

Irish Song Lyrics

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THE HILLS OF GREENMORE

One fine winter's morn my horn I did blow
To the green fields of Keady for hours we did go
We covered our dogs and we searched all the way
For none loves this sport better than the boys in the Dale.
And when we are rising we're all standing there
We sit up by the fields, boys, in search of the hare

We didn't get far till someone gave the cheer
Over high hills and valleys this sweet puss did steer
As we flew o'er the hills, 'twas a beautiful sight
There was dogs black and yellow, there was dogs black and bright
Now she took to the black bank for to try them once more
Oh it was her last ride o'er the hills of Greenmore

In the field fleet stubble this pussy die lie
And in growing chary they did pass her by
And there well we stood at the top of the brae
We heard the last words that this sweet puss did say:
"No more o'er the green fields of Keady I'll roam
In touch of the fields, boys, in sporting and fun

Or hear the long horn that your toner does play
I'll go home to my den by the clear light of day"
You may blame ?our right man? for killing the hare
For he ?said his o.k. first? this many a year
On saturday and sunday he never gives o'er
With a pack of strange dogs round the hills of Greenmore.

recorded by Steeleye Span on "Hark! The Village Wait" (1970)
and sung live by Derwish! in 1993.