

Noreen Bawn

D **G** **D** **G**
Theres a spot in old Tir conaell,there's a wee house in the glen,
D **E7** **A**
Where dwelt an fairest colleen,who charmed the hearts of men,
D **G** **D** **G**
She was winsome hale and hearty,shy and graceful as the dawn,
D **A7** **D**
Neighbours loved that widow's daughter,happy laughing Noreen Bawn.

Till one day there came a letter,with her passage paid to go,
To the land where the Missouri,and theMississipy flows,
Then she said goodbye to Ireland,and next morning at the door,
That old mother broken hearted,bidfarewell to Noreen Bawn.

Many years that mother waited,till oneevening at the door,
Stood a gorgeous looking lady,costly were the clothes she wore,
Saying mother dont you know me,for I've only got a cold,
But thoes purple spots upon her cheeks,the tragic story's told.

Theres a graveyard inTir Conaill,where the blossoms sadly grow,
There's a sorrow stricken mother,kneelingo're that lonely grave.
My Noreen,oh my Noreen its lonesome since you've gone,
Twas theshame of emigration,laid you low my Noreen Bawn