

THE CASTLE OF DROMORE

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October winds lament around the castle of Dromore,
Yet peace is in its lofty halls, a pháiste bán 's a stór
Though Autumn leaves may droop and die, a bud of spring are you
Sing hushabye, loola-loo, lo-lan
Sing hushabye, loola-loo

Send no ill wind to hinder us, my helpless babe and me -
Dread spirit of the Blackwater, Clan Eoin's* wild banshee,
And Holy Mary pitying us, in heaven for grace doth sue,
Sing hushabye, etc.

Take time to thrive, my ray of hope, in the garden of Dromore
Take heed, young eaglet, till your wings are feathered fit to soar:
A little rest and then the world is full of work to do,
Sing hushabye, etc.

* Eoin = pronounced Owen