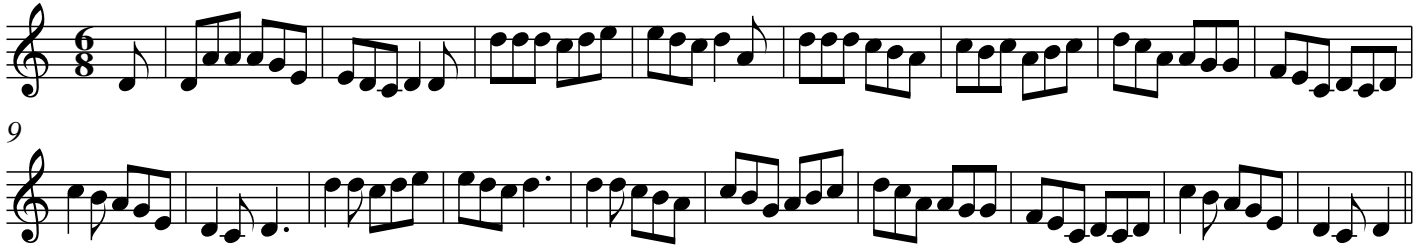


# Drimindown

ireland

♩. = 100



There was an old man and he had but one cow,  
And how that he lost her he couldn't tell how,  
For white was her forehead and slick was her tail  
And I thought my poor Drimindown never would fail

## Chorus:

E-go so ro Drimindown ho ro ha.  
So ro Drimindown nealy you gra,  
So ro Drimindown or ha ma dow  
Me poor Drimindown nea le sko che a go slanigash  
So ro Drimindown horo ha.

Bad luck to ye Drimin and why did you die?  
Why did ye leave me, for what and for why?  
For I 'd sooner lose Pat and my own Bucken Bon [1]  
Than you, my poor Drimindown, now you are gone.

As I went to mass one fine morning in May  
I saw my poor Drimindown sunk by the way,  
I rolled and I bawled and my neighbours I called  
To see my poor Drimindown, she being my all.

My poor Drimon's sunk and I saw her no more,  
She sunk on an island close down by the shore,  
And after she sunk down she rose up again  
Like a bunch of black wild berries grown in the glen.