

## Deante

### "Dark Iniseoghain"

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The maidens of beauty and swains so forlorn  
That carelessly wander away from your home  
I am off by the moonlight and break of the morning  
I'll be found in the mountains of dark Iniseoghain

I strayed to a place they call sweet Clonmany  
In search of a fair one that I might adore  
But a maiden to love me, I couldn't find any  
From Meendoran Bridge to the Gap of Mamore

Many's the Colleen I cast my eye over  
From Mary of Malin to the Rose of Moville  
All sweet were their smiles and eyes filled with laughter  
But sure in the end was myself waiting still

At the Bay of Culdaff where the wild waves are  
breaking  
Carndonagh with forest-clad mountains and hills  
I sat, but in vain with a heart that was aching  
For one whom my dreams of a bride would fulfill

But then in the shades of old Barnan I found you  
That valley o'ershadowed by mountains so grand  
And I prayed that God's angels would ever protect you  
And I placed a keepsake in your little white hand

And now I am stationed in County Fermanagh  
Far from the fair one that I do adore  
But when I return it will be to my dear one  
That I left in the mountains of dark Iniseoghain

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