



Maggie Boyle

Won't You Come Away

Track Lyrics

1. Moorlough Mary (trad)	2
2. The Trees They Do Grow High (trad)	3
3. Dawning (words Frances Watt / tune Olov Johansson)	4
4. Once in a While (Steve Ashley)	5
5. The Spinning Wheel (words John Francis Waller)	6
6. Donal Og (trad)	7
7. Liza & Henry (Joe Tilston)	8
8. Old Man's Retreat (Nick Burbridge)	9
10. The Green Linnet (trad)	10
11. Christmas in Nomansland (Mick Ryan)	11
12. On Yonder Hill (trad)	12
13. Linden Lea (words William Barnes / tune Ralph Vaughan Williams)	13



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1. Moorlough Mary (trad)

The first I saw young Moorlough Mary
'Twas at the market of sweet Strabane
Her smiling countenance was so engaging
The hearts of young men she did trepan
Her killing glances bereft my senses
Of peace and comfort both night and day
In my silent slumber I start with wonder
O Moorlough Mary won't you come away

To see my darling on a summer's morning
When Flora's fragrance bedecks the land
Her neat deportment and manners courteous
And around her sporting the lamb and fawn
On you I ponder where'er I wander
And still grow fonder sweet maid of thee
By thy matchless charms love I am enamoured
O Moorlough Mary won't you come away

On Moorlough's banks I will ever wander
Where heifers graze on a pleasant soil
With lambkins sporting fair maids resorting
The timorous hare and blue heather bell
I'll press my cheese while my wool's a-teasing
My ewes I'll milk at the peep of day
While the whirling moorcock and lark alarms me
From Moorlough banks I will never stray

Were I a man of great education
And Ireland's nation at my command
I'd lay my hand on your snowy shoulder
In wedlock's portion I'd take your hand
I'd entertain you both night and morning
With robes I'd deck you both bright and gay
With jewels rare love I would adorn you
O Moorlough Mary won't you come away



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2. The Trees They Do Grow High (trad)

The trees they do grow high love the leaves they do grow green
Times it is now gone love that you and I have seen
It's a cold winter's night when you and I must bide alone
The bonny boy is young but he's growing growing
The bonny boy is young but he's growing

Oh father dear father you've done to me much wrong
You've married me to a boy I fear he is too young
Oh daughter dear daughter if you would stay at home with me
A lady you will be while he's growing growing
A lady you will be while he's growing

We'll send your love to college for another year or so
And perhaps in that time to a man he will grow
I'll buy you white ribbons for to tie around his bonny waist
To let the ladies know that he's married married
To let the ladies know that he's married

As I was looking over my father's castle wall
There I spied the college boys a-playing at the ball
I smiled as I thought he is the flower of them all
My bonny boy is young and he's growing growing
My bonny boy is young and he's a-growing

At the age of 16 he was a married man
At the age of 17 he was the father of a son
At the age of 18 love well his grave it was a-growing green
I soon saw the end of his growing growing
I soon saw the end of his growing

I made my love a shroud of the holland oh so fine
Every stitch I put in it my tears came trinkling down
I will mourn his fate until the day that I do die
But I'll watch o'er his child while he's growing growing
I'll watch o'er his child while he's growing



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3. Dawning (words Frances Watt / tune Olov Johansson)

Watching the moon glide
Over the wide ocean tide
Shooting stars rising high
Far above us
Catching the salt spray
Catching that look in your eye
Waltzing the shoreline away

Chorus

As the dawn light slowly turns into daylight
And the night ebbs away
May your dreams come true in the morning
Bringing those you love and hold dear
And the one to hold you
To dance, to sing with
Til break of the day

Watching the sun rise
In purple and gold shining skies
Heather and speedwell bloom
All around us
Here where the tides turn
Journeys begin and return
Marked by the Kittiwake's call
Chorus

Soon come the dark nights
Soon comes the faltering light
Soon come the storms at sea
Full of thunder but
Watch how the birds turn
Marking their path by the sun
Knowing they'll find their way home
Chorus



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4. Once in a While (Steve Ashley)

Your children all are married and their own and growing every day
You see them from your tower all alone and your hair is turning grey
Your family is in the world far beyond your care
Crazily the seasons twirl 'til you can only stand and stare

Chorus

But once in a while you see it all so clearly
Summon a smile in spite of all the pain
You see through all the magic in imagination's games
Once in a while once in a while

Light the pull and suckle on your breast in the days gone by
Now tight you pull that buckle on your dress bright you paint your eye
You face the changes every day one by one you try
But wild and strange they'll have their way 'til you can only wonder why

Chorus

Time was when you were the belle of the ball
And you had every ballroom dancer at your beck and call
Now lord knows your beau's gone there's no-one at all
To take the pretty wallflower and pluck it from the wall



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5. The Spinning Wheel (words John Francis Waller)

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning
Bent o'er fire her blind grandmother sitting
Is crooning and moaning and drowsily knitting
Eileen a chara I hear someone tapping
Tis the ivy dear mother against the glass flapping
Eileen I surely hear somebody sighing
Tis the sound mother dear of the autumn winds dying

Merrily cheerily noiselessly whirring
Swings the wheel spins the reel while the foot's stirring
Sprightly and lightly and airily ringing
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden singing

There's a form at the casement the form of her true love
And he whispers with face bent I'm waiting for you love
Get up on the stool through the lattice step lightly
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining brightly
The maid shakes her head on her lips lays her fingers
Steels up from the seat longs to go and yet lingers
A frightened glance turns on her drowsy grandmother
Puts one foot on the stool spins the wheel with the other

Lazily easily swings now the wheel round
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel sound
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid creeps then leaps to the arms of her lover

Slower and slower and slower the wheel swings
Lower and lower and lower the reel rings
E'er the reel and the wheel stop their ringing and moving
Through the grove the young lovers by moonlight are roving



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6. Donal Og (trad)

IF YOU ARE GOING ACROSS THE WATER
TAKE ME WITH YOU TO BE YOUR PARTNER
AT FAIRS OR MARKETS YOU'LL BE WELL LOOKED AFTER
AND YOU CAN SLEEP WITH A GREAT KING'S DAUGHTER

O DONAL OG YOU'LL NOT FIND ME LAZY
LIKE SOME HIGH-BORN EXPENSIVE LADY
I'LL DO YOUR MILKING I'LL NURSE YOUR BABY
AND IF YOU ARE SET ON I'LL DEFEND YOU BRAVELY

YOU TOOK WHAT'S BEFORE ME AND WHAT'S BEHIND ME
YOU TOOK EAST AND WEST WHEN YOU WOULD NOT MIND ME
SUN, MOON AND STARS FROM MY LIFE YOU'VE TAKEN
AND GOD AS WELL OR I'M MUCH MISTAKEN

WHEN FIRST I SAW YOU 'T WAS A SUNDAY EVENING
'T WAS AT THE EASTER AS I WAS KNEELING
'T WAS ON CHRIST'S PASSION AS I WAS READING
WITH MY MIND ON YOU AND MY POOR HEART BLEEDING

O BLACK AS THE SLOE IS THE HEART THAT'S ON ME
BLACK AS THE COAL IS THE GRIEF THAT BINDS ME
BLACK AS THE FOOTPRINTS ON SHINY HALLWAY
'T WAS YOU THAT BLACKENED IT FOR NOW AND ALWAYS

YOU TOOK WHAT'S BEFORE ME AND WHAT'S BEHIND ME
YOU TOOK EAST AND WEST WHEN YOU WOULD NOT MIND ME
SUN, MOON AND STARS FROM MY LIFE YOU'VE TAKEN
AND GOD AS WELL OR I'M MUCH MISTAKEN



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7. Liza & Henry (Joe Tilston)

Another pale of water wasted to this bucket of holes
Repeated trips to the well with nothing to show
My feet you see are soaked to the bone
My feet you see are soaked to the bone
Liza won't you fix this for me
The well's drying up don't you see
But we'll keep looking for springs anew
Cos there's nothing else for us do

Henry I told you you'll get no help from me
The hole in that bucket needs to be fixed by you
So go back to the barn and fetch yourself some straw
Use it to fix the whole and try once more
Liza won't you fix this for me

The well's drying up don't you see
But we'll keep looking for springs anew
Cos there's nothing else for us do

I brought straw for the hole but it's too long
The axe I brought to cut well it was too dull
Wetstone I brought too sharp without the water it wasn't wet
So I pick up my bucket and start again
Liza won't you fix this for me
The well's drying up don't see
But we'll keep looking for springs anew
Cos there's nothing else for us to do

Another pale of water wasted to this bucket of holes
Repeated trips to the well with nothing to show
My feet you see are soaked to the bone
My feet you see are soaked to the bone
Liza won't fix this for me
The well's dried up don't you see
But we'll keep looking for springs anew
Cos there's nothing left for us to do



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8. Old Man's Retreat (Nick Burbridge)

BLIND ME THE OLD MAN CRIES AS ANOTHER OF HIS CHILDREN DIES
I WILL NOT LOOK UPON THIS LAND UNTIL THE WOUNDS ARE HEALED
THERE IS NO HONOUR IN THIS WAR IT WAS FORSAKEN LONG BEFORE
I'LL TURN TOWARDS THE MOUNTAINS NOW AND SCORN THE BATTLEFIELD
FOR WHERE SEEDS OF REVENGE ARE BORNE I SEE VALLEYS BRUISED AND TORN
AND EVERY HILL IS BROKEN AND EVERY VILLAGE BURNS
IN THE TWISTED NAME IF RACE A SON WILL GOUGE HIS BROTHER'S FACE
THE OFFSPRING OF A MOTHER'S RAPE ANOTHER FATHER IS TO HATE

SEAL MY LIPS THE OLD MAN PRAYS RAISING BLOOD-STAINED FINGERTIPS
I WILL SPEAK NO MORE OF ANY CAUSE OR WEEP FOR PEACE
THERE IS NO FLOWER AMONG THESE THORNS I RENOUNCE ALL I HAVE SWORN
I TURN TOWARDS THE MOUNTAINS NOW IN SEARCH OF SOME RELEASE
I WILL NOT SPEAK OF ANGER I FORGET WHAT IT MEANS
BUT I KNOW IT IS A CLEAN WOUND NOT A POISON IN THE VEINS
NOR WILL I CRY FOR PITY TO BE ACCUSED OF FEAR
FOR THIS I WILL NOT SHED MY BLOOD I WILL NOT SHED MY TEARS

CLOSE MY EARS THE OLD MAN SIGHS CLAIMS AND LIES I WILL NOT HEAR
I'VE SWALLOWED MORE OF THIS BILE THAN I CAN ENDURE
THERE IS NO SUCCOUR IN THESE STREAMS TAINTED WITH SUCH BITTER CRIMES
I'LL TURN TOWARDS THE MOUNTAINS NOW WHERE THE SPRINGS RUN PURE
AS FLARES AND SHELLS FALL THROUGH THE NIGHT AND TAUNT A PEOPLE CURSED TO
FIGHT
THE OLD MAN TAKES FLIGHT FROM THE RITUALS OF FIRE
A DARK FIGURE AND AN ANCIENT TRACK HIS VOICE MUTE AND HIS GAZE BLACK
IN SILENCE HIS HEART CRACKS WHERE SUMMITS VAULT AND SPIRE

TAKE ME THE OLD MAN CALLS AS HIS WEARY BODY FALLS
FOR I HAVE COME TO YIELD HERE AND NOT TO STAND
AND WHERE HE LIES AMONG THE SNOW A SOURCE SPRINGS FROM THE ROCKS BELOW
AND SINGS AND CIRCLES AS IT FLOWS TOWARDS THE WOUNDED LAND
SINGS AND CIRCLES AS IT FLOWS TOWARDS THE WOUNDED LAND



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10. The Green Linnet (trad)

Curiosity led a young native of Erin
To view the green banks of the Rhine
When an empress he saw and the robes that she was wearing
All over with diamonds did shine
No goddess in splendour was ever yet seen
To equal this beauty so mild and serene
In soft murmur she cried my linnet so green
Sweet Boney shall I ne'er see you more

Neither Hannibal nor Caesar nor brave Alexander
Nor Hector the trojan so bold
Was ever yet braver wherever you did wander
You cared not for heat or for cold
It grieves me the hardships you did undergo
Over mountains you travelled all covered with snow
And the balance of power you swiftly laid low
Sweet Boney shall I ne'er see you more

All the crownheads of Europe they sat in great splendour
And swore they would bear you no way
But the goddess of freedom soon made them surrender
And they lowered their banks to your way
Both Frederick's colours to France you did bring
His offspring found shelter in under your wing
And that year in Vienna you sweetly did sing
Sweet Boney shall I ne'er see you more

I have searched o'er the deserts of wide Abyssinia
But can find no cure for my pain
I would go and enquire at the Isle of St. Helena
But for murmurs whispered surely 'tis in vain
Come tell me you critics come tell me in time
What lands must I wander my green linnet to find
Was he slain at Waterloo in Spain or on the Rhine
No he's dead on St. Helena's lake shore



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11. Christmas in Nomansland (Mick Ryan)

Nomansland at Christmas the snow lay all around
The bodies lay that xmas day upon the frozen ground
The germans made their coffee the Tommie s made their tea
Then wandered into nomansland to see what they could see
And all at once the war they fought seemed very far away
And peace on earth goodwill to men
Reborn that Christmas day reborn that Christmas day

Reborn in the photographs of loved-ones that they showed
Reborn in the cigarettes and chocolate they bestowed
As gifts upon the enemy they'd lately tried to kill
Reborn in the football match they played with great goodwill
And as they played the war they fought seemed very far away
And peace on earth goodwill to men
Reborn that Christmas day reborn that Christmas day

As the night was falling they strolled back to the lines
Every man recalling the older, better times
With father wife and mother the good times that they'd had
With sister friend and brother before the world went mad
And as they dreamed the war they fought seemed very far away
And peace on earth goodwill to men
Reborn that Christmas day reborn that Christmas day

As the day was dawning across the frozen land
The men rose tired and yawning and heard on every hand
The word delivered from on high you will not fraternise
This is war so fight or die as cowards damn your eyes
Then they wished the war they fought was very away
And peace on earth goodwill to men
Reborn like Christmas day reborn like Christmas day



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12. On Yonder Hill (trad)

On yonder hill there sits a hare
Full of worry grief and care
And o'er her lodgings it is bare
Singing ho brave boys hi ho
And o'er her lodgings it is bare
Singing ho brave boys hi ho

There came a huntsman riding by
And on this poor hare he cast his eye
And o'er the bogs allowed his dogs
Singing ho brave boys hi ho
And o'er the bogs allowed his dogs
Singing ho brave boys hi ho

And now she's going from hill to hill
All for the best dog to try his skill
And kill the poor hare that never done ill
Singing ho brave boys hi ho
And kill the poor hare that never done ill
Singing ho brave boys hi ho

And now she's turned and turned again
Merrily as she tripped the plain
And may she live to run again
Singing ho brave boys hi ho
And may she live to run again
Singing ho brave boys hi ho

On yonder hill there sits a hare
Full of worry grief and care
And o'er her lodgings it is bare
Singing ho brave boys hi ho
And o'er her lodgings it is bare
Singing ho brave boys hi ho



Maggie Boyle Maggie Boyle Come Away With You Track Lyrics

13. Linden Lea (words William Barnes / tune Ralph Vaughan Williams)

Within the woodland flow'ry gladed by the oak tree's mossy moot
The shinin' grass blades timber shaded now do quiver under foot
And birds do whistle over head and water's bubblin' in it's bed
And there for me the apple tree do lean down low in Linden lea

When leaves that lately were a-springin' now do fade within the copse
And painted birds do hush their singin' up upon the timber's tops
And brown-leaved fruits a-turnin' red in cloudless sunshine overhead
With fruit for me the apple tree do lean down low in Linden Lea

Let other folk make money faster in the air of dark roomed towns
O I don't dread a peevish master tho' no man do heed my frowns
O I be free to go abroad or take again my homeward road
To where for me the apple tree do lean down low in Linden Lea