

## Corpus Christi

### "The Castle Of Drumore"

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The October winds lament  
Around the Castle of Dromore,  
Yet peace is in it's lofty halls,  
My loving treasure store.  
Though autumn leaves may droop and die  
A bud of spring are you.  
Sing hush-a-bye loo, la loo, lo lan,  
Sing hush-a-bye loo, la lo.

Bring no I'll winds to hinder us,  
My helpless babe and me,  
Dread spirit of Blackwater banks,  
Clan Owen's wild banshee.  
And Holy Mary pitying us

In heav'n for grace doth sue.  
Sing hush-a-bye loo, la loo, lo lan,  
Sing hush-a-bye loo, la lo.

Take time to thrive, my rose of hope,  
In the garden of Dromore.  
Take heed, young eagle, till your wings  
Are feathered fit to soar.  
A little rest and then the world  
Is full of work to do  
Sing hush-a-bye loo, la loo, lo lan,  
Sing hush-a-bye loo, la lo.

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