

Moorlough Shore

The Corrs

Ye hills and dales and flowery vales
That lie near the Moarlough Shore.
Ye winds that blow by borden's grove.
Will I ever hear you more

Where the primrose grows
And the violet blows.
Where the trout and salmon play.

With line and hook delight I took
To spend my youthful days.
Last night I went to see my love,
And to hear what she might say.

To see if she'd take pity on me,
Lest I might go away.
She said, "I love that Irish lad,
And he was my only joy,
And ever since I saw his face
I've loved that soldier boy."

Perhaps your soldier lad is lost
Sailing over the sea of Maine.
Or perhaps he is gone with some other lover,
You may never see him again.
Well if my Irish lad is lost,
He's the one I do adore,
And seven years I will wait for him
By the banks of the Moarlough Shore.

Farewell to Sinclair's castle grand.
Farewell to the foggy dew.
Where the linen waves like bleaching silk
And the falling stream runs still
Near there I spent my youthful days
But alas they are all gone
For cruelty has banished me
Far away from the Moarlough Shore