

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Carrig Rua

Carrig Rua

You may sing your fine songs and stories tell
Of places and scenes that you all know well
But I tell you now of this hill I do know
It's called Carrig Rua where the wild flowers grow.

It is often I have walked it and looked all 'round
At places where history is still to be found.
I look towards the west and I see Ferns' town
Where the old church and abbey in ruins fall down.

I look in amazement at MacMurrough's domain
With his castle still standing where his blood once did stain
As I look down on the Harrow where brave men did abide
It was there that the yeomen in '98 died.

From sweet Carrigrua I see Vinegar Hill
And places where our heroes their blood once did spill
While trying to free Ireland from the grasp of the foes
They were sadly outnumbered and lost to the yeos.

I can see Boolavogue and the bold Shelmalier
Where Father John Murphy with his life once paid dear,
Where Oliver Cromwell his forces did band
For they murdered and plundered and ravished our land.

And now as I sit here on this hill for to rest
I can hear the small birds sing in the trees as they nest.
Such a peace and contentment is now to be found,
May those men who achieved it in heaven be crowned.

WH
oct99