

Irish Song Lyrics

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THE BOYS FROM THE COUNTY MAYO

Far away from the land of the Shamrock and heather
In search of a living, as exiles we roam
But whenever we chance to assemble together
We think of the land where we once had a home:
But these homes are destroyed and our soil confiscated
The hand of the tyrant brought plunder and woe;
The fires are now quenched and our hearts desolated
In our once happy homes in the County Mayo

Long years have now passed since with hearts full of sorrow
The of the Shamrock we left far behind;
But how we would like to go back there to-morrow;
To the scenes of our youth, which we still bear in mind;
The days of our childhood, it's now we recall them
They cling to our vision wherever we go;
And the friends of our youth we will never forget them
They too ar exiled from the County Mayo

From historic Killala, from Swinford to Calla
Ballyhaunis and Westport and old Castlebar
Kiltimagh and Claremorris, Belmullet and Erris
Kilkelly and Knock that's famed near and far;
Balla, Ballinrobe, Ballina and Bohola
Keeloges and Foxford a few miles below
Newport and Cong with old Straide and Manulla
Charlestown too, in the County Mayo

Then on with the cause 'till our aim is accomplished
Those who would fault us are cowardly and mean
So stand in the fight 'till the tyrant is vanquished
Expelled from our Dear little Island of Green
With the foes of our land we have fought a long battle
Soon they will get their last death-dealing blow
When old Nick has received them, their brains he will rattle
For the wrongs they have done to the County Mayo

From Galway to Dublin, from Derry to Kerry
New York and 'Frisco and Boston also
In Pittsburg, Chicago, Detroit and Toronto
There are stout-hearted men from the County Mayo
Now boys, pull together in all sorts of weather
Don't show the white feather, wherever you go
Act each as a brother and help one another
Like true hearted men from the County Mayo