

Traditional Irish Music

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My Lovely Armagh

D **G** **D**
I can hear a gentle whisper,sailing on the breeze.
D **G** **D** **Bm**
It calls me to my childhood home among the apple trees.
D **G** **D** **Bm**
Her rolling hills and valleys are beckoning to me
D **G** **D** **G** **D**
But my lovely armagh lies far away across the irish sea.

When I left school at sixteen,no work there could be found.
So I stowed aboard a cargo ship and sailed for Boston town.
I left my friends and family,twas a bitter day for me
And I left that piece of heaven,far across the irish sea.

There I spent my life in Boston,in the filth,the grime,and smoke
For a pint of stout on a friday night and a shilling for the folks
And I often longed for jenny,the girl I left at home,
When the letters ceased twelve months on,i knew I was alone

And sometimes when im dreaming,my mind begins to roam,
I take a flight of fancy accross the rolling foam.
I swoop down by Slieve Gullion,and pass through Lurgans braes,
And I wake again in Boston Town,at the breaking of the day

And when my life is over,and I pass on from this place,
God will take me to his side,and fill me with his grace.
For my anguish wil be over and at peace again i'll be.
And my soul will rest in my orchard home accross the irish sea