

Cowan Mountain (Micil Ned Quinn)

Come listen to my story and I will tell you now
I was reared up in the mountains close to the calf and cow
It's there I spent my childhood
Those days I did enjoy
Round the foot of Cowan mountain where I rambled as a boy

In the school in Carraig na Gamhna I spent manies the dreary day
As I watch the clock come lunchtime
When we went out to play
And when my dad was over
I climbed those green hills high
To see my Cowan mountain where I rambled as a boy

There's a cave up in your heather, where the babby bean did dwell
And he oft times quench his thirst there
In the stream at bachan well
I know for old Frank told and me ne'er told me a lie
As we strolled round Cowan mountain
The old man and the boy

I stood Sliabh na gCapall, the sun was in the west
Saw beauty all around me, Mullaghbawn there at its best
And I thought of friends I played with
Beneath the foreign sky
Who longed for Cowan mountain

Now I'm getting old and grey, but you're there just the same
With your lovely purple heather, that oft times was full of game
And your spellig over Brochy,
Where oft times the fox did lie
I love you Cowan mountain , I love you to till I die

Slieve Gullion stands beside you like a father with his son
And sun goes down behind when the harvest is done
And when my days have ended
and my soul slips off on high
Go round by Cowan mountain where I rambled as a boy

When will we be married?

When will we be married? Me decent Irish lad
No sooner than tomorrow, I think it'd not be bad
Can we be married no sooner? Me decent Irish lad
Do you want to be married this morning? Oh woman I think you're mad

And who will we have at the wedding? Me decent Irish lad
If we had fathers and mothers, I think it'd not be bad
Could we have no one better? Me decent Irish lad
Do you want a whole congregation? Oh woman I think you're mad

And what will we have for the dinner? Me decent Irish lad
If we had pretties and herring, I think it'd not be bad
Can we have nothing better? Me decent Irish lad
Do you want to have bullocks and heifers? Oh woman I think you're mad

And what will we have to lie on? Me decent Irish lad
A pallet of straw in the corner, I think it'd not be bad
Can we not have a feather bed? Me decent Irish lad
Do you want to smother your husband? Oh woman I think you're mad

And when will we have children? Me decent Irish lad
As soon as God allows us, I think it'd not be bad
Can we have them no sooner? Me decent Irish lad
Do you want to have them this moment? Oh woman I think you're mad