

Mary of Dungloe

Pádraig Mac Cumhail arr. Chris Rogan & Louise Rogan

Oh then fare thee well sweet Donegal, the Rosses and Gweedore, I'm crossing the
main ocean where the foaming billows roar,
It breaks my heart from you to part where I spent many happy days.
Farewell to kind relations, I am bound for Amerikay.

Oh then Mary you're my heart's delight, my pride and only care,
It was your cruel father would not let me to stay here,
But absence makes the heart grow fond, and when I am over the main,
May the Lord protect my darling girl, 'till I return again.

My love is fair and handsome her age it is scarce eighteen
She's by far the fairest maid of all that e'er tripped o'er the green
Her lovely neck and shoulders are fairer than the snow
'Til the day I die I'll n'er deny my Mary of Dunglow

And I wish I was in sweet Dungloe and seated on the grass,
And by my side a bottle of wine, and on my knee a lass,
I'd call for liquour of the best, and I'd pay before I'd go,
And I'd roll my Mary in my arms, in the town of sweet Dungloe.