

Irish Song Lyrics

from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

BOYS OF FAIRHILL

Chorus:

The smell on Patrick's Bridge is wicked
How does Faher Matthew stick it?
Here's up them all says the boys of Fair hill

Come boys, spend a day with our Harrier Club so gay:

The cry of the hounds it will make your heart thrill
And, when you hear Conan Doyle say: the Amoured Car has won today,"
Here's up 'em all say the boys of Fair Hill

First you go to Fahy's well for a drink of pure clean water
The finest spot on earth sure the angels do say
Where thousands came across the foam, just to view the Blarney Stone
Which can be seen from the groves of Fair Hill

First you go to Quinlan's pub - that is where you join our club
Where around us in gallons the porter does flow
First they tap a half-a-tierce and drink a health to Dashwood's race;
That's the stuff to give 'em say the boys of Fair Hill

Come boys and spend a day with our Hurling Club so gay
The clash of the ash it will make your heart thrill;
The Rockies thought that they were stars, till they meet the Saint Finbarr's
Here's up 'em all say the boys of Fair Hill