

Donegal Danny

The Dubliners

I remember the night that he came in from the wintery cold and damp.
A giant of a man in an oilskin coat and the bundle that told he was a tramp.
He stood at the bar and he called a pint then turned and gazed at the fire.
On a night like this to be safe and dry is my one and only desire.

R: So here's to those who are dead and gone.
The friends that I loved dear.
And here's to you and I'll bid you adieu.
Sayin' Donegal Danny's been here me boys Donegal Danny's been here.

Then in a voice that was hushed and low said listen I'll tell you a tale.
How a man of the sea became a man of the road and never more will set sail.
I fished out at Hotes and Killybegs Ardglass and Baltimore.
But the cruel sea has beaten me and I'll end my days on the shore.

R:

One fateful night in the wind and the rain we set sail from Killybegs town.
There was five of us from sweet Donegal and one from county down.
We were fishermen who worked the sea and never counted the cost.
But I never thought when that night was done that my fine friends would all be lost.

R:

Then a storm it broke and rolled the boat on the rocks about ten miles from shore.
As we fought the tide we hoped inside to see our homes once more.
Then we struck a rock and holed the bow and all of us knew she'd go down.
So we jumped right in to the icy sea and prayed to god we wouldn't drown.

By St. Johns point in the early dawn I dragged myself on the shore.
And I cursed the sea for what she'd done vowed to sail her never more.

R:

Ever since that night I've been on the road travelling and trying to forget.
That awful night I lost all me friends I see their faces yet.
And often at night when the sea is high and the rain is tearing at my skin.
I can hear the cries of those drowning men floating over on the wind.

R: (2x)