**The Galway Shawl**

**1 3m**

In Oran-more in the County Galway,

**6m 2m 4**

One pleasant evening in the month of May,

**1 3m**

I spied a damsel she was young and hand-some,

**6m 4 5 1**

Her beauty fairly took my breath away.

***Chorus:***

**1 3m**

She wore no jewels, no costly diamonds,

**6m 2m 4**

No paint no powder, no none at all,

**1 3m**

She wore a bonnet with a ribbon on it,

**6m 4 5 1**

And around her shoulder was a Galway shawl.

**1 3m**

As we kept on walking, she kept on talking,

**6m 2m 4**

Till her father's cottage came into view,

**1 3m**

She said come in sir, and meet my father,

**6m 4 5 1**

And play to please him The Foggy Dew.

***[Chorus]***

**1 3m**

I played The Blackbird and The Stack Of Barley,

**6m 2m 4**

Rodney’s Glory, and The Foggy Dew.

**1 3m**

She sang each note like an Irish linnet,

**6m 4 5 1**

And the tears they flowed in her eyes of blue.

***[Chorus]***

**1 3m**

'Twas early, early, all in the morning,

**6m 2m 4**

I hit the road for old Done-gal,

**1 3m**

She said good-bye sir, and her eyes seemed brighter,

**6m 4 5 1**

And my heart re-mained with the Galway shawl