



# 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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### Track Lyrics

#### 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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### Track Lyrics

#### 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)

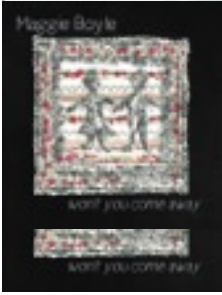
On yonder hill there sits a hare  
Full of worry grief and care  
And o'er her lodgings it is bare  
Singing ho brave boys hi ho  
And o'er her lodgings it is bare  
Singing ho brave boys hi ho

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