

**Kate Rusby****"The Daughter Of Megan"**

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The daughter of Megan, so lovely and blooming,  
I met in Glenavon's gay glittering hall,  
And high rose my heart, ambition assuming  
To dance with the damsel, the bloom of the ball.

Oh daughter of Megan, look not so alluring  
On a youth that his hope with thy hand must resign;  
That now the sad pang of despair is enduring,  
The splendour thou lov'st can never be mine.

Go daughter of Megan, to castles of splendour,  
Each eye that beholds thee thy presence shall bless,  
And the delicate mind feel a passion more tender  
On thy beauties to gaze than another's possess.

But daughter of Megan, tomorrow I'm going,  
On oceans to sail where the rude billows roar;  
I feel my full heart with affliction o'erflowing,  
Perhaps I may gaze on thy beauties no more.

Oh the daughter of Megan, so lovely and blooming,  
I met in Glenavon's gay glittering hall,  
And high rose my heart, ambition assuming  
To dance with the damsel, the bloom of the ball.

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