

Noreen

Celtic Thunder

There's a spot in old Tir conaell, there's a wee house in the g
len,
Where dwelt an fairest colleen, who charmed the hearts of men,
She was winsome hale and hearty, shy and graceful as the dawn,
Neighbours loved that widow's daughter, happy laughing Noreen B
awn.

Till one day there came a letter, with her passage paid to go,
To the land where the Missouri, and the Mississippi flows,
Then she said goodbye to Ireland, and next morning at the door,
That old mother broken hearted, bid farewell 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 don't you know me, for I've only got a cold,
But thoes purple spots upon her cheeks, the tragic story's told
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There's a graveyard in Tir Conaill, where the blossoms sadly gr
ow,
There's a sorrow stricken mother, kneeling o're that lonely gra
ve.
My Noreen, oh my Noreen its lonesome since you've gone,
Twas the shame of emigration, laid you low my Noreen Bawn