

The Corrs, Moorlough Shore

Your hills and dales and flowery vales
That lie near the Moorlough Shore
Your winds 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 my line and hook delight I took
To spend my youthful days

Last night I went to see my love
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 have loved that soldier boy"

Perhaps your soldier lad is lost
Sailing over sea of Maine
Or perhaps he is gone with some other one
You may never see him again
Well if my Irish lad is lost
He's the one I do adore

And seven years I'll wait for him
By the banks of the Moorlough Shore