

# Irish Song Lyrics

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## MULLAGHDOO

Hugh Fulton, once my comrade dear,  
Pursuing fortune, left his home,  
And through the lone sequestered plains  
Of Nova Scotia now does roam.  
He left his houses and fair lands  
That lovely dwelling for to view;  
The place that gave our hero birth  
Was the wholesome braes of Mullaghdoe.

It grieves my heart, since we did part  
To view those planted groves and shades,  
The covert of the feathered tribe  
Where oft he courted blooming maids,  
The goldspring, nightingale and thrush  
That oftimes charmed our noble Hugh  
Have dropped their wings with silent tongues  
And say, "We'll go frae Mullaghdoe."

The generous lily, pink and rose  
There oft with beauty smiled arrayed,  
But now we see they are declined  
Since away from them our hero strayed.  
Their naked stem and leafless bower  
No more require the morning dew,  
Their summer robes they'll ne'er put on  
Since Hugh's away from Mullaghdoe.

Thou silent moon and glittering orbs  
That oftimes drew his image tall,  
How can you light those immortal hills  
Or cast a shadow on the wall?  
How can ye peep out of the deep,  
O'er lofty hills and mountains blue,  
And o'er this place eclipse your face,  
The midnight mourner, Mullaghdoe?

The night he took his last farewell  
Of Chatham boys, his favoured few - -  
Our master's name was Dan McKay - -  
He says, "A charge I leave wi'you:  
Now, brave McKay, as you pass by  
Wi' fifes and drums and colours blue,  
The more my face you ne'er shall see;  
Play 'Auld Lang Syne' for Mullaghdoe."

from Songs of the People, Henry