

Emmet Spiceland, Mary From Dungloe

Colm Ó Lochlainn Lyrics

Oh then fare thee well sweet Donegal, the Rosses and Gweedore, I'm crossing the main ocean wh

Oh then Mary you're my heart's delight, my pride and only care, It was your cruel father would not l

And I wish I was in sweet Dungloe and seated on the grass, And by my side a bottle of wine, and o