

## **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!**