The Galway Shawl

(alternate:)

GLWYSHWL.gif"

The Galway Shawl

At Orenmore in the County Galway,
One pleasant evening in the month of May,
I spied a damsel, she was young and handsome
Her beauty fairly took my breath away.

Cho: She wore no jewels, nor costly diamonds,
No paint or powder, no, none at all.
But she wore a bonnet with a ribbon on it
And round her shoulder was a Galway Shawl.

We kept on walking, she kept on talking,
'Till her father's cottage came into view.
Says she: 'Come in, sir, and meet my father,
And play to please him " The Foggy Dew."

She sat me down beside the fire
I could see her father, he was six feet tall.
And soon her mother had the kettle singing
All I could think of was the Galway shawl.

I played "The Blackbird" and "The Stack of Barley",
" Rodney's Glory" and "The Foggy Dew",
She sang each note like an Irish linnet.
Whilst the tears stood in her eyes of blue.

'Twas early, early, all in the morning,
When I hit the road for old Donegal.
She said 'Goodby, sir,'she cried and kissed me,
And my heart remained with that Galway shawl.