There’s a spot in old Tirconnell
With a wee house in the glen
Where dwelt an Irish colleen
Who’d woo the hearts of men

She was winsome, fair and hearty
Shined graceful as a fawn
It was love that widow’s daughter
Happy laughing Noreen Bawn

One day there came a letter
With a passage paid to go
To lands where the Missouri
And the Mississippi flow

So she bade farewell to Erin
And next morning at the dawn
Said a brokenhearted mother
Bid farewell to Noreen Bawn

Many years that mother waited
Till a morning at the door
Sat a gorgeous looking lady
All grand the clothes she wore

Said, Mother don’t you worry
Said, I’ve only got a cold
But the purple spots upon her cheek
The tragic story told

There’s a graveyard in Tirconnell
Where the blossoms sadly sway
Her brokenhearted mother
Living oer a lonely grave

Saying, Noreen you were calling
Many years since you have gone
Was the curse of emigration
Laid you low my Noreen Bawn