

## Legannany O

(Jackie Boyce recorded Frances Rogers singing a version of this song in his kitchen in 1986)

One evening fair to take the air I chanced to go a straying O  
As o'er the dales the clammy gales, with gentle breath displaying O  
With a lassie gay I took my way, and left my occupation O  
With beating heart for to escort, onto her destination O

Sol from the west the valleys dressed, the fragrant roof so pretty O  
And lingering scenes as if the beams, were to adorn my Kittie O  
In cheery mood we took the road, along to Slieveniskey O  
Where nimble lambs around their dams, were sporting gay and frisky O

In scattered state my sheep did bleat, depart from one another O  
And fearing they might further stray, we tied their legs together O  
And this being done we then went on, our journey smooth and canny O  
'Til time passed by 'til we drew nigh, to a place called Legannany O

The hawthorn gay beguiled the way, the hare and rabbit sportin' O  
The feather train sang o'er the plain, some pair were sweetly courtin' O  
While these I viewed I understood, and thought of nature's charms O  
That maid more fair than all was there, the maiden in me arms O

But bless my lot I envied not, the king his wide dominions O  
For time alas ne'er moved so fast, as when on pleasures pinions O  
Like the sea-bird brave a-breast the wave, o'er Gargan's top came peeping O  
Pale Luna's lamp that guides the tramp, when all the world is sleeping O

So off I went, my footsteps bent towards old Slievenamoney O  
And with a sigh bid her goodbye, my love in Legannanny O  
And coming home sure all alone, and wrapped in meditation O  
I thus did say fair maidens gay, were young men's ruination O

My feet being sore, I moaned the more 'til fit was I to shank it O  
And Kittie she would laugh at me, snug wrapped up in her blanket O  
To make me worse the clouds did burst, the hail fell helter-skelter O  
And every thump it made me jump, and yet could find no shelter O

At last I spied by the wayside a closely spreading thorn O  
Where I sat down to shun the wet, intending to stop 'til morning O  
Not long I stayed beneath the shade 'til I fell o'er a-dozing O  
And with the spring the muse took wing, and started the composing O

My thought included man's careers, since Adam fell in Eden O  
And how that Eve could still appear so wily and misleading O  
Scared at the thought then up I got, and homeward bound pursuing O  
Hard, hard I swore that never more, would I go back a-wooing O