

## **Lough Cuan's Shore**

(Gary Ball from Comber gave this song to Jackie Boyce; a homesick emigrant wishing to be home in Ireland to spend their final days...Lough Cuan is the Gaelic name for Strangford Lough)

Erie's waves are grand to see as on and on they roll  
And Hudson's floods will ever be a rapture to my soul  
But with the river's snowy spray or with the wild lakes roar  
My heart is naught, 'tis far away, by old Lough Cuan's shore

Oh, shall I never see again, the old lough rolling by  
Or stroll along its grassy banks, or hear its midnight sigh?  
'Twas hard enough to say farewell, but sorrow's cup flows o'er  
To think that I must live and die, far, far from Cuan's shore

Oh, heaven above be not so hard, let hope regain my breast  
I only ask one poor reward, eternally to rest  
Within the churchyard o'er the hill, where shamrock leaves grow o'er  
Beneath the shadow of the mill, by old Lough Cuan's shore