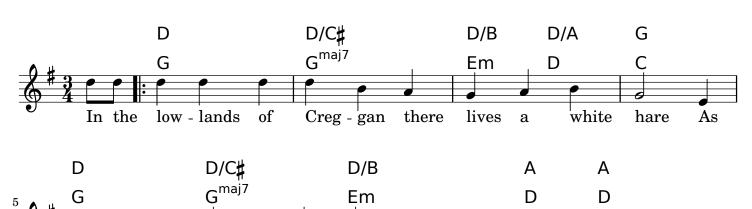
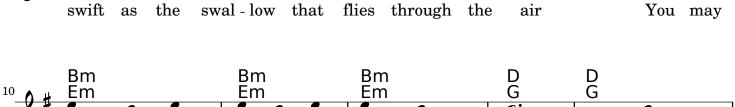
The Creggan White Hare (G)

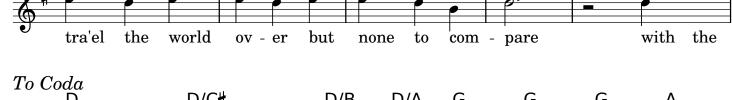
Upper Chords: CAPO 5 (DADGAD)

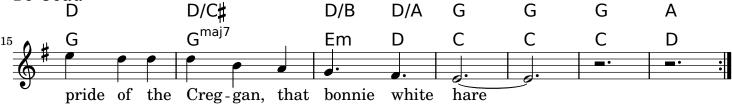
Traditional

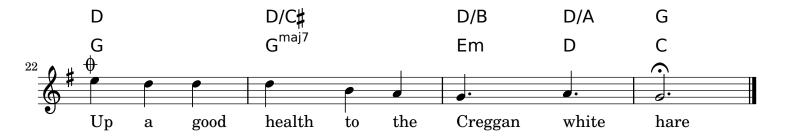
Arr. Mark Duvall, via Daoirí Farrell / Andy Irvine











Verse: 2 One clear autumn morning, as you will suppose
The red, golden sun o'er the green mountain rose
Barney Conway came down and did loudly declare
"This day I'll put an end to the bonnie white hare"

Verse: 3 So he searched through the lowlands and down through the glens
All among the green rushes where the white hare had dens
'Til at last, coming down o'er the heather so fair
From behind a wild thistle, out jumped the white hare

- Verse: 4 "Bang, bang" went his guns, and his dog he slipped, too
 As swift as the wind o'er the green mountain flew
 But the dogs soon came back, and it made Barney sigh
 For he knew that the white hare had bid him good-bye
- Verse: 5 We're some jolly sportsmen down here from Pom'roy From Cookstown, Dungannon, and likewise the Moy With our pedigree greyhounds, we've traveled from far And come down to the Creggan in our fine motor car
- Verse: 6 So down through the lowlands these huntsmen did go
 In search of the white hare, they tried high and low
 'Til at last, Barney Conway, from a bog-bank so rare
 Shouted out to the huntsmen, "There lies the white hare"
- Verse: 7 So they called up their greyhounds from off the green lea And Barney and the huntsmen all jumped high with glee And there on the bog-bank, they all gathered 'round Seven men and nine dogs did our poor hare surround
- Verse: 8 No wonder the poor hare did tremble with fear
 As she stood on her hind legs, she rose her big ears
 She stood on her hind legs, and with one gallant spring
 Leapt over the greyhounds and broke through the ring
- Verse: 9 The chase, it went on, 'twas a beautiful view
 As swift as the wind o'er the green mountain blew
 But those pedigree greyhounds, they didn't run far
 They came back and went home in their fine motorcar

Verse: Instrumental

- Verse: 10 Then there came another man, you all know him well
 His name was McKelley with the bonnie black Bell
 "In search of the white hare, today I'll have fun
 Here's fifty to one my black Bell will hart on"
- Verse: 11 Five turns, the hare got in from bonnie black Bell
 And the sixth one was given around John Haughey's well
 It was there we lost sight of the hare and the dog
 And ten minutes later came o'er the black bog
- Verse: 12 And the chase, it went on, it was great for to see

 The white hare and the black dog both run light and free

 'Til she traveled to Esker, where she knew the lands well

 And to bonnie black Nell our hare soon bid farewell
- Verse: And now to conclude and to finish this rhyme
 I hope you'll forgive me for singing all this time
 If there's any amongst you in Carrickmore Fair
 Drink up a good health to the Creggan white hare