

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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