

Noreen Bawn
Misc Traditional

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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.