

The Galway Shawl

At Oranmore in the county Galway
One pleasant evening in the month's of May
I spied a damsel; she was young and handsome
Her beauty fairly took my breath away

Chorus:

She worn no jewels, nor costly diamonds
No paint nor powder, no none at all
But she worn a bonnet with ribbons on it
And 'round her shoulders was the Galway shawl

We kept on walking she kept on talking
Till her fathers cottage came in to view
Said she, 'come in sir', and meet my father
And play, to please him, 'The Foggy Dew'

She sat me down beside the hearthstone
I could see her father he was six feet tall
And soon her mother, had the kettle singing
All I could think of, was the Galway shawl

Chorus,

I played, 'The Black Bird', 'The Stack of Barley'
'Rodney's Glory' and 'The Foggy Dew'
She sang each note like an Irish linnet
And tears weld in her eyes of blue

'Twas early, early, all in the morning
I hit the road for old Donegal
Said she, 'goodbye sir', she cried and kissed me
But my heart remain with the Galway shawl