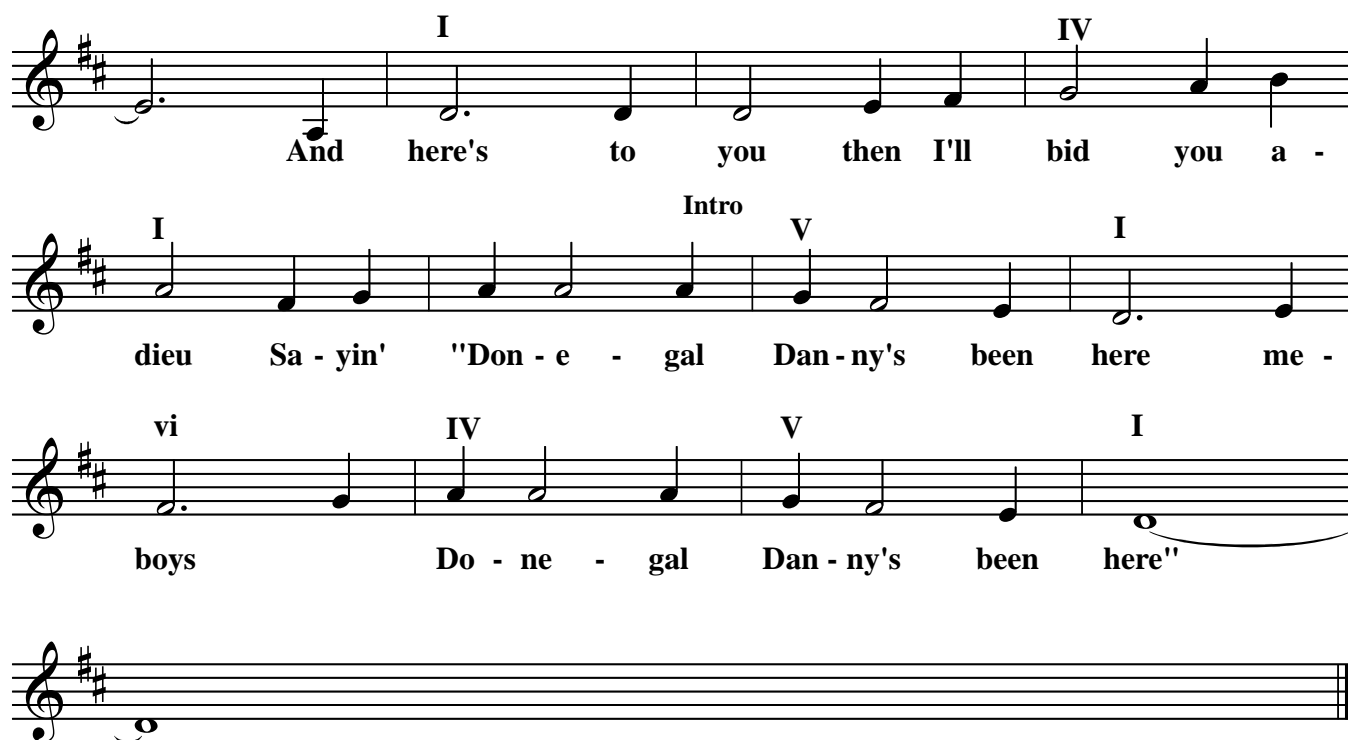


52- Donegal Danny

Irish Folk

Violin

I re-member the night that he came
in From the win - tery cold and damp
A giant of a man in an oil - skin
coat and a bundle that told he was a tramp
He stood at the bar and he called
a pint Then turned and gazed at the fire
On a night like this to be safe and
dry is my one and on - ly de - sire
Chorus So here's to those that are dead and
gone the friends that I loved dear



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
 I fished out of Howth and Killybegs,
 Ardglass and Baltimore
 But the cruel sea has beaten me
 And I'll end my days on the shore

One fateful night in the wind and the rain
 We set sail from Killybegs 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 'ere that night was gone
 That my fine friends would all be lost

Then the storm it broke and broke the boat
 With 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 hold the 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 ragin' sea was risin' still
 As we struck out for the land
 And she fought with all her cruelty
 To claim that gallant men
 By Saint John's point in the early dawn
 I dragged myself on the 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 cries of drowning men
 Floating over on the wind