

## **Daniel O'Donnell**

### **"Mary From Dungloe"**

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Oh, then fare ye well, sweet Donegal, the Rosses and  
Gweedore  
I'm crossing the main ocean, where the foaming  
billows roar  
It breaks my heart from you to part, where I spent many  
happy days  
Farewell to kind relations for I'm bound for America.

Oh, then Mary, you're my hearts delight, my pride and  
only care  
It was your cruel father would not let me stay there  
But absence makes the heart grow fond and when I am  
over the main  
May the Lord protect my darling girl till I return again.

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

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