

Moonlock Mary,

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The very first time, I met my Moorlock Mary, 'Twas at the market of sweet
Strabane, Her smiling glances were so entrancing, the hearts of youngmen, she
did trip on, Her smiling glances berift my senses, no peace or comfort find I
night or day, From quiet slumber I wake in wonder, Oh Moorlock Mary, won't
You come away.

hill.

From Moorlocks banks I will never wander, where heifer's graze, on yon peacefu
Where lamb's are sporting, fair maids resorting, the timid hare, and the heathe
I'll press my cheese, and my wool I'll tease, bell
I my ewe's I'll milk, by the light of day,
The hurling woodcock, and lark allure me,
From bonny Moorlock, I'll never stray.

Were I a man of great education, or Erin's Isle, at my own command.
I would lay my head on your snowy bosom, in wedlock band's we'd join our hand
I would entrance you both night and morning, in robes I'd deck you both night
And with kisses sweet love, I would caress you, oh Moorlock Mary, and day.
Won't you come away.

Now I'm aware of my situation, my honest pleading are all in vain,
On the river Mourne, where the salmon's sporting,
The rocks neech my plaintive strain, Where the thrush and blackbird,
do join harmonious, their notes melodious on the river Dain,
And the little songbird's, do join in choras, oh Moorlock Mary, won't you come
away, ,

Now it's fare you well, my own lovely Mary, ten thousand times, I bid you adieu
While life remains in my glowing bosom, I'll never cease love to think of you
Now I'll away to some lonely valley, with tears bewailing both night and day.
In some distant arbor, where none can hear me, crying Moorlock Mary,
Won't you come away..