

The Corrs "Moorlough Shore"

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"Moorlough Shore"

Your hills and dales and flowery vales
That lie near the Moorlough Shore.
Your vines that blow by Borden's grove.
Will I ever see you more

Where the primrose glows
And the violet grows
Where the trout and salmon play.
With my 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 loved an Irish lad,
And he was my only joy,
And ever since I saw his face
I have loved that soldier boy."

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

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