

# Mountains of Pomeroy (G major)

Irish Song Air

transcribed by Frank Weber, learned from the Bow Brothers' album

Recordings: Richard O'Mealy: *BBC Recordings* (1943); De Danann: *A Jacket of Batteries* (1988); Alec Finn: *Blue Shamrock* (1994); De Danann: *Hibernian Rhapsody* (1995); Ron Kavana & The Alias Acoustic Band: *Irish Songs of Rebellion, Resistance & Reconciliation 1798-1998* (1998); Cathal Hayden: *Cathal Hayden* (1999); Thomasina: *Holding Back the Night* (1999); Iarla Ó Lionáird: *I Could Read the Sky* (2000); Laoise Kelly: *Irish Aires* (2001); Reeltime: *Live It Up* (2006); Dennis Gallery & Friends: *Dennis Gallery & Friends* (2007); Mithril: *Tangled Up* (2009); Paddy Homan: *Paddy Homan* (2009); The Young Wolftones: *On the One Road* (2009); Malachi Cush: *Two Sides of Malachi* (2009); Ladlane: *Out of Dublin* (2010); The Rapparees: *Wrapped Up* (2011); Máirtín O'Connor Band: *Going Places* (2012); Malachi Cush: *The Galway Girl* (2012); Girsá: *A Sweeter Place* (2013); Dick Hogan: *Songs Our Parents Loved, Vol. 2* (2013); Seán Keane: *Christmas by the Hearth* (2014); Tommy Fleming: *The Essential Collection* (2014); Jeff Furman & Janet Furman: *Celtic Jewels* (2015); Kick Up the Dust: *Juice of the Dust* (2016); Cathal Hayden, Stephen Hayden & Niall Murphy: *Bow Brothers* (2017); Niall Hanna: *Autumn Winds* (2017)

from a poem by George Sigerson (1836 - 1925) from Strabane, Co. Tyrone, Northern Ireland.

1. The morn was breaking bright and fair,  
The lark sang in the sky,  
When the maid she bound her golden hair,  
With a blithe glance in her eye;  
For, who beyond the gay green-wood,  
Was a-waiting her with joy,  
Oh, who but her gallant Renaldine,  
On the mountains of Pomeroy.

2. Full often in the dawning hour,  
Full oft in twilight brown  
He met the maid in the woodland bow'r,  
Where the stream comes foaming down  
For they were faithful in a love  
No wars could e'er destroy.  
No tyrant's law touched Renaldine,  
On the mountains of Pomeroy

3. "Oh love, oh love, I'm sore afraid  
For the foeman's force and you  
For they'll track you in the lowland plain  
And all the valley through  
My kinsman frowned when you were named  
Oh, your life they would destroy  
'Oh beware,' they said, 'Of Renaldine  
On the mountains of Pomeroy.'"

4. "Fear not, fear not, my love," he cries  
"For the foeman's force and me  
No change shall fall whate'er betide  
On the arm that should be free.  
Come leave your cruel kith and kin  
And with your soldier flee  
It's with my gun I will guard you  
On the mountains of Pomeroy"

5. The morn has come, she arose and fled  
From her cruel kin and home  
And searched the wood all rosy red  
And the tumbling torrent's foam  
But the rain came down and the tempest roared  
And did all around destroy  
And a pale drowned bride met Renaldine  
On the mountains of Pomeroy