

My Hero Lies In Cookstown

Oh my hero lies in Cookstown in the church yard on the hill
Those guitar picking fingers for ever now are still
With that lilton voice you sang us songs that we all did enjoy
Like walking piece of heaven, and Kitty from Pomeroy

Beneath the Cuilcagh Mountains, where the Shannon starts to flow
That's where young Dan was born and raised, where the Breffni Heather
grows
In a house once filled with music, that made the rafters ring
Where the Shanaghy told stories and everyone would sing

Chorus

**We miss you, Dan O'Hara – in Cavan and Tyrone
Sure Nelly's down in fordenroad, it was your second home
Oh, we miss you in Chicago, Bundoran to Montreal
But it's Mary and your family that miss you most of all.**

Each evening when you came from school, to McGovern's you would go
To hear Hank William's records, Slim Whitman and Hank Snow
Then one night you saw your idol, in the Rainbow in Glenfarne
You got to meet and talk guitars with Seamus McMan.

From then on you decided, on what you were gonna do
You'd form the Overlanders with friends and sisters, too
You played throughout the counties in venues big and small
Then you became a rambling man Philomena made the call.

They say that everybody has a hero of their own
It may be a famous sportstar, or a legend like Buck Owens
But Dan you are my hero, you are and always will
But my hero lives in Cookstown in the church yard on the hill

Chorus