Moorlough Mary

Cara Dillon

The first time I saw young Moorlough Mary
'Twas at the market of sweet Strabane.
Her smiling countenance was so engaging,
The hearts of young men she did trepan.
Her killing glances bereaved my senses
Of peace and comfort both night and day.
In my silent slumber I start with wonder,
O, Moorlough Mary, won't you come away?
To see my darling on a summer's morning,
When Flora's fragrance bedecks the lawn,
Her neat deportment and manner courteous,
Around her sporting the lamb and fawn.
On you I ponder where'er I wander,
And still grow fonder, sweet maid, of thee.
By thy matchless charms, love, I am enamoured.
O, Moorlough Mary, won't you come away?On Moorlough banks will I never wander,
Where heifers graze on a pleasant soil,
With lambkins sporting, fair maids resorting,
The timorous hare and blue heather bell,
I'll press my cheese while my wool's a-teasing.
My ewes I'll milk at the peep o' day.
While the whirring moorcock and lark alarms me
From Moorlough's banks I will never strain.
Were I a man of great education,
And Erin's Nation at my own command,
I'd lay my hand on your snowy shoulder,
In wedlock's portion I'd take your hand.
I'd entertain you both night and morning,
With robes I'd deck you both bright and gay.
With jewels rare, love, I would adorn you.
O, Moorlough Mary, won't you come away?
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/