

Sinead O' Connor, The Moorlough Shore

The Moorlough Shore
You're hills and tales and flowery vails
that lie near the moorlough shore.
Your vines ? by borden's grove.
Will I ever see you more ???????

Where the prim rose blows
and the violet grows.
Where the trout and salmon play.

With my light and talk daylight 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 pitty on me,
lest I might go away.
She said, "I love that Irish lad,
and he was my only joy,
and ever since I saw his face
I've loved that soldier boy."

Perhaps your soldier lad is lost
sailing over the sea of maine.
Or perhaps he is gone with some other lover,
you may never see him again.
Well if my Irish lad is lost,
he's the one I do adore,
and seven years I will wait for him
by the banks of the moorlough shore.

Fairwell to Sinclaire's castle ground.
Fairwell to the foggy dew.
Where the ? wales lie ?
and ? stream runs still.
Near there I spent my youthful days
but alas ?,
for cruelty has banished me
far away from the moorlough shore.