

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