

Queen Of Connemara

D Oh! My boat can safely float in the teeth of wind and weather
D And outrace the fastest hooker between Galway and Kinsale;
D When the black floor of the ocean and the white foam rush together,
G High she rides, in her pride, like a sea-gull through the gale.

CHO

D Oh she's neat! Oh she's sweet! She's a beauty in ev'ry line!
A The Queen of Connemara is that bounding barque of mine.
D When she's loaded down with fish till the water lips the gunwale,
Bm Not a drop she'll take on board her that would wash a fly away;

From the fleet she'll slip out swiftly like a greyhound from her kennel,
And she'll land her silver store the first at ould Kinvara quay.
There's a light shines out afar, and it keeps me from dismaying
When the skies are ink above us and the sea runs white with foam,

In a cot in Connemara there's a wife and wee one praying
To the One who walked the waters once, to send us safely home.