Traditional Irish Music
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The Goal Of Cluain Meala

C G
How hard is my fortune
C
How vain my repining
Am
The strong rope of fate
G
For my young neck is twining
C
My strength has departed
G C
My cheeks sunk and sallow
F
As I languish in chains
G C
In the gaol of ClÃ»n Malla

No boy in the village
Was ever yet milder
I could play with a child
And my sport be no wilder
I could dance without tiring
From morning til evening
And my goal ball I'd strike
To the lightning of heaven

At my bedfoot decaying
My hurley is lying
Through the lads of the village
My goal ball is flying
My horse 'mongst the neighbours
Neglected may fallow
While this heart young and gay
Lies cold in ClÃ»n Malla

Next sunday the pattern
At home will be keeping
The lads of the village
The fields will be sweeping
And the dance of fair maidens
The evening will hallow
While this heart
Young and gay lies cold in ClÃ»n Malla

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