

# Drinane Dhun - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

DRINANE DHUN.

Of late I'm captivated by a handsome young man,  
I'm daily complaining for my own darling John,  
I'll be roving all day until night does come on.  
And I'll be shaded by the green leaves of the Drinane Dhun.

Next fair day I'll get a fairing from my handsome young man,  
Twenty bright kisses from my own darling John,  
Confuse them, consume them that say I'm not true,  
Through green groves and lofty mountains I'll rove with you.

My love is far fairer than a fine Summer day,  
His breath is far sweeter than the new mown hay,  
His hair shines like gold when exposed to the sun,  
He is fair as the blossom of the Drinane Dhun.

My love he is going to cross over the main,  
May the Lord send him safe to his virtuous love again;  
He is gone and he's left me in grief for to tell.  
O'er the green hills and lofty mountains between us to dwell.

I wish I had a small boat on the ocean to float,  
I'd follow my darling wherever he did resort;  
I'd sooner have my true love to roll, sport, and play,  
Than all the golden treasure by land or by sea.

I'm patiently waiting for my true love's return,  
And for his long absence I'll ne'er cease to mourn,  
I'll join with the sweet birds till the Summer comes on,  
To welcome the blossoms of the Drinane Dhun.

Come all you pretty fair maids get married in time,  
To some handsome young man that will keep up your prime;  
Beware of the Winter morn, cold breezes come,  
Which will consume the blossoms early of the Drinane Dhun.