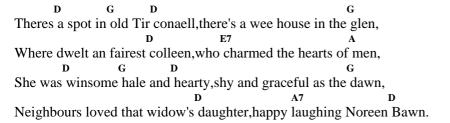
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## **Noreen Bawn**



Till one day there came a letter, with her passage paid to go, To the land where the Missouri, and the Mississipy 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 one evening 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 those purple spots upon her cheeks, the tragic story's told.

There's a graveyard in Tir 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 the shame of emigration, laid you low my Noreen Bawn