

The HILLS ABOVE DRUMQUIN

(TUNE: GLENSWILLY)

**GOD BLESS THE HILLS OF DONEGAL
I'VE HEARD THEIR PRAISES SUNG
IN DAYS LONG GONE BEYOND RECALL
WHEN I WAS VERY YOUNG
BUT I WILL PRAY TO SEE THE DAY
BEFORE LIFE'S COURSE IS RUN
THAT I SHOULD SING THE PRAISES
OF THE HILLS ABOVE DRUMQUIN**

**GOD BLESS THE HILLS OF DOOISH
BE THEY HEATHER-CLAD OR LEA
THE WOODED GLENS OF COOEL
AND THE FORT ON DUNAREE
THE GREEN-CLAD SLOPES OF KIRLISH
AS THEY MEET THE SETTING SUN
DESCENDING IN THEIR GLORY
TO THE HILLS ABOVE DRUMQUIN**

**I'VE ROAMED THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS
WITH THEIR BEAUTY RARE AND GRAND
I'VE RAMBLED THROUGH THE LOWLANDS -
IT'S A COLD AND HEARTLESS LAND
I'LL NEVER BE DOWN-HEARTED
WHEN EACH DAY'S WORK IS DONE:
MY MIND GOES BACK AT SUNSET
TO THE HILLS ABOVE DRUMQUIN**

**DRUMQUIN, YOU'RE NOT A CITY,
BUT YOU'RE ALL THE WORLD TO ME
YOUR LOT I'LL NEVER PITY
THO' YOU'LL NEVER GREATER BE
I LOVE YOU AS I KNOW YOU
WHEN FROM SCHOOL I USED TO RUN
ON THE SHELTERED SIDE OF DOOISH
ON THE HILLS ABOVE DRUMQUIN!**