The Flower of Sweet Strabane

2. Her cheeks, they are rosy red, her hair golden brown
And o'er her lilly white shoulders it carelessly falls down
She's one of the loveliest creatures of the whole creation planned
And my heart is captivated by the Flower of sweet Strabane.

3. If I had you lovely Martha, away in Innisowen
Or in some lonesome valley in the wild woods of Tyrone
I would use my whole endeavour and I'd try to work my plan
For to gain my prize and to feast my eyes on the Flower of sweet Strabane

4. Oh, I'll go o'er the Lagan down by the steam ships tall
I'm sailing to Amerikay across the briny foam
My boat is bound from Liverpool down by the Isle of Man
So I'll say farewell, God bless you, my Flower of sweet Strabane.