

Shamrock Shore - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

SHAMROCK SHORE.

In a musing mind with me combine,
And grant me great relief,
Whilst here alone I sigh and moan,
I'm overwhelmed with grief;
Whilst here alone I sigh and moan,
Away from friends at home,
With troubled mind, no rest can find.
Since I left the shamrock shore.

In the blooming Spring, when small birds sing.
And the lambs did sport and play,
My way I took, and friends forsook,
Till I came to Dublin Quay;
I entered on board as passenger,
To England I sailed o'er,
I bid farewell to all my friends,
All 'round the shamrock shore.

When young men all, both great And small.
Go to the fields to walk,
Whilst here alone I sigh and moan,
To none of them can talk;
Whilst I remain but to bewail.
For the mold that I adore,
With a troubled mind, no rest can find,
Since I left the shamrock shore.

To Glasgow fair I did repair,
Some pleasure for to find,
I own it was a pleasant place,
Down by the flowery Clyde;
I own it was a pleasaut place,
For rich attire they wore,
There's none so rare as can compare
To the gills of shamrock shore.

One evening fair, to take the air,
Down by yon shady grove,
I heard some lads and lasses gay,
A making to them love;
It grieved me so, rejoiced to see.
As I had once before,
Has my heart betrayed.
Thai I left on shamrock's shore.

So now to conclude, and make an end,
My pen begins for to fail;
Farewell, my honored mother, dear,
And for me don't bewail;
Farewell, my honored mother, dear,
And for me grieve no more,
When I think long, I'll sing my song
In praise of the shamrock shore.