

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Granemore Hare

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The Saturday morning, the horns they did blow
To the green hills 'round Tassagh the huntsmen do go
To meet the bold sportsmen from around Cady town
For none loved the sport better than the boys from May Down
And when we arrived they were all standing there
So we took to the green fields to search for the hare
We had not gone far when someone gave a cheer
Over high hills and valleys the puss, she did steer

With our dogs all abreast and that big mountain hare
And the sweet sounding music, it rang through the air
Straight for the black bank for to try them once more
And it was her last sight 'round the hills of Granemore

And as they trailed on to where the puss, she did lay
She sprang to her feet for to bid them goodbye
Their music, it ceased; and her cry we could hear
Saying, Cursed be the ones brought you May Down dogs here

Last night as I lay content in the glen
It was little I thought about dogs or of men
But when going home at the clear light of day
I could hear the long dogs at Young Tornerdon bay

And it being so early I stopped for a while
It was little I thought they were going to meet Coyle
If I had known that I'd have lain near the town
Or tried to get clear 'round those dogs from May Down

And now I am dying, the sport is all done
No more through the green fields 'round Cady I run
Nor feed in the glen on the cold winter's night
Or go home to my den when it's breaking daylight

And my curse on MacMahan for bringing Coyle here
He's been at his old capers for many's the year
From Friday to Sunday, he'll never give o'er
With a pack of strange dogs 'round the hills of Granemore

From Dick Gaughan's record Kist O' Gold.

JN

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