

## **The Cliffs Of Dooneen**

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You may travel far, far, from your own native home,  
Far away o'er the mountains, far away o'er the foam,  
But of all the fine places that I've ever been,  
Oh, there's none can compare with the Cliffs of Dooneen.

It's a nice place to be on a fine summer's day,  
Watching all the wild flowers that ne'er do decay,  
Oh, the hare and the pheasant are plain to be seen,  
Making homes for their young round the Cliffs of Dooneen.

Take a view o'er the mountains, fine sights you'll see there;  
You'll see high, rocky mountains on the west coast of Clare,  
Oh, the towns of Kilkee and Kilrush can be seen,  
From the high, rocky slopes 'round the Cliffs of Dooneen.

So fare thee well to Dooneen, fare thee well for a while,  
And although we are parted by the raging sea wild,  
Once again I will wander with my fine Irish lad,  
Round the high rocky slopes of the Cliff of Dooneen.