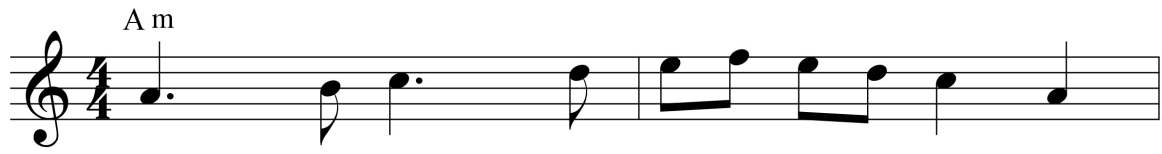


# The Pride Of Petravore (Eilenn Oge)

Hornpipe

Am



3 G



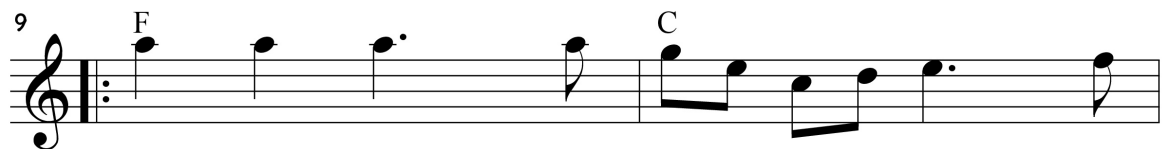
5 Am



7 E Am



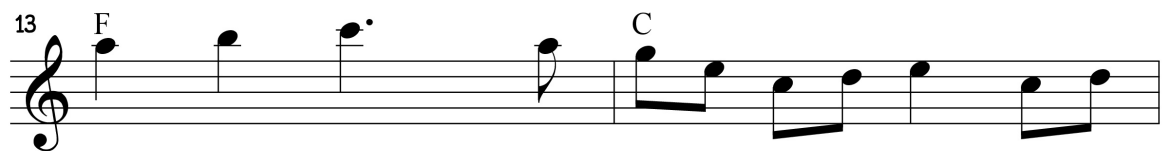
9 F C



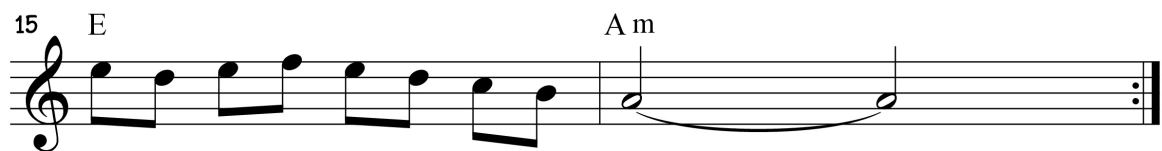
11 E Am



13 F C



15 E Am



# The Pride Of Petravore (Eilenn Oge)

Hornpipe

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, O boys, sure that's reason why  
We're in mourning for the pride of Petravore

## CHORUS

Eileen Og, me heart is growing grey  
Ever since the day, you wandered far away  
Eileen Og, there's good fish in the bay  
But there's none of them 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  
Looking big and masterful when she was looking small  
Most provoking for the Pride of Petravore

## Chorus



So it went as it was in the beginning  
Eileen Og was bent upon the winning  
Big McGrath contentedly was grinning  
Being courted by the Pride of Petravore  
Says he, 'I know a girl who'd 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 courting make no display  
If you want them running after you just walk the other way  
For they're mostly like the Pride of Petravore

## Chorus

Percy French (1854-1920)