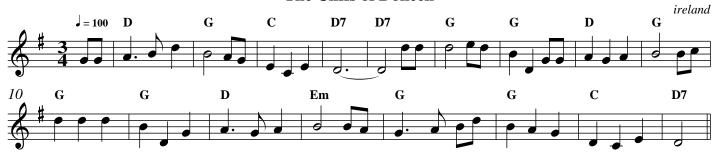
The Cliffs of Doneen



You may travel far far from your own native land, Far away o'er the mountains, far a—way o'er the foam, But of all the fine places that I've ever been Sure there's none can compare with the cliffs of Doneen.

Take a view o'er the mountains, fine sights you'll see there You'll see the high rocky mountains o'er the west coast of Clare Oh the town af Kilkee and Kilrush can be seen From the high rocky slopes round the cliffs of Doneen.

It's a nice place to be on a fine summer's day Watching all the wild flowers that ne'er do decay Oh the hares and lofty pheasants are plain to be seen Making homes for their young round the cliffs of Doneen.

Fare thee well to Doneen, fare thee well for a while And to all the kind people I'm leaving behind To the streams and the meadows where late I have been And the high rocky slopes round the cliffs of Doneen.