

# Dhrimen Dhu Deelish

Come, all you good peo - ple, a tale I'll tell you A - bout an old wo - man who  
4 had but one cow; And so white was her face and so bright was her eye I  
7 thought me ould Dhri - men Dhu nev - er would die. And it's Och hone! me Dhri-men Dhu,  
11 Och mi ag - ra, ar - rah mush - a, Me Dhri - men Dhu Dee - lish, Och hone mi ag - ra.

Returning from mass on a morning in May,  
The neighbors found Dhrimen Dhu bogged by the way;  
They tried for to save her, but life it was past,  
Poor Dhrimen Dhu sighed, and that sigh was her last.  
And It's Och hone! me Dhrimen Dhu,  
Och mi agra, arrah musha,  
Me Dhrimen Dhu Deelish  
Och hone mi agra.

When the ould woman heard what her neighbors did say  
She ran to the field where the poor Dhrimen Dhu lay;  
Her eyes were rolled up as she lay on the plain,  
Like a bunch of ripe blackberries, soaked in the rain.  
And It's Och hone! me Dhrimen Dhu,  
Och mi agra, arrah musha,  
Me Dhrimen Dhu Deelish  
Och hone mi agra.

Oh, Dhrimen Dhu, Dhrimen Dhu, what made ye die,  
Come tell me the reason, for what and for why?  
I would sooner lose Patrick, me broth of a son,  
Oh, philaloo, philaloo, now that you're gone.  
And It's Och hone! me Dhrimen Dhu,  
Och mi agra, arrah musha,  
Me Dhrimen Dhu Deelish  
Och hone mi agra.

It was last Sunday morning and Saturday past,  
I milked me ould Dhrimen Dhu on the green grass;  
And so swate was her milk and so slick was her tail,  
I thought me ould heart would leap into the pail.  
And It's Och hone! me Dhrimen Dhu,  
Och mi agra, arrah musha,  
Me Dhrimen Dhu Deelish  
Och hone mi agra.

Now I must go home and eat me dry meal  
Without any strippens to put in me pail;  
And och, no butter to spread on me bread  
Och, musha! bad luck to you, now that you're dead,  
And It's Och hone! me Dhrimen Dhu,  
Och mi agra, arrah musha,  
Me Dhrimen Dhu Deelish  
Och hone mi agra.