

Noreen Bawn

Misc Traditional

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with SMTP id ; Fri, 25 Jun 1993 11:47:57 -0700  
Received: from sulu.orl.mmc.com by animal-farm.nevada.edu id ; Fri, 25 Jun 1993  
11:47:55 -0700  
Message-Id:  
Received: by sulu.orl.mmc.com  
(1.37.109.4/16.2) id AA13726; Fri, 25 Jun 93 14:47:06 -0400  
From: Wes Jester  
Subject: ?IRISH//Noreen\_Bawn.crd  
To: jamesb@animal-farm.nevada.edu (jamesb@nevada.edu)  
Date: Fri, 25 Jun 93 14:47:04 EDT  
Mailer: Elm [revision: 70.85]

Noreen Bawn

CAPO 2/3

**G** **G6 G** **G+** **C E7AM**  
There s a spot in old Tirconnel, there s a wee house in the glen,  
**D7** **G** **G7** **G C CM G**  
Where dwelt an Irish colleen, who inspired the hearts of men,  
**C E7 AM**  
She was winsome, fair and hearty, shy and graceful as the fawn,  
**D9** **D7 G** **D7 G**  
Neighbors loved the widows daughter, happy, laughing Noreen Bawn.

Then one day there came a letter, with her passage paid to go,  
To the land where the Missouri and the Mississippi flowed,  
So she said good-bye to Erin, and next morning at the dawn,  
A poor broken hearted mother bid farewell to Noreen Bawn.

Many years that Mother waited, till one morning at the door,  
Stood a gorgeous looking lady, all grand the clothes she wore,  
Saying Mother don t you know me, sure I ve only got a cold,  
But the purple spots upon her cheeks, the tragic story told.

There s a graveyard in Tirconnel, where the blossoms sadly wave,  
There s a broken hearted Mother, knelling on a lonely grave,  
Saying my Noreen you are calling, its long years since you ve  
gone,  
It was the curse of immigration, that laid you low my Noreen Bawn.