

The Castle Of Drumore

The Corries

The October winds lament
Around the Castle of Dromore,
Yet peace is in its lofty halls,
My loving treasure store.
Though autumn leaves may droop and die
A bud of spring are you.
Sing hush-a-bye loo, la loo, lo lan,
Sing hush-a-bye loo, la lo.

Bring no ill winds to hinder us,
My helpless babe and me,
Dread spirit of Blackwater banks,
Clan Owen's wild banshee.
And Holy Mary pitying us
In heav'n for grace doth sue.
Sing hush-a-bye loo, la loo, lo lan,
Sing hush-a-bye loo, la lo.

Take time to thrive, my rose of hope,
In the garden of Dromore.
Take heed, young eagle, till your wings
Are feathered fit to soar.
A little rest and then the world
Is full of work to do
Sing hush-a-bye loo, la loo, lo lan,
Sing hush-a-bye loo, la lo.