

Castle of Dromore / October winds

<https://riverofsong.uk/>

This lullaby and 'Irish folk song' was written by Sir Harold Boulton to a traditional tune. It was later popularised by the Clancy Brothers in the 1960s, which is when I first came across this haunting song.

Find out more at <http://mudcat.org/thread.cfm?threadid=77129>



Oc - to - ber winds la - ment a - round the cast - le of Dro - more. Yet
peace is in its lofty halls, my lov - ing trea - sure store, Though
Au - tumn 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.

October winds lament around the castle of Dromore,
Yet peace is in her lofty halls, my loving treasure store,
Though autumn leaves may droop and die, a bud of spring are you.
Sing hushabye loo la loo la lan,
Sing hushabye loo la lo.

Bring no ill winds to hinder us, my helpless babe and me,
Dread spirits of the blackwater, Clan Owen's wild banshee,
And Holy Mary pitying us, in Heaven for grace doth sue.
Sing hushabye loo la loo la lan,
Sing hushabye loo la lo.

Take time to thrive my ray of hope, in the garden of Dromore.
Take heed young eaglet till thy wings are feathered fit to soar.
A little rest and then the world is full of work to do.
A little rest and then the world is full of work to do.
Sing hushabye loo la loo la lan,
Sing hushabye loo la lo.