

# The Galway Shawl

Celtic Folk Song



1. In Or-an-mo-re In the country Gal-way One pleasant ev-en-  
**Chorus:** She wore no jewels, nor\_ cost-ly dia-monds, No paint or pow -



ing, In the month of May\_\_\_\_\_ I spied a damsel She was young and  
 der, no\_ none at all.\_\_\_\_\_ But she wore a bon-net with a rib - bon



handsome Her beau - ty fair - ly Took my breath a - way.  
 on it And round her shoul - der was a Gal-way Shawl.

2. 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*.'

CHORUS

3. 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.

CHORUS

4. 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.

CHORUS

5. 'Twas early, early, all in the morning,  
 When I hit the road for old Donegal.  
 She said 'Goodby, sir,' she cried and kissed me,  
 And my heart remained with that Galway shawl.

CHORUS

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