

# 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 Sinclair'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-elty has banished me  
far away from the Moorlough Shore.

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