

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Banks of the Moy

Banks of the Moy  
(Seamus O'Duffy)

One day as I went to my rambles  
from Swinford to sweet Ballylea  
I met with a maid as I rambled  
and her name it was Mary Maghee.  
Well, she sighed for the rights of old Ireland:  
Michael Devitt, my brave Irish boy,  
he is now in a prison in Portland,  
far from the lovely sweet banks of the Moy.

I quickly approached this fair maiden,  
asked her what was the cause of her woe  
and what was her reason for misery  
that caused her from home for to roam.  
Well, she sighed, for the rights of old Ireland  
Michael Devitt, my brave Irish boy,  
he is now in a prison in Portland,  
far from the lovely sweet banks of the Moy.

Don't you talk of your sweet '67,  
we had brave men and true men also,  
there was young Peter Carney, God rest him,  
he died in Killarney, you know.  
He was trailed by Mid-Ireland, Michael Devitt,  
'round the valleys and plains of half Fermoy.  
And that's why he's in prison in Portland,  
far from the lovely sweet banks of the Moy.

And now to conclude and to finish  
I hope that the day soon will come,  
when those cruel landlords and bailiffs  
from the isle of St. Patrick must run.  
We will unfurl our green and gold banner  
and to Ireland we'll raise (our head?) on high,  
then we will drink to our brave Michael Devitt  
from the lovely sweet banks of the Moy.

South Roscommon Singers' CD

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