

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Drimindown

(alternate:)

(alternate:)

Drimindown

There was an old man and he had but one cow,
And how that he lost her he couldn't tell how,
For white was her forehead and slick was her tail
And I thought my poor Drimindown never would fail

cho: E-go so ro Drimindown ho ro ha.
So ro Drimindown nealy you gra,
So ro Drimindown or ha ma dow
Me poor Drimindown nea le sko che a go slanigash
So ro Drimindown horo ha.

Bad luck to ye Drimin and why did you die?
Why did ye leave me, for what and for why?
For I 'd sooner lose Pat and my own Bucken Bon [1]
Than you, my poor Drimindown, now you are gone.

As I went to mass one fine morning in May
I saw my poor Drimindown sunk by the way,
I rolled and I bawled and my neighbours I called
To see my poor Drimindown, she being my all.

My poor Drimon's sunk and I saw her no more,
She sunk on an island close down by the shore,
And after she sunk down she rose up again
Like a bunch of black wild berries grown in the glen.

[1] Bucken Bon was the name of his wife; Pat was his son.
From Maritime Folk Songs, Creighton
Sung by Mr. Ernest Sellick, Charlottetown, P.E.I., 1956.

The chorus is Irish Gaelic and has been written down as it sounds. Seeger (Pete) tells us this is the basis for Kisses Sweeter than Wine.