

The Banshee's Cry

The Irish Rovers

Me name is Frankie Kavanagh in Ireland I do dwell
It's of a family curse I sing the truth to you I'll tell
A banshee does appear to us a harbinger of death
A warning that soon one of us will draw their final breath

It was a dark and stormy night no moon to light the sky
I wasn't more than four or five when first I heard her cry
A wailing lamentation that filled me with the fright
And in the morning I was told your grandad died last night

Perhaps it's just the wind that's whistling round the window pane
Or maybe it was thunder or the rhythm of the rain
The old ones say an omen and death won't be denied
The devil's out of a-hunting when you hear the banshee's cry
Oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh
Oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh oh-oh

She comes to warn the family that death is creeping near
Her eyes are red from crying as she sheds her bitter tears
A woman of the fairy folk she sings in mournful tones
And if you heard her keening it would chill you to the bone

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To hear the banshee howling is to make your blood run cold
Knowing that the devil's come to claim another soul
The family are all gone now I'm the last you see
And every night I wait in dread to hear her cry for me

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