

## **CARRIGDHOUN**

ON CARRIGDHOUN THE HEATH IS BROWN  
THE CLOUDS ARE DARK OVER ARDNALIA  
AND MANY A STREAM COMES RUSHING DOWN  
TO SWELL THE ANGRY OWNABWEE  
THE MOANING BLAST IS SWEEPING FAST  
THRU MANY A LEAFLESS TREE  
AND I'M ALONE, FOR HE IS GONE  
MY HAWK IS FLOWN, OCHONE MACHREE!

THE HEATH WAS GREEN ON CARRIGDHOUN  
BRIGHT SHONE THE SUN OVER ARDNALIA  
THE DARK GREEN TREES BENT TREMBLING DOWN  
TO KISS THE SLUMBERING OWNABWEE;  
THAT HAPPY DAY, 'T WAS BUT LAST MAY,  
'TIS LIKE A DREAM TO ME  
WHEN DONAILL SWORE, AYE O'ER AND O'ER  
WE'D PART NO MORE, OH STOR MACHREE!

SOFT APRIL SHOWERS AND BRIGHT MAY FLOWERS  
WILL BRING THE SUMMER BACK AGAIN  
BUT WILL THEY BRING ME BACK THE HOURS  
I SPENT WITH MY BRAVE DONAILL THEN?  
'TIS BUT A CHANCE, FOR HE'S GONE TO FRANCE  
TO WEAR THE FLEUR-DE-LIS  
BUT I'LL FOLLOW YOU, MY DONAILL DHU,  
FOR STILL I'M TRUE TO YOU, MACHREE!