The Homes of Donegal

The Homes of Donegal
(Sean MacBride)

I've just stepped in to see you all
I'll only stay a while
I want to see how you're gettin' on
I want to see you smile.
I'm happy to be back again
I greet you big and small
For there's no place else on Earth just like
The Homes of Donegal.

I always see the happy faces
Smiling at the door
The kettle swinging on the crook
As I step up the floor.
And soon the tay-pot's fillin' up
Me cup that's far from small
For your hearts are like your mountains
In the Homes of Donegal.

To see your homes at parting day
Of that I never tire
And hear the porridge bubblin'
In a big pot on the fire.
The lamp a-light, the dresser bright
The big clock on the wall
O, a sight serene celestial scene
In the Homes of Donegal.

I long to sit along with you
And while away the night
With tales of yore and fairy lore
Beside your fires so bright.
And then to see prepared for me
A shake-down by the wall
There's repose for weary wand'rers
In the Homes of Donegal.

Outside the night winds shriek and howl
Inside there's peace and calm
A picture on the wall up there's
Our Saviour with a lamb.
The hope of wandering sheep like me

And all who rise and fall
There's a touch of heavenly love around
The Homes of Donegal.

A tramp I am and a tramp I've been
I tramp I'll always be
Me father tramped, me mother tramped
Sure trampin's bred in me.
If some there are my ways disdain
And won't have me at all
Sure I'll always find a welcome
In the Homes of Donegal.

The time has come and I must go
I bid you all adieu
The open highway calls me forth
To do the things I do.
And when I'm trampin' far away
I'll hear your voices call
And please God I'll soon return unto
I'll hear your voices call
And please God I'll soon return unto
The Homes of Donegal.

I long to see your smiling children
Smiling by the door
The kettle boiling on the hearth
Smiling by the door
The kettle boiling on the hearth
As I walk up the floor.
And then to see a welcome free
For travellers one and all
For your hearts are like your mountains
In the Homes of Donegal.

I'd like to stay along with you
And while away the night
With fairy lore and tales of yore
Beside the turf fire bright.
And then to see laid out for me
A shake-down by the wall
For there's rest for weary wand'rers
In the Homes of Donegal.

The time has come for me to go
And bid you all adieu
For the open highway calls me back
To do these things I do.
But when I'm travelling far away

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Your friends I'll recall
And please God I'll soon return unto
The Homes of Donegal.

Donegal, Pride of All

Recorded by Paul Brady, "Songs and Crazy Dreams"
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