petravore.

Chorus

So it went as it was in the beginning,
Eileen Oge was bent upon the winning;
Big McGrath contentedly was grinning,
Being courted by the Pride of Petravore.
Sez he "I know a girl who could knock you into fits,"
At that Eileen nearly lost her wits,
The upshot of the ruction was that now the robber sits
With his arm around the Pride of Petravore.
Chorus

Boys, O boys! with fate 'tis hard to grapple,
Of my eye 'tis Eileen was the apple,
And now to see her walkin' to the chapel
Wid the hardest featured man in Petravore.
And now boys this is all I have to say;
When you do your courtin' make no display,
If you want them to run after you just walk the other way
For they're mostly like the Pride of Petravore.
Chorus

rev: v1.0, September 7, 2007 – wdm