

The Lakes Of Coolfin

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It was early one morning Willie Leonard arose,
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And straight to his comrade's bedchamber he goes,
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Crying, "Comrade, loyal comrade, let nobody know,
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"Tis a fine summer's morning, and a-bathing we'll go".

To the Lake of Coolfin the comrades soon came
And who should they meet but the keeper of game.
"Turn back, Willie Leonard, do not venture in,
There are deep and false waters in the Lake of Coolfin."

But Willie jumped in and he swum the lake round,
He soon reached an island, 'twas soft, boggy ground,
"Oh comrade, loyal comrade, don't follow me in
There are deep and false waters in the Lake of Coolfin."

It was very soon after, Willie's sister awoke
And unto her mother all sadly she spoke,
"Oh I dreamt a sad dream about Willie last night
He came to my room in a shroud of snow white."

Willie's mother arose, and she went to the lake,
She called her son's name, and she wept for his sake.
"Oh, sad was the hour when my Willie plunged in,
There are deep and false waters in the Lake of Coolfin."

Oh, to see Willie's funeral, it was a grand sight
There were four-and-twenty young men, they were all dressed in white.
There were four-and-twenty young maids, they were all dressed in green.
Just to show that he was drowned in the Lake of Coolfin.