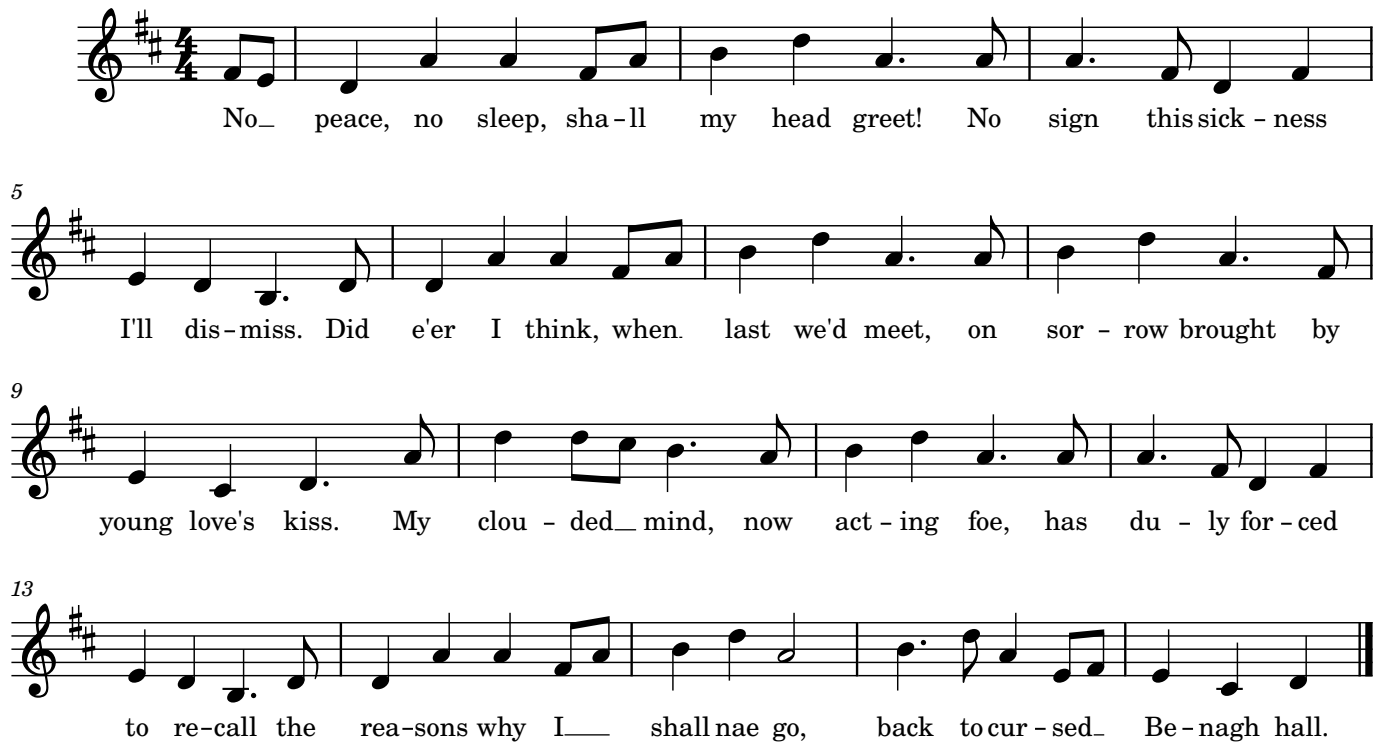


Benagh Hall

Jordan Lively



No... peace, no sleep, sha-ll my head greet! No sign this sick - ness

5
I'll dis-miss. Did e'er I think, when. last we'd meet, on sor - row brought by

9
young love's kiss. My clou - ded_ mind, now act - ing foe, has du - ly for - ced

13
to re-call the rea-sons why I_ shall nae go, back to cur - sed_ Be-nagh hall.

2. Twas on a lovely summer's night,
That Cupid fatéd broken heart.
For 'gainst blue eyes, I couldnae fight,
That dream that we were ne'er to part.
For as we'd dance, the squeeze-box tune,
Took form as pair we'd rise and fall,
And every note it birthed that June,
Gazed fond on us at Benagh Hall.

3. But the blazing of two youngster's love,
Is like the candle twice as bright.
It burns not like the sun above,
For Time is destined it to smite.
And guided by the Satan's brew,
Tis then that I did have the gall,
To snuff that flame, so now the fool,
Is left with naught but Benagh Hall.

4. Now as I write these verses three,
I pray in time I'll write the fourth,
If my young love returns to me,
My darling girl from Ireland's North.
For maybe Time, I've judged too soon,
They say that Time does fix wounds all.
So, pray with Time, pray that soon,
We'll dance once more at Benagh Hall.