Andy M. Stewart, Brighidin Ban Mo Store

I am a wand'ring minstrel man, And Love my only theme, I've stray'd beside the pleasant Bann, And eke the Shannon's stream; I've pip'd and play'd to wife and maid By Barrow, Suir, and Nore, But never met a maiden yet Like Brighidin Ban Mo Store.

My girl hath ringlets rich and rare, By Nature's fingers wove -Loch-Carra's swan is not so fair As her breast of love; And when she moves, in Sunday sheen, Beyond our cottage door, I'd scorn the high-born Saxon queen For Brighidin Ban Mo Store.

It is not that thy smile is sweet,
And soft thy voice of song It is not that thou fleest to meet
My comings lone and long;
But that doth rest beneath thy breast,
A heart of purest core,
Whose pulse is known to me alone,
My Brighidin Ban Mo Store!