

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Drimmendoo

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A comical ditty I will sing ye now
Concerning a poor mon that had a poor cow
Each day he'd bring her from the fields to be fed
But arising one morning found Drimmendoo dead
And it's o-ro Drimmendoo
O-ra-hawn Drimmendoo
Deelish-go-gee-to-schlan

T'was yesterdays morning, Friday last
When I milked me old Drimmendoo on the green grass
And so white was her milk and so slick was her tail
That I thought me old Drimmendoo never would fail
And it's o-ro Drimmendoo
O-ra-hawn Drimmendoo
Deelish-go-gee-to-schlan

Bad luck to you Drimmendoo, what made you die
For it twas not for the want of good corn or hi
Yes, corn and hi and enough of it too
For it's abba-boo hwilla-loo, what'll I do
And it's o-ro Drimmendoo
O-ra-hawn Drimmendoo
Deelish-go-gee-to-schlan

Bad luck to the praist and the friar also
For they promised to keep me from sorrow an' woe
And when they found that I was in distress
For regards of one shillin' poor Drimmen lost Mass
And it's o-ro Drimmendoo
O-ra-hawn Drimmendoo
Deelish-go-gee-to-schlan

'Tis, now I must sit down and ate a dry mail
For I have no more butter to butter me kale
And o, no more strippin's to sop to me bread
For it's abba-boo hwilla-loo, Drimmendoo's dead
And it's o-ro Drimmendoo
O-ra-hawn Drimmendoo
Deelish-go-gee-to-schlan

From the Max Hunter Folk Song Collection
Collected from Fred Smith, Arkansas, 1958

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