

## The Setting / Mary From Dungloe

Show Of Hands

I'll never forget  
The walk to the station  
Me with your suitcase being brotherly and strong  
And trying to make light  
Of the whole situation  
In light conversation  
We move through the throng

And you with your bright eyes  
Best dressed for travelling  
Me in my work clothes  
Unshaven and plain  
I fully intended to put in a half day  
But my good intentions went with you on the train

And I never look back as the train left the station  
Crossed over the roadway and in to the park  
And there in a bar an old man was singing  
And I sat there drinking until it grew dark  
So dark

so fare you well sweet Donegal,  
the Rosses and Gweedore.  
I'm crossing the main ocean,  
where plunging billows roar.  
It breaks my heart for us to part,  
we spent many happy days.  
far away from friends and relations  
I'm bound to Amerikay.

And I wish I was in sweet Dungloe  
and seated on the grass.  
And by my side a bottle of wine  
and on my knee my lass.

I'd call for liquor of the best  
and I'd pay before I would go,  
And I'd roll my Mary in my arms  
in the town of sweet Dungloe.

And now all the stars were all hidden by rain clouds,  
The song of the old man still locked in my brain,  
And all emigration, is the curse of a nation  
The setting now fitting his sad sweet refrain.

And above all the roar of the town was the blue sky,  
and I heard the birds singing dawn of the day.  
And there was no support from the city forthcoming,  
No sympathy numbing your going away.  
It's hard to say goodbye.