

The Setting / Mary From Dungloe

Show Of Hands

I'll never forget
The walk to the station
Me with your suitcase being brotherly and strong
And trying to make light
Of the whole situation
In light conversation
We move through the throng

And you with your bright eyes
Best dressed for travelling
Me in my work clothes
Unshaven and plain
I fully intended to put in a half day
But my good intentions went with you on the train

And I never look back as the train left the station
Crossed over the roadway and in to the park
And there in a bar an old man was singing
And I sat there drinking until it grew dark
So dark

so fare you well sweet Donegal,
the Rosses and Gweedore.
I'm crossing the main ocean,
where plunging billows roar.
It breaks my heart for us to part,
we spent many happy days.
far away from friends and relations
I'm bound to Amerikay.

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 my lass.

I'd call for liquor 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.

And now all the stars were all hidden by rain clouds,
The song of the old man still locked in my brain,
And all emigration, is the curse of a nation
The setting now fitting his sad sweet refrain.

And above all the roar of the town was the blue sky,
and I heard the birds singing dawn of the day.
And there was no support from the city forthcoming,
No sympathy numbing your going away.
It's hard to say goodbye.