Ned of the Hill
(Éamann an Chnoic)
(Ay-mon a Kun-ick)

Irish Folk Tune
Arr: B.Barry-1990
Harm: E. Miller-1994

Oh who is without Hill That with passionate and shout, keeps...
For spent wet and chill, From...

beating my trudging door? "I am marsh and
moor."

"My love, fond and true, What else could I do But
“Through forest and through snow
Tired and hunted I go
In fear both from friend and from neighbour.
My horses run wild, my acres untilled;
And they all of them lost to my labour.
But it grieves me far more, than the loss of my store,
That there’s none who would shield me from danger.
So my fate this must be to fare eastward o’er sea,
And languish amid the stranger.”