

The Maids of the Mourne Shore

(to the tune of the Foggy Dew. Taken from a recording of John McKeown from Newtown Crommelin, County Antrim)

It being in the spring, when the small birds sing
And the lambs they frisk and play
His way he took, his friends forsook
And he left for Derry quay
He agreed as a passenger
To Scotland he sailed o'er
And he bid farewell to all that dwell
Around sweet Mourne shore

To Glasgow fair, sure he did repair
Where there he does abide
It's a lovely place, sure the must confess
On the banks of a flowing tide
Where they're inclined to the maidens fine
And grand apparel wore
But all that's there, none could compare
With the maids of Mourne shore

Email brona.sola@gmail.com for a recording of this song