

LAMENT FOR THE LETTER P IN DRUMMUCK

But most of all, you won't find any pigs at all on the Hawthorn Hills of Drummuck.
We killed a pig almost every fall and then used the bladder as our football.
No crrek crrek of the corncrake, nor can we see any low flying water duck.

We walked our white bullocks to Bellaghy fair and we never were a sook or a suck.
Some of us were very small but we could make poitin as soon as we could crawl.
But most of all, you won't find any pigs at all on the Hawthorn Hills of Drummuck.

We ploughed the fields and rarely got stuck in the water clogged muck.
We grew seedling plants both tall and small for farmers in far off Cushendall.
No crrek crrek of the corncrake, nor can we see any low flying water duck.

We gathered the potatoes and then we lifted the bags on to the old cattle truck.
Then all of us both big and small played Gaelic football and this would end in a brawl.
But most of all, you won't find any pigs at all on the Hawthorn Hills of Drummuck.

Every family in Drummuck had a priest and they hoped that would bring them good luck.
They spoke Italian and Latin, talking about Rome far away from the parish of Mayogall.
No crrek crrek of the corncrake, nor can we see any low-flying duck.

A pig's back drumlin carved by a glacier eons ago and this name forever stuck.
Our past never dies and it lives today in the fragile fragments that my memory can recall.
But most of all, you won't find any pigs at all on the Hawthorn Hills of Drummuck.
No crrek crrek of the corncrake, nor can we see any low-flying water duck.