

## Daniel O'Donnell

# "The Old Dungarvan Oak"

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As I roved out one morning going to Dungarvan Fair  
I spied a pretty maiden with the sunlight in her hair  
Her way was so delightful, her voice rang like a bell  
And as I overtook her I asked if she was well.

Chorus:

Lay down your woolen shawl me love  
I swear it is no joke  
And I'll tell to you the story  
Of the Old Dungarvan Oak.

As we approached Dungarvan the girl at me did stare  
And she asked me why I raised my hat to a tree so old  
and bare  
I told her of the legend, if the tree should e'er come  
down  
There'd be a great disaster and Dungarvan would be  
drowned.

Chorus:

Lay down your woolen shawl me love  
I swear it is no joke  
And I'll tell to you the story  
Of the Old Dungarvan Oak.

--- Instrumental ---

Then she started laughing, my face grew very red  
And she said that only fools believed what those old  
legends said  
Her laughter was contagious for the truth to you I'll tell  
By the time I reached the market place I began to laugh  
as well.

Chorus:

Lay down your woolen shawl me love  
I swear it is no joke  
And I'll tell to you the story  
Of the Old Dungarvan Oak.

As I sit here by my fireside it's the autumn of my life  
And the darling girl I met that day is now my darling

wife

I have a lovely daughter And a son to push my yoke  
And all because I raised my hat to the Old Dungarvan  
Oak.

Chorus:

Lay down your woolen shawl me love  
I swear it is no joke  
And I'll tell to you the story  
Of the Old Dungarvan Oak.

Chorus:

Lay down your woolen shawl me love  
I swear it is no joke  
And I'll tell to you the story  
Of the Old Dungarvan Oak...

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