

## ***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!**