

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Boys of Fairhill

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Come boys 'tis there you'll see lads and lassies in their glee
Evergreen bowers would make your heart thrill
The boys they won't harm you the girls soft will charm you
Here's up them all cried the boys of Fairhill

Come boys and have a drink of Fahy's well spring water
If you feel dry you are welcome there still
It's better than Beamish's or J. J. Murphy's porter
That has been proved by the boys of Fairhill

Come boys round by Gurrabraher there you will see the fields so green
Where the sun shines in splendour the lark sweetly sings
Thousands cross the briney foam just to kiss the Blarney stone
You can view it alone from the groves of Fairhill

Come boys and have a day with our hurling team so gay
The crackling of the ash it would make your heart thrill
Talk about the Kerry pike let them all come if you like
They're bound to be knocked out by the boys of Fairhill

Come boys and have a day with our Harriers Club so gay
Around the Croppy Boy and the old road called the Cill
Where many a bloody Black and Tan and their treacherous Saxon clan
Were all laid low by the boys of Fairhill

Come on boys and have a day with our bowling club so gay
The loft of the bowl it would make your heart thrill
When you hear the Shea boy say - Timmy Delaney has won the day
We beat them all says the boys of Fairhill

Come boys out to our club and from that to Quinlan's pub
Where our gallons we'll fill our porter will flow
We'll drink a health to Dashwood's race as we tap the half o' tierce
That's the stuff to give 'em says the boys of Fairhill

[1977:] This is one of the best known of Cork songs.

Wherever Cork people gather in celebration you're sure to hear De Boys at some stage. Originally it was a song in praise of Cork's traditional pastimes, bowling, drag-hunting and hurling. Because of its popularity, verses were added and the original has almost been forgotten. This version learnt from Paul Frost is probably close to the original. A few of the north city

landmarks are mentioned - Quinlans Pub in Blackpool also known as the Harrier Bar, the haunt of the local beaglers and, by way of contrast, Fahy's Well, near Wash Brew Lane famous for the purity of its spring water. (Notes Jimmy Crowley, 'The Boys of Fair Hill')

[1998:] I have purposely scuttled the more recent vulgar verses and have returned to the original lyric which I collected in 1976 from Hadda O'Callaghan of Blacpool, Cork, brother of the author Séan. It seems less a city song here and more a pastourelle. Not surprisingly, as almost all of Cork's Northside was then open country and famous for the singing of its larks. (Jimmy Crowley, notes 'Uncorked!')

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