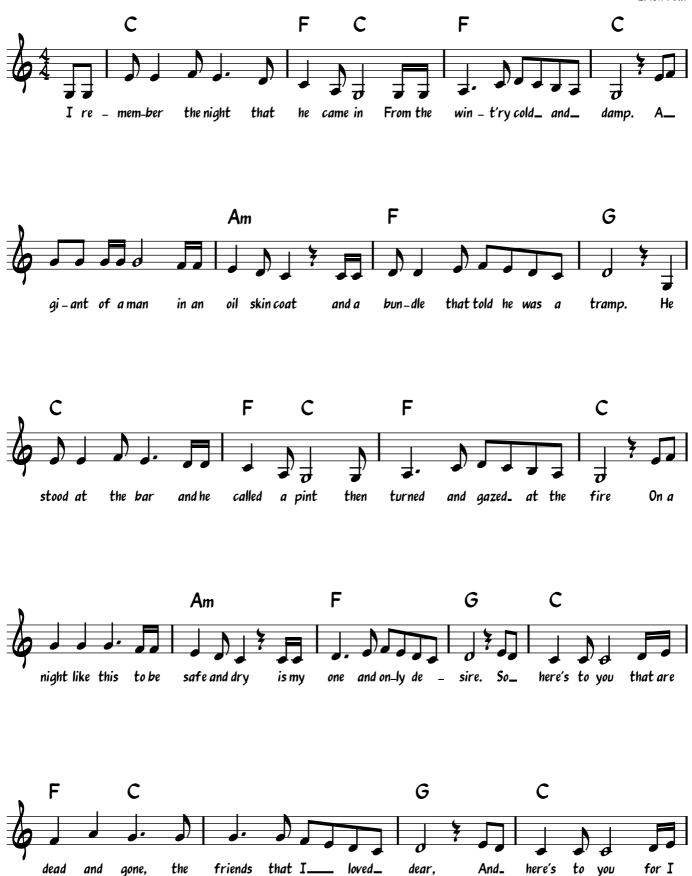
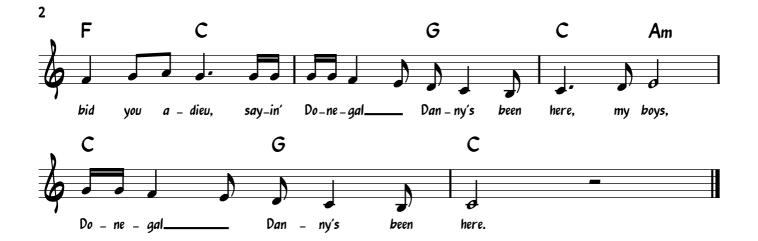
Donegal Danny

Irish Folk





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.