

Moorlough Mary

The first time I say my young Moorlough Mary
'T was at the market of sweet Strabane,
Her smiling countenance was so engaging
The hearts of young men she did trepan;
Her killing glances bereft my senses
Of peace and comfort by night and day
In my silent slumber I start with wonder -
Oh Moorlough Mary, will you come away?

To see this darling on a summer's morning
When Flora's fragrance bedecks the lawn,
Her neat deportment and manners courteous
Around her sporting the lamb and fawn;
On her I ponder where ere I wander
And still grow fonder, sweet maid, of thee,
By thy matchless charms I am enamoured
Oh, Moorlough Mary, will you come away?

On Moorlough's banks I will ever wander
Where heifers graze on a pleasant soil,
With lambkins sporting, fair maids resorting,
The timorous hare and blue heather bell;
I'll press my cheese while my wool's a teasing
My ewes I'll milk at the peep of day
When the whirling Moorcock and lark alarms me
From Moorlough banks I'll never stray.

Were I a man of great education
And Ireland's nation at my command,
I'd lay my hand on your snowy shoulder
In wedlock's portion, I'd take your hand
I'd entertain you both night and morning
With robes I'd deck you both bright and gay
And with jewels rare, love, I would adorn you,
Oh, Moorlough Mary will you come away?

