Irish Folksongs "THE CREGGAN WHITE HARE"

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In the lowland of Creggan there lives a white hare As swift as the swallow that flies through that air You may tramp the world over but none can compare With the pride of low Creggan white hare

One clean autumn morning as you may suppose The red golden sun o'er the green mountain rose Barney Conway came down and he did declare This day I'll put an end to that bonnie white hare

He searched through the lowlands and down through the glens

And among the wild bushes where the white hare had ends

Till at last coming home o'er the heather so bare From behind a wild thistle jumped out the white hare

Bang bang went his gun and his dog it slipped too As swift as the wind over the green mountain flew But the dog soon came back which made poor Barney sigh

For he knew that the white hare had bid him again

We're some jolly sportsmen down here from Pomeroy From Cookstown, Dungannon and likewise the Moy With our pedigree greyhound we've travelled afar And we've come down to Creggan in our fine motor car

Away to the lowlands there huntsmen did go In search for the white hare they look high and low Till at last Barney Conway on a bog bank so bare Shouted out to these huntsmen there lies the white hare

They call up their greyhounds from off the green lea And Barney and the huntsmen they jumped high with glee

For three on the turf bank all gathered around Seven dogs and nine men did that poor hare surround

Now wonder the white hare did tremble with fear

As she stood on her toes and would raise her big ears But she stood on her toes and with one gallant spring She cleared over the greyhounds and broke through the ring

Well the case i went on 'twas a beauti

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