

The Jail of Cluain Meala

How hard is my fortune, how vain my repining.
The strong rope of fate for my young neck is twining.
My strength is departed, my cheeks sunk and fallow
While I languish in chains in the jail of Cluan Meala.

No boy in the village was ever yet milder.
I could play with a child and my sport be no wilder.
I could dance without tiring from morning till evening
And my goalball I'd strike to the lightning of heaven.

At my bed foot decaying my hurley is lying.
Through the lads of the village my goalball is flying.
My horse 'mong the neighbours neglected may fallow.
While this heart young and gay lies cold in Cluan Meala.

Next Sunday the pattern at home will be keeping.
All the lads of the village the fields will be sweeping.
And the dance of fair maidens the evening will hallow.
While this heart young and gay lies cold in Cluan Meala.