

Corrs, The

"Moorlough Shore"

Visit "[Moorlough Shore](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Corrs, The](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.