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What can I offer? Strange it is to tell,
Singing my derry down, down dell, down dell,
That any come to hear my ancient song,
That any stay their sails my shores along,
Listening to my lyre and my rondelle.

My lyre for sounding board has this sea-shell,
With which I play my derry down, down dell --
A simple tune which I will not prolong,
But all I offer.

I pluck the strings and sing my promised spell,
My ancient derry down, down dell, down dell;
The breakers strike the rocks all evening long,
Too foolish to avoid them, or too headstrong --
Over the splash, my song can still upswell:
It's all I offer.

Joe R. Christopher