

O men from the fields (A cradle song)

O men from the fields,
Come gently within,
Tread softly, softly,
O men, coming in...

Mavourneen is going
From me and from you
Where Mary will fold him
With mantle of blue,

From reek of the smoke
And cold of the floor
And the peering of things
Across the half-door.

O men from the fields,
Softly, softly come through;
Mary puts round him
Her mantle of blue.

Text: Padraic Colum (1907)

Melodie: Arnold Atkinson Cooke (1961)