

The October winds lament around  
The of Dromore  
Yet peace lies in her lofty halls,  
My loving treasure store  
Though Autumn may droop and die  
A bud of Spring are you  
Sing hush-a-bye, loo, low, loo, low, lan,  
Hush-a-bye, loo, low, loo

Dread spirit of the Blackwater,  
Clan Owen's banshee  
Bring no ill wind to hinder us,  
My helpless and me  
And Holy Mary pityin' us  
To Heaven for doth sue  
Sing hush-a-bye, loo, low, loo, low, lan,  
Hush-a-bye, loo, low, loo

Take time to thrive my ray of  
In the of Dromore  
Take heed young eaglet till thy wings  
Are feathered to soar  
A little rest and then the world  
Is full of to do  
A little rest and then the world  
Is full of work to do  
Mm-mm-mm-mm-mm Mm-mm Mm-mm,  
Mm-mm-mm-mm Mm-mm

The October lament around  
The Castle of Dromore  
Yet peace lies in her lofty halls,  
My treasure store  
Though Autumn leaves may droop and die  
A bud of are you  
Sing hush-a-bye, loo, low, loo, low, lan,  
Hush-a-bye, loo, low, loo  
Sing hush-a-bye, loo, low, loo, low, lan,  
Hush-a-bye, loo, low, loo