



The Shades of Sweet Drumdoe

Words and Music by Mick Corcoran and John Moran

Arranged by Mike Ryan 2006

Kind friends and Neighbours, all of you
Come listen to my song
If you will pay attention
I'll not detain you very long
It's about us leaving off from home
And our last farewell to you
But we'll not forget the dear old land
No matter where we'll be

As we sail away from Erin's shore
These thoughts run through our mind
And we pray for prosperity in the land
That we have left behind
And as we roam away from home
Our thoughts travel back you know
To the lovely land where we got birth
In the homes of Corrigeenroe

This lovely spot in oft-time sought
By many an eye so fair
Not on account of it's beauteous land
But lads and lassies rare
There's a neat and tiny little spot
On it's western side or so
And where is it that can compete
With the shades of sweet Drumdoe

Now this has never been concealed
From the eyes of any man
For centuries, it has been known
From father down to son
By despots all both big and small
We all are forced to go
From the lovely land that gave us birth
And the homes of Corrigeenroe

But what for that then we must go
To steer the briny foam
But as we wonder all alone
Our thoughts will be of home
On foreign strands where we do land
Be it Boston or Bombay
We'll think of happy childhoods spent
Between Loch Arrow and Loch Key



Adieu our aged parents
For with them we cannot stay
Because of things we can't control
That are driving us away
But we'll come back and show the track
Where we trod years ago
And look for mirth where we got birth
In the homes of Corrigeenroe

Farewell green hills and valleys
And sweet arms of the glen
Where thrush and blackbird tune their notes
And small birds sweetly sing
Where lads and lasses sport and play
In joy around The Grove
And decorate themselves so very gay
With bouquets from Drumdoe

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For with them we cannot stay
Because of things we can't control
That have driven us away
But we'll come back and show the track
Where we trod years ago
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