

The Old Dungarvan Oak

As I rode out one morning going to Dungarvan Fair
I spied a pretty maiden with the sunlight in her hair.
Her way was so delightful; her voice rang like a bell,
And as I overtook her I asked if she was well.

Chorus:

**Lay down your woollen shawl my love
I swear it is no joke.
I'll tell to you the story
Of the Old Dungarvan Oak.**

As we approached Dungarvan the girl at me did stare
And she asked me why I raised my hat to a tree so old and bare.
I told her of the legend, if the tree should e'er come down
There'd be a great disaster, sure Dungarvan would be drowned.

Chorus:

--- Instrumental ---

As I sit here by my fireside, it's the autumn of my life
And the darling girl I met that day is now my darling wife.
Sure we have a lovely daughter, and the son to push my yoke,
And all because I raised my hat to the Old Dungarvan Oak.

Chorus X2