

Traditional Irish Music

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Mary From Dungloe

^C 1. Oh, then fare ye well, ^G sweet Donegal, ^F the Rosses and ^{Em} Gweedore. ^F
^C I'm crossing the main ocean, ^G where the foaming billows ^F roar, ^C ^{E7}
^C it breaks my heart from you to part, ^G where I spent many happy ^F days. ^C ^E
^{E7} ^C ^G ^F ^C ^{Em} ^F ^C
Farewell to kind relations for I'm bound for Amerikay.

Oh my love is tall and handsome and her age is scarce eighteen,
she far exceeds all other fair maids when she trips o'er the green,
her lovely neck and shoulders are fairer than the snow,
till the day I die I'll ne'er deny my Mary from Dungloe.

If I was at home in sweet Dungloe a letter I would write,
kind thoughts would fill my bosom for Mary, my delight.
'Tis in her father's garden the fairest violets grow,
and 'twas there I came to court the maid, my Mary from Dungloe

Ah, then Mary, you're my hearts delight, my pride and only care,
it was your cruel father would not let me stay there.
But absence makes the heart grow fond and when I'm o'er the main,
may the Lord protect my darling girl till I return again.

And I wished I was in sweet Dungloe and seated on the grass.
And by my side a bottle of wine and on my knee a lass.
I'd call for liquor of the best and I'd pay before I go
and I'd roll my Mary in my arms in the town of sweet Dungloe.