

# Moorlough Shore

## The Corrs

Ye hills and dales and flowery vales  
That lie near the Moorlough Shore  
Ye winds that blow by Borden's grove  
Will I ever see you more?  
Where the primrose blows and the violet grows  
Where the trout and salmon play  
With my line and hook, delight I took  
To spend my youthful days  
Last night, I went to see my love  
To hear what she might say  
To see if she'd take pity on me  
Lest I might go away  
She said, "I loved an Irish lad  
And he was my only joy  
And ever since I saw his face  
I have loved that soldier boy"  
Perhaps your soldier lad is lost  
Sailing over the Sea Of Maine  
Or perhaps he's gone with some other one  
You may never see him again  
Well, if my Irish lad is lost  
He's the one, I do adore  
And seven years, I will wait for him  
By the banks of the Moorlough Shore

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