

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