

## Christy Moore

### "Mullaghmore"

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I heard an angry voice behind a drystone wall  
At a beauty spot on out by Carron;  
"Go on, Get back to Dublin.  
You hippies don't belong here.  
Traipsin' round the Burren  
Never spendin' very long here."  
And the only thing,  
That I could think to say was;  
We all belong here,  
This is our native shore,  
While I'm here I'd love to sing,  
A song in praise of Mullaghmore.

I took a rocky road up Croagh Patrick,  
And a mossy path up Sliabh Gallion Braes,  
And I plunged in the deep at Brandon Creek,  
And slept in a glade beyond DŃn Maebh,  
All alone along the Wicklow Way,  
Peace and solitude I found.  
When I reached the slopes of Mullaghmore,  
I could have sworn that was the holy ground.

Minister, minister,  
Pause for reflection,  
As you fly by helicopter,  
In pursuit of re-election.  
An obsession with affairs of State  
And legislature  
Leaves little time for us to share,

In the miracles of Nature.

Like the fairy foxglove,  
And the rusty-back fern at Poll Na Gollum,  
The silver cranesbill,  
And columbine at Caher Connell,  
The juniper at Bellharbour,  
The wintergreen around Slaibh Carron.  
These miracles of nature,  
Surviving in the crevices of the Burren.

There's gonna be sewerage schemes  
And septic tanks, tarmac and concrete mixers  
And rumours circling Co. Clare,  
Promising lots of nixers\*,  
And car parks to be levelled,  
Infills and elevations.  
And when the dust is settled,  
A handful of jobs and relations.

Nature took two million years,  
To sculpture Mullaghmore.  
Carved from the ancient rock,  
By the freezing ice and snow.  
As the sun shines down on the mountain  
At the broad Atlantic ocean,  
You can hear the small birds singing,  
On the Burren round Mullaghmore.

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