

## **Three Irish Tenors, The "The Hills of Donegal"**

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When I was young and in my prime  
My mind being free from care  
Whilst leaving all in Donegal to wander far away  
Whilst leaving all in Donegal to wander far away  
That I might plough the raging main, going to  
Amerikay.

In Creeslough town my friends stood round  
And I bad adieu to all  
In Creeslough town my friends stood round  
And I bad adieu to all  
And down Lough Foyle, and away I went  
From the hills of Donegal.

The night being dark and stormy  
And loud the waves did roar  
Our captain cries, "Hold off, me boys  
Our vessels going ashore!"  
Our captain cries, "Hold off, me boys  
To deck you one and all!"  
And I rued the day I sailed away  
From the hills of Donegal.

My father he's a farmer  
I mean to tell you all  
Between Moville, near Derry  
And the hills of Donegal.  
I, being like many's the foolish young lad  
I thought I'd sail away  
That I might plough the raging main  
Going to Amerikay.

Here's farewell unto Castlerock  
Likewise unto Donhill  
And to that spot where we sailed by  
They call it sweet Moville  
From sweet Culmore to that foreign shore  
Where waves do rise and fall  
Adieu, adieu to my wee lass  
On the hills of Donegal...

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