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**The Old Dungarvan Oak,**

<sup>C</sup>  
As I roved out one morning  
<sup>F</sup>  
Going to Dungarvon Fair  
<sup>C</sup>  
I spied a pretty maiden  
<sup>G</sup>  
With the sunlight in her hair  
<sup>C</sup>  
Her way was so delightful  
<sup>F</sup>  
Her voice wrang like a bell  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
And as I overtook her I asked if she was well

Chorus  
<sup>G</sup>  
Lay down your woollen shawl me love  
<sup>C</sup> <sup>F</sup>  
I swear it is no joke  
<sup>C</sup>  
And I'll tell to you the story of  
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
The Old Dungarvon Oak

As we approached Dungarvon  
The girl at me did stare  
And she asked me why I raised my hat  
To a tree so old and bare  
I told her of the legend  
If the tree should e'er come down  
There'd be a great disaster  
And Dungarvon would be drowned

Then she started laughing  
My face grew very red  
And she said that only fools believed  
What those old legends said  
Her laughter was contagious  
For the truth to you I'll tell  
By the time I reached the market place  
I began to laugh as well

As I sit here by my fireside  
It's the autumn of my life  
And the darling girl I met that day  
Is now my darling wife  
I have a lovely daughter  
And a son to push my yoke  
And all because I raised my hat  
To the Old Dungarvon Oak