

## **Dick McKnight's Farewell to Mourne**

(composed by Dick McKnight, from Cathal O'Boyle's 'Songs of County Down' book)

Ye muses nine with me combine until I do relate  
A remnant of my grief and woe, my sorrows they are great  
It was all caused by a beauty bright  
That has my heart trepanned  
Her rosy cheeks have banished me to range some foreign land

Last night I went to see my girl, to see what she would say  
Still thinking she'd some pity take before I sailed away  
She said she loved a sailor lad  
'He's the boy that I adore  
I'll wait for him for seven years, so trouble me no more'

If your sailor lad be drowned, or buried in the main  
The roaring tide by Mallagh side will ne'er see him again  
'If my jolly tar does me forsake  
No man I'll e'er enjoy  
For ever since I saw his face, I've loved my sailor boy

Adieu unto ye Walmsley's Grove, down by the bleaching mill  
Where the linen webs are daily spread, and the purling  
streams run still  
Where the pinks and daisies late in bloom  
And the spotted trout does play  
With my baited hook delight I took, to spread my youthful days

Our ship she lies at Warrenpoint, she is ready to set sail  
May the Lord then send her safely o'er, with a soft and  
pleasant gale  
If I'd ten thousand pounds a year  
Or ten times that much more  
I'd spend it all with the girl I left, behind on Mourne shore