

Lyrics – Ireland's 32 – Volume 1

Ballyneety's Walls *(Traditional – Key of C)*

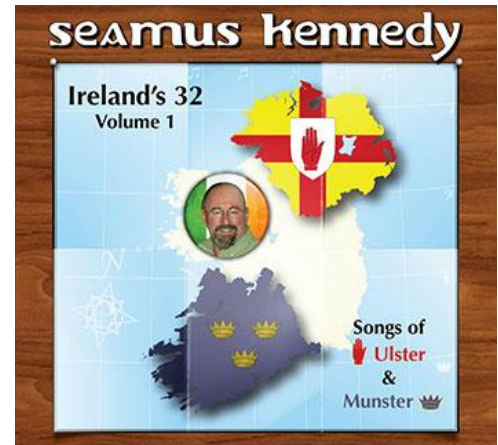
The night fell dark on Limerick and all the land was still,
 As for our foe in ambush, we lay beside the hill;
 Long and patiently we waited to dash upon our prey,
 With noble Sarsfield at our head before the break of day.

From Dublin came the foeman with guns and warlike store,
 To take the town of Limerick, they wanted ten times more;
 But little was their dreaming that we would be their doom,
 As we rode with Sarsfield at our head right down from wild Slieve Bloom.

At the lonely hour of midnight, each man leapt on his steed,
 And through the town of Cullen then we dashed with lightning speed,
 And o'er the hill we thundered towards Ballyneety's walls,
 Where lay the foe securely with guns and arms and all.

"Give the word!" "The word is Sarsfield." and Sarsfield was the man,
 'Oh here I am' our General cried as down on them we ran,
 The Lord He cleared the firmament, the moon and stars gave light,
 And for the Battle of the Boyne, we had revenge that night.

Loudly laughed our General as fast we rode away,
 And many's the health we drank to him in Limerick town next day.
 Here's a health to Patrick Sarsfield who led us one and all,



F C/Am F G C
 When we blew up the artillery at Ballyneety's walls.

The Hills of Grandemore *(Traditional – Key of D)*

C G D
 One fine winter's morning my horn I did blow,
 G
 To the green fields of Keady for a hunt we did go;
 C G C G
 We gathered our dogs and we circled around,
 C G D
 For none loves the sport better than the boys of Maydown.

C G D
 And when we arrived they were all standing there,
 G
 We set off through the fields, boys, in search of a hare,
 C G C G
 We didn't get far till someone gave a cheer,
 C G D
 Over high hills and valleys the wee puss did steer.

C G D
 As she flew o'er the hills, 'twas a beautiful sight,
 G
 There was dogs black and yellow, there was dogs black and white;
 C G C G
 As she took the black bank for to try them once more,
 C G D
 Oh, it was her last look o'er the hills of Granemore.

C G D
 In a field of wheat stubble this wee puss did lie,
 G
 And Rory and Charmer they did pass her by,
 C G C G
 And there where we stood at the top of the brae,
 C G D
 We heard the last words that this wee puss did say:

C G D
 "Last night as I lay content in my den,
 G
 It was little I thought about dogs or of men,
 C G C G
 Had I known they would come I'd have lay near the town,
 C G D
 Or tried to get clear of those dogs from Maydown.

C G D
 No more o'er the green fields of Keady I'll run,
 G
 Nor trip through the fields, boys, in sport and in fun,
 C G C G
 Or hear the long horn that John Toner did play,
 C G D
 Or go home to my den by the clear light of day."

C G D
 You may blame old McMahan for killing the hare,
 G
 For he's at his old capers this many's a year.
 C G C G
 On Saturday and Sunday he never gives o'er.
 C G D
 With a pack of strange dogs round the hills of Granemore.

I Know My Love *(Traditional – Key of C)*

C G C
 I know my love by his way of walking,
 G C
 And I know my love by his way of talking,
 G C Em
 And I know my love in his jersey blue,
 Am G C
 And if my love leaves me what will I do?

Chorus:

G C
 And still she cried: "I love him the best,
 Am G C
 And a troubled mind sure can know no rest,"
 G C Em
 And still she cried: "Bonny boys are few,
 Am G C
 And if my love leaves me what will I do?"

C G C
 There is a dance-hall in Mardyke,
 G C
 And it's there my love goes every night,
 G C Em
 And he takes a strange girl upon his knee,
 Am G C
 And don't you know that it vexes me?

Chorus:

C G C
 If my love knew I could wash and wring,

And if my love knew I could weave and spin,
 I'd make for him a suit all of the finest kind,
 But the want of money leaves me far behind.

Chorus:

I know my love is an arrant rover,
 And I know my love roams the wide world over;
 In some foreign town he will surely tarry,
 And a foreign damsel he will surely marry.

Chorus:

Buachaill Ón Éirne *(Traditional – Key of C)*

Buachaill ón Éirne mé's bhréagfainn féin cailín deas óg,
 Ní iarrfainn bó spré léithe; tá mé féin saibhir go leor;
 'S liom Corcaigh á mhéad é, dhá thaobh a' ghleanna's Tír Eoghain
 'S mur n-athraí mé béasa's mé n' t-oidhir ar Chontae Mhaigh Eo.

Rachaidh mé 'márach a dhanamh leanna fán choill,
 Gan coite, gan bád, gan gráinnín brach' ar bith liom;
 Ach duilliúr na gcrabhb mar éideadh leapa ós mo chionn,
 S' óró sheacht mh'anam déag thú's tú 'feachaint orm anall.

Buachailleacht bó, mo leo, nár chleacht mise ariamh,
 Ach ag imirt 's ag ól 's le hógmhna deasa fán shliabh,
 Má chaill mé mo stór, ní dó' gur chaill mé mo chiall,
 'S ní mó liom do phóg ná'n bhróg atá'r caitheamh le bliain.

C F Em F C
 A chúisle 's a stór ná pós an seandúine liath,
 C F Em Am G
 Ach pós a' fear óg, mo leo, muna maire sé ach bliain,
 C F C G
 Nó béidh tú go fóill gan ó nó mac ós do chionn,
 C F Em F C
 A shilfeadh a'n deor tráthnóna nó'r maidin go trom.

I'm a boy from the Erne and I could charm a nice young girl,
 I would not ask for a dowry as I am rich enough myself;
 I own a good part of Cork, two sides of the glen in Tyrone,
 And if I don't change my ways, I'll be the heir of County Mayo.
 I will go tomorrow to pitch woo in the wood, without a cot,
 Without a boat, without a pinch of grain with me,
 But leaves of the branches as bedclothes over my head,
 And you my love [my 17 souls] watching over me.

A cowherd, alas, I've never been accustomed to be, but I'd be playing and drinking with the pretty young women on the mountainside;
 If I lost my riches I don't think I lost my senses, and your kiss is no more to me now than a shoe worn for a year.
 My darling and my love, don't marry the grey old man,
 But marry a young man, even if he lives only for a year,
 Or you will be without a child or grandchild to succeed you,
 And you'd shed sorrowful tears night and morning.

The Rose of Aranmore

(Words: Hugh O'Donnell; Music: Peter McNulty – Key of G)

G C
 My thoughts today, though I'm far away,
 G F/D7
 Dwell on Tyrconnel's shore;
 G C
 The salt sea air and the colleens fair,
 G D7 G
 Of lovely green Gweedore.
 C G
 There's a flower there, beyond compare,
 C G D7
 That I'll treasure evermore,
 G C
 That grand colleen, in her gown of green,
 G D7/G
 The Rose of Aranmore.

G C
 I've travelled far 'neath the northern star,
 G F/D7
 Since first I said goodbye,
 G C
 And seen many maids in the golden glades
 G D7 G

Beneath a tropic sky.

There's a vision in my reverie

I always will adore,

That grand colleen, in her gown of green.

The Rose of Aranmore.

But soon I will return again

To the scenes I loved so well,

Where many an Irish lad and lass

Their tales of love do tell;

The silvery dunes and blue lagoons,

Along the Rosses shore,

And that grand colleen, in her gown of green

The Rose of Aranmore.

The Rose of Sweet Lough Neagh *(Key of D)*

My name is Ambrose Beattie, I pray you all draw near

And hear my sad, sad, story of a charming colleen fair;

She comes from Ballyscullion and she stole my heart away;

Her name is Mary McErlean, my Rose of Sweet Lough Neagh.

T'was on a fine spring morning this darling girl I spied,

As I fished with creel and rod and reel down by the water's side;

She smiled at me so sweetly when I bade her time of day,

D G D A D
 And I asked her if she'd walk a while by the shores of Sweet Lough Neagh.

D G D A
 When I asked her would she be my bride, she said "This cannot be,
 D G D A D
 The Beatties and the McErleans to this will not agree.
 D G D A
 Our fathers had a falling-out on some long-forgotten day;
 D G D A D
 And if we wish to marry, we will have to leave Lough Neagh."

D G D A
 I went to meet her parents to see if they'd come round;
 D G D A D
 Her father saw me at the door, and did me sore confound,
 D G D A
 Saying, "No Beattie e'er will marry her, I'll send her far away,
 D G D A D
 And she never will return again, while you're round Sweet Lough Neagh."

D G D A
 She was taken down to County Cork, to the harbour of Queenstown,
 D G D A D
 And a passage was engaged for her on a vessel of renown,
 D G D A
 On the eleventh day of April, unto far Americay,
 D G D A D
 Which left me here downhearted for my Rose of Sweet Lough Neagh.
 D G D A
 Her ship it steamed into the night, the pride of the White Star line,
 D G D A D
 And struck an iceberg rising high from the Atlantic's foaming brine,
 D G D A
 Fifteen hundred souls were lost, all drowned that fateful day,
 D G D A D
 And among them Mary McErlean, my Rose of Sweet Lough Neagh.

D G D A
 My curse upon our fathers, that they should disagree;
 D G D A D
 Their bitterness and vile dissent have rent my love from me,
 D G D A

The grandest girl in all the world, so everyone did say,
 D G D A D
 May God above embrace my love, my Rose of Sweet Lough Neagh.

The Hills of Kerry *(M.L.C. Pickball, PD– Key of D)*

D G D G A D
 The palm trees wave on high all along thy fertile shore,
 D Bm D/Bm D G A
 Adieu you Hills of Kerry I never will see you more.
 D G D G A D
 Oh why did I leave my home, and why did I cross the sea,
 D Bm D/Bm D A D
 And leave the small birds singing around you sweet Tralee?

D G D G A D
 The noble and the brave have departed from your shore,
 D Bm D Bm D G A
 They've gone to fight in foreign wars where the thundering cannons roar;
 D G D G A D
 Will they ever again return, to see old Ireland free,
 D Bm D/Bm D A D
 And hear the small birds singing around you sweet Tralee?

D G D G A D
 No more the sun will shine on that blessed harvest morn,
 D Bm D/Bm D G A
 Or hear a reaper singing in a golden field of corn;
 D G D G A D
 There's a balm for every woe and a cure for every pain,
 D Bm D Bm D A D
 But the smiling face of my darling girl I never will see again.

D G D G A D
 Will I ever see the shamrock, that sprig so fine and grand,
 D Bm D Bm D G A
 Or hear the curlew singing high o'er lonely Banna strand?
 D G D G A D
 As I stand on this foreign shore, and think on what might be,
 D Bm D Bm D A D
 Will I ever more return again to see you sweet Tralee?

REPEAT FIRST VERSE.

Come Back Paddy Reilly To Ballyjamesduff

(Percy French, PD – Key of D)

The Garden of Eden has vanished they say,
 But I know the lie of it still;
 Just turn to the left at the bridge of Finea,
 And stop when half way to Cootehill.
 'Tis there I will find it I know sure en - ough,
 When fortune has come to my call,
 Oh the grass it is green around Ballyjames – duff,
 And the blue sky is over it all.
 And tones that are tender and tones that are gruff,
 Are whispering over the sea,
 Come back, Paddy Reilly to Ballyjames - duff,
 Come home, Paddy Reilly, to me.

My mother once told me that when I was born,
 The day that I first saw the light,
 I looked down the street on that very first morn,
 And gave a great crow of delight.
 Now most newborn babies appear in a huff,
 And start with a sorrowful squall
 But I knew I was born in Ballyjames – duff,
 And that's why I smiled on them all.
 The baby's a man, now he's toil-worn and tough,

Still, whispers come over the sea,
 Come back, Paddy Reilly to Ballyjames – duff,
 Come home, Paddy Reilly, to me.
 The night that we danced by the light of the moon,
 Wid Phil to the fore wid his flute,
 When Phil threw his lip over 'Come Again Soon,'
 He'd dance the foot out o' yer boot!
 The day that I took long Ma - gee by the scruff
 For slanderin' Rosie Kilrain,
 Then, marchin' him straight out of Ballyjames - duff,
 Assisted him into a drain.
 Oh, sweet are the dreams, as the dudeen I puff,
 Of whisperings over the sea,
 Come back, Paddy Reilly to Ballyjames - duff,
 Come home, Paddy Reilly, to me.

Spancil Hill *(Michael Considine, 1870 – Key of A minor)*

Last night as I lay dreaming of pleasant days gone by,
 My mind being bent on rambling to Ireland I did fly;
 I stepped on board a vision and I followed with a will,
 When next I came to anchor at the cross at Spancil Hill.

Am G Am
 It being the twenty-third of June the day before the fair,
 C G
 When Ireland's sons and daughters and friends assembled there;
 Am C G
 The young, the old, the brave, and the bold came their duty to fulfill,
 Am G Am
 At the parish church in Clooney, a mile from Spancil Hill.

Am G Am
 I went to see my neighbors to see what they might say;
 C G
 The old ones were all dead and gone, the young ones turning grey;
 Am C G
 I met the tailor Quigley, he's as bold as ever still,
 Am G Am
 Sure, he used to make my britches when I lived in Spancil Hill.

Am G Am
 I paid a flying visit to my first and my only love,
 C G
 She's as white as any lily and gentle as a dove
 Am C G
 She threw her arms around me, saying Johnny I love you still
 Am G Am
 Oh, she's Ned the farmer's daughter, and the pride of Spancil Hill.

Am G Am
 Well I dreamt I held and kissed her as in the days of yore;
 C G
 She said, Johnny you're only joking as many's the time before;
 Am C G
 The cock, he crew in the morning, he crew both loud and shrill,
 Am G Am
 When I woke in California, many miles from Spancil Hill.

Slieve Gallon Braes *(James McGarvey – Key of D minor)*

Dm F C G
 As I went a-walking one morning in May,
 Em D Em
 To view yon fair valleys and mountains so gay,
 F C G C/Cm
 I was thinking on your flowers all a-going to decay,
 G D G C D G Dm
 That grow around you bonny, bonny Sliabh Gallen Braes.

Dm F C G
 My name is James McGarvey and I'll have you understand,
 Em D Em
 I come from Derrygennard and I own a farm of land;
 F C G C/Cm
 But my rents were getting higher, and I could no longer pay,
 G D G C D G Dm
 So farewell unto you bonny, bonny Sliabh Gallen Braes.

Dm F C G
 It's oft o'er these mountains with my dog and my gun,
 Em D Em
 I've rambled these mountains for joy and for fun,
 F C G C/Cm
 But those days they are all over, and I must go away;
 G D G C D G Dm
 So farewell unto you bonny, bonny Sliabh Gallen Braes.

Dm F C G
 It's oft in the evening when the sun was in the west,
 Em D Em
 I roamed hand in hand with the one I loved best,
 F C G C/Cm
 But the hopes of youth have vanished, and I am so far away
 G D G C D G Dm
 So farewell unto you bonny, bonny Sliabh Gallen Braes.

Dm F C G
 Farewell lovely Derry, my county so fair,
 Em D Em
 To the Foyle gently flowing and the larks all in the air;

F C G C/Cm
 May good fortune shine upon you while I am far away,
 G D G C D G Dm
 So farewell unto you bonny, bonny Sliabh Gallen Braes.

Dm F C G
 Farewell to Old Ireland, my island so green,
 Em D Em
 To the parish of Lissan and the cross of Ballinascreen,
 F C G C/Cm
 If God above should spare me, I will hope and I'll pray
 G D G C D G Dm
 To return unto you bonny, bonny Sliabh Gallen Braes.

Dm F C G
 It was not the want of employment at home,
 Em D Em
 That caused the fair children of old Ireland to roam,
 F C G C/Cm
 Now we must go a-roving unto Americay,
 G D G C D G Dm
 So farewell unto you bonny, bonny Sliabh Gallen Braes.

The Mountains of Pomeroy *(Dr. George J. Sigerson – Key of D)*

D Bm G D Bm Em/A7
 The morn was breaking bright and fair, the lark sang in the sky;
 D Bm G D G A7 D
 When a maid she bound her golden hair with a blithe glance in her eye.
 Bm D Em D Em G/A7
 For who beyond the gay-green wood was awaiting her with joy?
 D Em G D G A7 / D
 Oh, who but her gallant Renardine on the Mountains of Pomeroy?

D Bm G D Bm Em/A7
 Full often in the dawning hour, full oft in the twilight brown,
 D Bm G D G A7 D
 He met the maid in the woodland bower where the stream comes rushing down.
 Bm D Em D Em G/A7
 For they were faithful and their love, no wars could e'er destroy,
 D Em G D G A7 / D
 No tyrant's laws touched Renardine on the Mountains of Pomeroy.

Chorus:

D G D Bm Em/A7
 An outlawed man in a land forlorn, he scorned to turn and fly,
 D Bm G D G A7 D
 But he kept the cause of freedom safe upon the mountains high.

D Bm G D Bm Em/A7
 "My love," she said, "I'm sore afraid, for the foeman's force and you;
 D Bm G D G A7 D
 They've tracked you in the lowland plain, and all the valley through;
 Bm D Em D Em G/A7
 My kinsmen frown when you are named, your life they would destroy;
 D Em G D G A7 / D
 "Beware", they say, "of Renardine on the Mountains of Pomeroy"

D Bm G D Bm Em/A7
 "Fear not, fear not, my love," he cried, "Fear not the foe for me,
 D Bm G D G A7 D
 No chain shall fall, what e'er betide, on the arm that would be free.
 Bm D Em D Em G/A7
 Oh, leave your cruel kin and come when the lark is in the sky,
 D Em G D G A7 / D
 And it's with my gun I will guard you on the Mountains of Pomeroy"

Chorus:

D G D Bm Em/A7
 An outlawed man in a land forlorn, he scorned to turn and fly,
 D Bm G D G A7 D
 But he kept the cause of freedom safe upon the mountains high.

D Bm G D Bm Em/A7
 The morn has come, she rose and fled from her cruel kin and home,
 D Bm G D G A7 D
 And bright the wood, and rosy red and the tumbling torrent's foam,
 Bm D Em D Em G/A7
 But the mist came down and the tempest roared, and did all around destroy,
 D Em G D G A7 / D
 A pale drowned bride met Renardine on the Mountains of Pomeroy.

Chorus:

D G D Bm Em/A7
 An outlawed man in a land forlorn he scorned to turn and fly,
 D Bm G D G A7 / D
 And he lost his love on that fateful day upon the mountains high.
 D G D Bm Em/A7

An outlawed man in a land forlorn, he scorned to turn and fly,

D **Bm** **G** **D** **G** **A7** **D**

But he kept the cause of freedom safe, on the Mountains of Pomeroy.

The Mountains of Mourne *(Words by Percy French, ca 1900. Melody Traditional – Key of C)*

C **Em** **F** **Dm**

Oh Mary, this London's a wonderful sight,

G **C**

With people here working by day and by night.

C **Em** **F** **Dm**

They don't sow potatoes nor barley nor wheat

G **C**

But there's gangs of them diggin' for gold in the street.

G **F** **C** **Am**

At least, when I asked them that's what I was told,

C **Am** **Dm** **G**

So I just took a hand at this diggin' for gold;

C **Em** **F** **Dm**

But for all that I've found there, I might as well be

G **C**

Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

C **Em** **F** **Dm**

You remember young Peter O'Loughlin of course?

G **C**

Well now he's over here at the head of the Force.

C **Em** **F** **Dm**

I met him last week, I was crossing the Strand,

G **C**

And he stopped the whole street with a wave of his hand.

G **F** **C** **Am**

And as we stood talking of days that are gone,

C **Am** **Dm** **G**

The whole population of London looked on;

C **Em** **F** **Dm**

But for all his great powers, he's wishful, like me,

G **C**

To be back where the dark Mournes sweep down to the sea.

C **Em** **F** **Dm**

I remember when writing a wish you expressed,

G **C**

As to how the fine ladies of London were dressed.

Well, if you believe me, when asked to a ball
 Sure they don't wear no tops to their dresses at all
 I've seen them myself, and I could not in troth,
 Say if they were bound for a ball, or a bath,
 Don't be startin' them fashions now, Mary mo chroí,
 Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

I've seen England's king from the top of a bus,
 And I've never known him, but he means to know us.
 And though by the Saxon we have been oppressed,
 Still I cheered, God forgive me, I cheered with the rest.
 And now that he's visited Erin's green shore,
 We'll be much better friends than we've been heretofore,
 When we've got all we want, we're as quiet as can be,
 Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

There's beautiful girls here --- och, never you mind ---
 With beautiful shapes nature never designed.
 And lovely complexions all roses and cream,
 But O'Loughlin remarked with regard to the same –
 That if at those roses you'd venture to sip,
 The colors might all come away on your lip;
 So I'll wait for the wild rose that's waitin' for me

G C

Where the Mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

Port Láirge Waterford *(Dr. George J. Sigerson – Key of C)*

C G C G

Ó do bhíosa lá i bPortláirge, fal-do, fal-dee, fal-dah-dad-eye-lum,

C G C

Bhí fíon is punch ar chlár ann, fal-do, fal-dee, fal-dah-dad-eye-lum,

C Dm G

Bhí lán á tígh de mhnáibh ann, fal-do, fal-dee, fal-dah-dad-eye-lum,

C G C

Agus mise ag ól a sláinte, fal-do, fal-dee, fal-dah-dad-eye-lum.

C G C G

Agus d'éaluigh bean ó Rath liom, fal-do, fal-dee, fal-dah-dad-eye-lum,

C G C

Agus triúr ó Thiobraid Árann, fal-do, fal-dee, fal-dah-dad-eye-lum,

C Dm G

Ní raibh a muintir sásta, fal-do, fal-dee, fal-dah-dad-eye-lum,

C G C

Ní rabhadar ach leath-shásta, fal-do, fal-dee, fal-dah-dad-eye-lum.

C G C G

Agus d'éaluigh bean le spreasuaim, fal-do, fal-dee, fal-dah-dad-eye-lum,

C G C

'S ní raibh sí ró-dheas liom, fal-do, fal-dee, fal-dah-dad-eye-lum,

C Dm G

Bhí an triúr ó Thiobraid Árann, fal-do, fal-dee, fal-dah-dad-eye-lum,

C G C

Agus tháinig siad ar ais liom, fal-do, fal-dee, fal-dah-dad-eye-lum.

C G C G

Ó raghadsa ón Charraig amárach, fal-do, fal-dee, fal-dah-dad-eye-lum,

C G C

Agus tabharfad cailín bréa liom, fal-do, fal-dee, fal-dah-dad-eye-lum,

C Dm G

Gabhfaimid tríd an Bhearnan, fal-do, fal-dee, fal-dah-dad-eye-lum,

C G C

Ó thuidh go Thiobraid Árann, fal-do, fal-dee, fal-dah-dad-eye-lum.

1] One day I was in Waterford, fal do, fal dee, fal-dah dad-eye lum
 There was wine and punch on the table, fal do, fal dee, fal-dah dad-eye lum
 The house was full of women there, fal do, fal dee, fal-dah dad-eye lum
 And me drinking to their health, fal do, fal dee, fal-dah dad-eye lum,

2] And a woman from Rath left with me, fal do, fal dee, fal-dah dad-eye lum
 And three from Tipperary, fal do, fal dee, fal-dah dad-eye lum
 Their people were not pleased, fal do, fal dee, fal-dah dad-eye lum
 They were not but half-pleased, fal do, fal dee, fal-dah dad-eye lum.

3] And she left me for a good-for-nothing, fal do, fal dee, fal-dah dad-eye lum
 She was not too nice to me, fal do, fal dee, fal-dah dad-eye lum
 But the three from Tipperary, fal do, fal dee, fal-dah dad-eye lum
 They all came back with me, fal do, fal dee, fal-dah dad-eye lum.

4] Oh I'll leave from Carrick tomorrow, fal do, fal dee, fal-dah dad-eye lum
 And I'll bring a fine girl with me, fal do, fal dee, fal-dah dad-eye lum
 We will go through Bhearnan, fal do, fal dee, fal-dah dad-eye lum
 North to Tipperary, fal do, fal dee, fal-dah dad-eye lum.

The Convict of Clonmel

(James Callanan, 1820 – Key of C)

C **G** **C**
 How hard is my fortune, how vain my repining,
Am **G**
 The strong rope of fate for my young neck is twining;
C **C7** **F** **C**
 My strength has departed, my cheeks sunk and fallow,
Dm **G** **C**
 As I languish in chains in the gaol of Cluain Meala.

C **G** **C**
 No boy in the village was ever yet milder,
Am **G**
 I could play with a child, and my sport be no wilder,
C **C7** **F** **C**
 I could dance without tiring from morn until even,
Dm **G** **C**
 And my goal ball I'd strike to the lightning of heaven.

C **G** **C**
 At my bedfoot decaying my hurley is lying;
Am **G**
 Through the lads of the village my goal ball is flying;
C **C7** **F** **C**
 My horse 'mongst the neighbours neglected may fallow,
Dm **G** **C**
 While this heart young and gay, lies cold in Cluainn Meala.

C **G** **C**
 Next Sunday the pattern at home will be keeping;
Am **G**
 The lads of the village the fields will be sweeping,
C **C7** **F** **C**
 And the dance of fair maidens the evening will hallow,

G C
 McKenna comes from Clones, and he thinks the telephone is
G Am D7
 Just for callin' friends and neighbors when it's late at night;
G C
 And when they tell him "Stop!" or they're goin' to call a cop,
G D7 G
 Sure, he'll ring them once again just out of spite.

Chorus:

G C
 If you ever take a walk around lovely Emy Lough,
G Am D7
 You might meet all the Mulligans from Mullan Mill,
G C
 Young Brian doesn't know it, but oul' Barney is a poet,
G D7 G
 And he brews a drop of poitín in his still.

G C
 When you saunter down the road that leads to Ballinode,
G Am D7
 That mighty Metropolis of great renown,
G C
 You might steal a kiss from Miss Duffy of Newbliss,
G D7 G
 As you you're walkin' arm in arm into the town.

Chorus:

G C
 When I'm far across the sea, Carrickmacross'll be
G Am D7
 Always in my heart as well as in my brain,
G C
 And soon I'll be departin' for the church of St. Macartan,
G D7 G
 If I can catch the bus from Killyrane.

Chorus: