

Andy M. Stewart, The Gold Claddagh Ring

It being a fine morning, this young man he chose
That he'd make occasion to wear his fine clothes

And it's down to the glen where the bonnie lassie goes
To give her a token of his love, we suppose

"Mary, oh Mary, if I could be your man
Between you and danger I fearlessly would stand

With this gold claddagh ring on your lily-white hand
Oh, there ne'er was another would dress you so grand."

There's no sun in summer there's no flowers in spring
Her hands hold my heart like the gold claddagh ring.

"Johnny, oh Johnny the ring it is of gold
And it's hands and fine heart, they are lovely to behold

But if I had the ring for one evening to hold
Then you shall have my answer e'er the week shall be old."

"Oh why have the weeks gone and not an answer came ?
And why is it that women are smarter than men ?

Oh the girl's kept the ring which I shall ne'er see again
Oh, she has many like it in a fine box at hame."

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