

Sinead O'Connor, The Moorlough Shore

Your hills and dales and flowery vales
That lie near the Moorlough Shore.
Your vines that blow by borden's grove.
Will I ever see you more

Where the primrose blows
And the violet grows.
Where the trout and salmon play.

With the line and hook, delight 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 pity 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.

Farewell to Sinclair's castle grand.
Farewell to the foggy hill.
Where the linen waves like bleach-ed silk
And the banching stream runs still
Near there I spent my youthful days
But alas they are not now mine
For cruelty has banished me
Far away from the Moorlough Shore.