

Ny Kirree Fo-Snaightey (Isle of Man)



One _ ve - ry keen _ win - ter and _ spring-time of frost,



The _ young lambs were _ saved _ and the old _ sheep _ were _ lost;



Oh! _ rise _ now my shep - herds to the moun - tains up go!



For the sheep _ are all bur - ied deep _ un - der _ the _ snow

Lurg geurey dy naightey as arragh dy rio
Va ny shenn chirree marroo's n' eayin veggey bio;
Oh! irree shiu gillyn, as gow shiu dyn clieue,
Ta ny kirree fo-snaightey shen va nyn draid reeve.

(translation)

One very keen winter, and spring-time of frost,
The young lambs were saved, and the old sheep were lost;
Oh! rise now, my shepherds, to the mountain up go!
For the sheep are all buried deep under the snow.

Then Nicholas Raby, when sick he was lying,
"In Braid-farrane-fing the sheep are now dying."
(Oh! rise now etc)

Thus spoke Nicholas Raby as he went up to sleep
"My best wishes light on my two thousand sheep."
(Oh! rise now etc)

"I have sheep that in mountainous passes do roam,
Wild sheep in the vales that will never come home"
(Oh! rise now etc)

Then up rose the the men of Kirk-Lonan with speed;
In the pass of Berroll they found the sheep dead.

Then the men of Kirk Lonan and Kirk Christ too,
Found in Agneash's hollow young lambkins a few.

In the front were the wethers, next the rams did appear,
And the ewes heavy laden, to make up the rear.

I've one sheep for Christmas, two for Lent I'll put by.
And two or three more for the time when I die.