

Jimmy Buckley

"Noreen Bawn"

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There's a glen in old TÃr Connal,
There's a cottage in that glen,
Where dwelt an Irish cailÃn,
Who charmed the hearts of men.

She was handsome, hale and hearty,
Shy and graceful as the faun,
It was that widow's daughter,
Happy, laughing, Noreen Bawn.

Till one day, there came a letter,
With her passage paid to go,
To a land where the Missouri,
And the Mississippi flow,

So she bid, farewell to Eireann.
And next morning at the dawn,
That poor broken hearted mother,
Bid farewell to, Noreen Bawn.

Many years, that widow waited,
Till one morning at her door,
Stood a gorgeous looking lady,
Costly were the clothes she wore,
Saying, mother, oh don't you know me?,
Oh, I've only caught a cold
But the purple spots upon her cheeks,
The tragic story told.

There's a graveyard, in TÃr Connell,
Where the blossoms sadly sway,
There's a broken hearted mother,
Kneeling on a lonely grave,
Poor Noreen, she is calling,
Sure it's lonesome since you've gone,
T'was the curse of emigration,
Laid you low, my Noreen Bawn
T'was the curse of emigration,
That laid you low, my Noreen Bawn

