

By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 65
 But who is he who lingereth yet?
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 The fresh green sod with his tears is wet,
 And his heart in that bridal grave is set,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 70
 Oh, who but Sir Turlough, the young and brave,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 Should bend him o'er that bridal grave,
 And to his death-bound Eva rave,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 75
 "Weep not — weep not," said a lady fair,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 "Should youth and valour thus despair,
 And pour their vows to the empty air?"
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 80
 There's charmèd music upon her tongue,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 Such beauty — bright and warm and young —
 Was never seen the maids among,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 85
 A laughing light, a tender grace,
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 Sparkled in beauty around her face,
 That grief from mortal heart might chase,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 90
 "The maid for whom thy salt tears fall,"
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 "Thy grief or love can ne'er recall;
 She rests beneath that grassy pall,
 By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 95
 "My heart it strangely cleaves to thee,"
 Killeevy, O Killeevy!
 "And now that thy plighted love is free,"

Give its unbroken pledge to me,”
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 100

The charm is strong upon Turlough’s eye,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
His faithless tears are already dry,
And his yielding heart has ceased to sigh,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 105

“To thee,” the charmèd chief replied,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
“I pledge that love o’er my buried bride!
Oh, come, and in Turlough’s hall abide,”
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 110

Again the funeral voice came o’er,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
The passing breeze, as it wailed before,
And streams of mournful music bore,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 115

“If I to thy youthful heart am dear,”
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
“One month from hence thou wilt meet me here,
Where lay thy bridal Eva’s bier,”
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 120

He pressed her lips as the words were spoken,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And his banshee’s wail — now far and broken —
Murmur’d “Death,” as he gave the token,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 125

“Adieu! adieu!” said this lady bright,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And she slowly passed like a thing of light,
Or a morning cloud, from Sir Turlough’s sight,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 130

Now Sir Turlough has death in every vein,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!

And there's fear and grief o'er his wide domain,
And gold for those who will calm his brain,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 135

"Come, haste thee, leech, right swiftly ride,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Sir Turlough the brave, Green Truagha's pride,
Has pledged his love to the churchyard bride,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 140

The leech groaned aloud, "Come, tell me this,"
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"By all thy hopes of weal and bliss,
Has Sir Turlough given the fatal kiss?"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 145

"The banshee's cry is loud and long,"
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"At eve she weeps her funeral song,
And it flights on the twilight breeze along,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 150

"Then the fatal kiss is given; the last,"
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"Of Turlough's name and race is past,
His doom is seal'd, his die is cast,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 155

"Leech, say not that thy skill is vain,"
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
"Oh, calm the power of his frenzied brain,
And half his lands thou shalt retain,"
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 160

The leech has failed, and the hoary priest,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
With pious shrift his soul releas'd,
And the smoke is high of his funeral feast,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 165

The Shanachies now are assembled all,

Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And the songs of praise in Sir Turlough's hall
To the sorrowing harp's dark music fall,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy[.] 170

And there is trophy, banner, and plume,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
And the pomp of death, with its darkest gloom,
O'ershadows the Irish chieftain's tomb,
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 175

The month is clos'd, and Green Truagha's pride,
Killeevy, O Killeevy!
Is married to death — and side by side
He slumbers now with his churchyard bride
By the bonnie green woods of Killeevy. 180

(From G. B. Smith, ed. *Illustrated British Ballads, Old and New*. Vol. 2. London, 1881)