

The Galway Shawl (Trad. Arr. Chris Rogan & Louise Rogan)

As a duet

At Oranmore in the county Galway
One pleasant evening in the month of May
I spied a damsel, she was young and pretty
Her beauty stole my heart away

She wore no jewels, nor costly diamonds
No paint nor powder, no none at all
But she wore a bonnet with ribbons on it
And around her shoulders was the Galway shawl

We kept on walking, we kept on talking
'Till my father's cottage came in to view
I said, "Come in sir and meet my father
And play to please him, The Foggy Dew"

I sat him down beside the hearth stone
He could see my father he was six feet tall
And soon my mother had the kettle singing
All he could think of was the Galway shawl

She wore no jewels, nor costly diamonds
No paint nor powder, no none at all
But she wore a bonnet with ribbons on it
And around her shoulders was the Galway shawl

I played "The Black Bird", "The Stack of Barley"
"Rodney's Glory" and "The Foggy Dew"
She sang each note like an Irish linnet
And tears welled in her eyes of blue

'Twas early, early all in the morning
I hit the road for old Donegal
She said "Goodbye sir", I hugged and kissed her
And my heart remains with the Galway shawl

She wore no jewels, nor costly diamonds
No paint nor powder, no none at all
But she wore a bonnet with ribbons on it
And around her shoulders was the Galway shawl