

Mary of Dungloe

The Irish Rovers

Oh then fare thee well sweet Donegal,
The Rosses and Gweedore,
I'm crossing the main ocean where the foaming billows roar,
It breaks my heart from you to part where I spent many happy days.
Farewell to kind relations, I am bound for Amerikay.

Oh then Mary you're my heart's delight,
My pride and only care,
It was your cruel father would not let me stay here,
But absence makes the heart grow fond,
And when I am over the main,
May the Lord protect my darling girl, 'till I return again.

And I wish I was in sweet Dungloe,
And seated on the grass,
And by my side a bottle of wine,
And on my knee a lass,
I'd call for liquour of the best,
And I'd pay before I would go,
And I'd roll my Mary in my arms, in the town of sweet Dungloe