

The GALWAY SHAWL

**AT ORANMORE 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!**

***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**

**'T WAS EARLY, EARLY, ALL IN THE MORNING,
WHEN I HIT THE ROAD FOR OLD DONEGAL.
SHE SAID "GOODBYE, SIR, "
THEN CRIED AND KISSED ME,
AND MY HEART REMAINED
WITH THAT GALWAY SHAWL!**