

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Banks of the Moorlough Shore

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You hills and dales and flowery vales
That lie near the Moorlough Shore
You winds that blow through Burden's Row (??)
Shall I ever see you more
Where the primrose grows and the violet blows
Where the trout and salmon play
With my line and hook, delight I took
To spend all my youthful days

As I roved out to meet my love
For to hear what she would say
And to see if she would pity me
Before I must go away
She said "I love an Irish lad
And he is my pride and joy
And ever since I saw his face
I have loved my sailor boy"

"Perhaps your sailor boy was lost
While crossing the raging main
Or perhaps he is gone with some other one
You might ne'er see him again"
"Well if my Irish boy is lost
He's the one I do adore
And for seven long years I will wait for him
On the banks of the Moorlough Shore."

Farewell to St. Claire's castles grand
Farewell to Holly Hill (??)
Where the linen wefts(??) like bleaching silk
And the purling streams run still
It was there I spent my youthful days
But alas, they are all o'er
And cruelty has banished me
Far away from the Moorlough Shore

Air is almost identical to "The Foggy Dew" (Irish rebel version).
Recorded by Sarah and Keane - aunts of Dolores Keane,
whom many DT users may know.

MR
apr97