


The Galway Shawl


Mise en page: Ludovic AL

G




In or - an - mo - re in the coun - try Gal - way
She wore no je - wels nor cost - ly dia - monds

10 G




One plea - sant ev - en - ning in the month of May
No paint or pow - der no none at all

19 G



I spied a dam - sel she was young and hand - some
But she wore a bon - net with a rib - bon on it

28 G



Her beau - ty fair ly took my breath a - way
And round her shoul - der was a Gal - way shawl

We kept on walking she kept on talking
 'Till her fathers cottage came in to view
 Said she, 'Come in sir', and meet my father
 And play, to please him, 'The Foggy Dew'
 She sat me down beside the hearthstone
 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
 She worn no jewels, nor costly diamonds
 No paint nor powder, no none at all
 But she worn a bonnet with ribbons on it
 And 'round 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 weld in her eyes of blue
 'Twas early, early, all in the morning
 I hit the road for old Donegal
 Said she, 'goodbye sir', she cried and kissed me
 But my heart remain with the Galway shawl
 She worn no jewels, nor costly diamonds
 No paint nor powder, no none at all
 But she worn a bonnet with ribbons on it
 And 'round her shoulders was the Galway shawl