

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Carrigdhoun

Carrigdhoun
(Denny Lane)

The heath was green on Carrigdhoun.
Bright shone the sun o'er Ard-na-Lee
The dark green trees bent trembling down
To kiss the slumbering Own na Buidhe.
That happy day -- 'twas but last May --
'Tis like a dream to me,
When Donal swore, aye o'er and o'er,
We'd part no more a stór mo chroidhe.

On Carrigdhoun the heath is brown.
The clouds are dark o'er Ard-na-Lee,
And many a stream comes rushing down
To swell the angry Owen na Buidhe.
The moaning blast is sweeping past
Through many a leafless tree,
And I'm alone, for he is gone,
My hawk has flown, ochone mo chroidhe.

Soft April showers and bright May flowers
Will bring the summer back again,
But will they bring me back the hours
I spent with my brave Donal then?
There's but a chance. he's gone to France
To wear the Fleur-de-Lis.
But I'll follow you, my Donal Dhu,
For still I'm true to you mo chroidhe.

The song was originally called "The Lament of the Irish Maiden" and was written by Denny Lane from Cork. It is a political song telling of the flight from Ireland of Sarsfield's "Wild Geese" in 1691. The air for Carrigdhoun was the inspiration for the music to the Percy French song "The Mountains of Mourne."

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