

Broomlee Lough

Spoken

Deep beneath the Broomlee Lough a treasure hidden lays
The Viking's gold most cursed and rare from ancient sunless days
To grasp the jewels of Danish might many men, ill fated, tried
A watery grave became their plight, and many young men died
Five fathom five.
So care aside, my father sought to lay this treasure there
And sailed out from the middle shore with the soft wind in his hair
When all at once the sky grew dark and with a mighty thunderous roar
His boat sank deep into the lough and then was seen no more

Sung

'Oh Death, Oh Death' my mother cried, 'My husband, you have ta'en',
'Go from this house, my son' she said, 'You shall not here remain'.
'The land lies barren, as before, and black our future burns,
So take your love, and leave this house, and never yet return'.

'I cannot marry you my love, whilst my pocket empty stays',
The seeds fall dead upon the ground, and cursed my future lays,
But in the deepest watery grave, there shines a crystal light,
I will search beneath the lakes wild shores and heave it from its site.
Five fathom five.

(Chorus)

*And it's five fathom five, my father lies asleep
And on his head, a golden crown,
And in his slumbers deep,
For it's twice for the man I am
And twice the golden mane,
And a seventh son of a seventh son
Shall strike a golden chain, five fathom five.*

Your hair is like a golden thread. that is spun by heaven's might,
Your lips taste like the honey'd dew that gleams in morning's light.
More riches than the Pharoahs have, I'll not my love deny,
When the moon is full, I'll take the tide, my oars will strongly ply,

And out he rode into the night though fear had gripped his mind,
And deep his love, for the maiden fair stood on the banks behind
The night black water, thick as blood, sucked down upon his bones,
And the demon mist crept round his ship, and he found himself alone,
Five fathom five.

(Chorus) '

Oh Father, Father, hear me now!' I know that you lie near,
'I see a golden light beneath, and I'm filled with mortal fear,
Your face I see beneath the waves, your voice as clear as ice,
'Go back! Go back! I beg you Son, lest you should lose your life'.

(see over)

(Broomlee Lough cont.)

'For you have not a brother born, in likeness to your own,
And golden horses you have none, nor mighty oxen own,
And seven generations on, a blacksmith must be near,
To strike a chain of finest gold, to pull the treasure clear.'
Five fathom five.

Chorus

And his love stood on the middle shore, in the distance she surveyed,
A ghostly mist roll o'er the lake, where her lover's boat had laid,
And nought remained, but deadly still, and the hollow of her sigh.
For she knew her love would not return, but not the reason why.

For curses broken, will revenge themselves upon those men,
Who do not heed them and with greed will seek their fortunes, then.
With mighty vengeance death is wrought, and none can then be saved,
And the legend, that is Broomlee Lough, becomes their shallow grave.
Five fathom five.

Chorus (twice)

Note; (Five fathom five is a quote from Shakespeare's The Tempest)