

# Irish Song Lyrics

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QUEEN OF CONNEMARA  
(Francis A. Fahy)

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

cho: Oh she's neat! Oh she's sweet! She's a beauty in ev'ry line!  
The Queen of Connemara is that bounding barque of mine.

When she's loaded down with fish till the water lips the gunwale,  
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.

cho:

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.

cho: