

Ned on the Hill

Dark is the evening and silent the hour
Who is that minstrel by yon lonely tower.
Whose harp is so tenderly touching with skill
Oh who could it be but Ned on the Hill.

*And he sings, "Lady love, will you come with me now
Come and live merrily under the bough
And the pillow your head where the light fairies tread
If you will but wed with Ned on the Hill"*

Ned on the Hill has no castle or hall
No spearmen no bowmen to come at his call
But one little archer of exquisite skill
Has loosed a bright shaft for Ned on the Hill.

*And he sings, "Lady love, will you come with me now
Come and live merrily under the bough
And the pillow your head where the light fairies tread
If you will but wed with Ned on the Hill"*

It is hard to escape from this lady's bower.
For high are the windows and guarded the tower
But where there's always a will there is always a way
And Eileen is gone with Ned on the Hill.