

# The Galway Shawl (G major)

traditional Irish Waltz and Song Air  
transcribed and arranged by Frank Weber

Instrumental recordings: Phil Coulter: Words & Music (1989); The George Bradley Sound:  
The Ultimate Ballroom Album (1998); Martin Curran: Accordion Magic (2012);

Song recordings: Christie Hennessy: The Green Album (1972); Margaret Barry: Her Mantle so Green (1994); John Wright: A Few  
Short Lines (2000); Patrick Street: On the Fly (2007); The Dubliners: 30 Years a Greying (2008); Deoch 'n' Dorus: The Curer (2008);  
Harry O'Donoghue: A Splash of no Regrets (2010); Liz Madden: My Irish Home (2010); Carolyn Hester: I'll Fly Away (2012);  
Margaret Barry: Ireland's Own (2014); Drop the Floor: Raise the Roof (2014); Hannah Maher: Tales of Sea and Stone (2014);  
Brendan Doherty: Feels Like Home (2016); Finbar Furey: Paddy Dear (2017); Finbar Furey: Don't Stop This Now (2018);  
Lisa O'Neill: Heard a Long Gone Song (2018); Daoiri Farrell: A Lifetime of Happiness (2019); Steve Earle & Dervish: The Great  
Irish Songbook (2019); Liam McGrandles: The Place You Call Home (2020); Áine O'Doherty: Áine (2020); and many more ...

G G G G G Bm Bm Bm

Bm Em Em Em A C C C

G G G G G Bm Bm Bm

Bm Em Em Em A G G G

1. At Oranmore in the county Galway  
One pleasant evening in the month's of May  
I spied a damsel; she was young and handsome  
Her beauty fairly took my breath away

2. She worn no jewels, nor costly diamonds  
No paint nor powder, no none at all  
But she worn a bonnet with ribbons on it  
And 'round her shoulders was the Galway shawl

3. We kept on walking she kept on talking  
Till her fathers cottage came in to view  
Said she, 'come in sir', and meet my father  
And play, to please him, 'The Foggy Dew'

4. She sat me down beside the hearthstone  
I could see her father he was six feet tall  
And soon her mother, had the kettle singing  
All I could think of, was the Galway shawl

5. She worn no jewels, nor costly diamonds  
No paint nor powder, no none at all  
But she worn a bonnet with ribbons on it  
And 'round her shoulders was the Galway shawl

6. I played, 'The Black Bird', 'The Stack of Barley'  
'Rodney's Glory' and 'The Foggy Dew'  
She sang each note like an Irish linnet  
And tears weld in her eyes of blue

7. 'Twas early, early, all in the morning  
I hit the road for old Donegal  
Said she, 'goodbye sir', she cried and kissed me  
But my heart remain with the Galway shawl