

Bruach na Carraige Baine (At the Edge of the White Rock)

Traditional Irish, English lyrics by Tad Tuleja (Winter Solstice 2010)

	Fingering G (Capo 3: Bb)	Fingering D (Capo 1: Eb)
In the west by the river where the milky swans glide	/ G / G / C / G /	D D G D
Hard scorn has answered my plea	/Em / G / C / Am /	Bm D G Em
A maid fair as morning my love has denied		
And torn every comfort from me		
She is soft as the rain on the green hills of Kerry	/Em/ G/ C /G/	Bm D G D
Fresh as the light of the new day		
All hope for me in this wide world over	/Am / G / C / G /	Em D G D
My white swan has stolen away	/Em / G / C / Am /	Bm D G (Em)

If the wealth of Spanish kings and the rich fields of Eireann
By fortune should fall to my care
I would sooner next to you in the greenwood be lying
Wild flowers bright in your hair
With a ring on your hand and your family willing
Our bower secure from all harm
Sweet would our kisses be, sweeter than honey
You're the sun on the rock white and warm

Should you turn again to me I'd give you surely
All that your friends would require
Every finery from town—cap, slippers, and gown—
To clothe you in silken attire
Your cattle would come from the meadow at eve
Honey bees wake you at dawning
You'd not want for gold or a carriage to drive you
To the white rock, to Carraige Baine

End: C Em Am G G Bm Em D

Mary Black/Seamus Begley version in Eb