


Donegal Danny


Irish Folk

D G D G D




I re - mem-ber the night that he came in From the win - t'ry cold_ and_ damp. A_

Bm G A



gi - ant of a man in an oil skin coat and a bun - dle that told he was a tramp. He

D G D G D



stood at the bar and he called a pint then turned and gazed. at the fire On a

Bm G A



night like this to be safe and dry is my one and on - ly de - sire. So_

D G D A



here's to you that are dead and gone, the friends that I_ loved_ dear, And.

D G D A D Bm



here's to you for I bid you a - dieu, say - in' Do - ne - gal_ Dan - ny's been here, my boys,

Do - ne - gal _____ Dan - ny's been here.

*Then in a voice that was hushed and low
 He said, "Listen, I'll tell you a tale,
 How a man of the sea became a man of the road
 And never more will set sail.
 We fished out a boat from Killypeg
 At Glask and Baltimore
 But the cruel sea she'd beaten me
 And I'll end my days on shore.*

*One fateful night in the wind and the rain
 We set sail from Killypeg town
 There were five of us from sweet Donegal
 And one from County Down.
 We were fishermen who worked the sea
 And never counted the cost.
 But I never thought e'er that night was done
 That my fine friends would all be lost.*

*Then the storm it broke and drove the boat
 To the rocks about ten miles from shore
 As we fought the tide, we hoped inside
 To see our homes once more.
 Then we struck a rock and hauled a bow
 And all of us knew that she'd go down,
 So we jumped right into the icy sea
 And prayed to God we wouldn't drown.
 But the raging sea was rising still
 As we struck out for the land
 And she fought with all her cruelty,
 To claim that gallant man.
 By St. John's point in the early dawn
 I dropped myself on shore
 And I cursed the sea for what she'd done,
 And vowed to sail her never more.*

*Ever since that night I've been on the road
 Travelin' and trying to forget
 That awful night I lost all my friends
 I see their faces yet.
 And often at night when the sea is high
 And the rain is tearing at my skin
 I hear the crys of drowning men
 Floating over on the wind.*