

## Going to Mass last Sunday (meeting is pleasure) Denis McDaid

Meeting is a pleasure between my true love and I  
Away down in yonder valley I'll meet her by and by  
Away down in yonder valley there dwells my heart's delight  
And it's with you lovely Molly I could spend till broad daylight

Going to Mass last Sunday my wee love she passed me by  
I knew her mind was altered by the rolling of her eye  
I knew her mind was altered to that lad of higher degree  
Oh Molly lovely Molly your looks have wounded me

I can plough a short furrow and I can plough it long  
I can court with the auld ones till a young one comes along  
I can pass by them as shyly as they can pass by me  
But it's Molly lovely Molly your looks have wounded me

When you meet a pretty fair maid with a dark and rolling eye  
Just kiss her and embrace her and tell her the reason why  
Just kiss her and embrace her till you cause her heart to yield  
For a tender hearted soldier never will never gain field

Fare ye well dear Malin Town likewise to Altashane  
Fare ye well dear Isle of Doagh I might never see you again  
For Americay it lies far away and it I'm going to see  
That I maybe lost forever for we're parted my love and me