

# Irish Song Lyrics

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## The Boys of 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 soils cultivated.  
The hand of the tyrant brought plunder and woe.  
Our fires are long dead and our hearths desolated  
In our once happy homes in the County Mayo.

'Tis many long years since with hearts full of sorrow,  
The Land of the Shamrock we left far behind.  
The days of our youth it's now we regret them,  
And the friends of our childhood whom we still bear in mind.

Ah! The days of our youth we'll never forget them  
They cling to our visions wherever we go.  
And the friends of our youth, may God always be with them.  
They too are exiles from the County Mayo.

From historic Killala, from Swinford to Ballagh,  
Ballyhaunis and Westport and oul' Castlebar,  
Kiltimagh and Claremorris, Belmullet and Erris,  
Kilkelly and Knock, that's famed near and far,

Balla, Ballinrobe, Ballina and Bohola,  
Keel Oaks and Foxford, a few miles below,  
Newport and Cong and oul' Straide and Manulla,  
Charlestown too, in the County Mayo.

Chorus:

'Now Boys, pull together in all kinds of weather,  
Ne'er show the white feather wherever ye go.  
Act each like a brother and help one and other,  
Like the stout-hearted men from the County Mayo.