

The Moorlough Shore

Kaburorne

The Moorlough Shore Lyrics

Your hills and dales and flowery vales
that lie near the Moorlough Shore.
Your vines 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 the line and hook, delight I took
 to spend my youthful days.

 Last night I went to see my love,
 and to hear what she might say.
 To see if she'd take pity on me,
 lest I might go away.

 She said, "I love that Irish lad,
 and he was my only joy,
 and ever since I saw his face

 I've loved that soldier boy."
 Perhaps your soldier lad is lost
 sailing over the sea of Maine.

Or perhaps he is gone with some other lover,
 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.
 Farewell to Sinclaire's castle grand.

 Farewell to the foggy hill.
 where the linen waves like bleach-ed silk
 and the banching stream runs still
 Near there I spent my youthful days
 but alas they are not now mine
 for cru-alty has banished me
 far away from the Moorlough Shore.

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