

# Caroline Lavelle, Moorlough Shore

I have waited long for you to come back home  
to hear you call my name again  
in my heart's deep soul you've not changed at all  
and the years have passed you by  
your sweet lips that lingered on my skin  
i can feel their heat again  
and your eyes that thrilled with passion's fire  
they watch my every whim  
some say my love, sweet love was lost  
while crossing the raging main  
or perhaps he has gone with some other girl  
I might never see his face again  
but if my irish love is lost he's the one I do adore  
and for seven long years i'll wait for him  
on the banks of the moorlough shore  
he said farewell to castles grand  
farewell to the foggy hills  
where the linen waves like bleaching silk  
and the falling stream runs still  
near there we spent our joyful days but alas they are all gone  
for cruelty has banished him  
far away from the moorlough shore