

## **Boys Of Killybegs**

**G C G F C G**  
There are wild and rocky hills on the coast of Donegal.

**Em A**  
And the fishermen are hearty, brave and free,

**G C G F C G**  
And the big Atlantic swell is a thing they know right well,

**D G**  
As they fight to take a living from the sea.

Chorus

**G C G C G**  
With a pleasant, rolling sea and the herring running free,

**Em A**  
And the fleet all riding gently through the foam,

**G C G C G**  
When the boats are loaded down there'll be singing in the town,

**D G**  
When the boys of Killybegs come rolling home.

Well you've donned your rubber boots and you've got your oil-skins on,

And you check your gear to see that it's okay,

And your jumper keeps you warm for it's cold before the dawn,

And you're ready to begin another day.

Chorus

Now you're headed out to sea and the wind is running free,

And you cast your nets as rain begins to fall,

But the sun comes riding high and the clouds will soon go by,

And today you'll maybe take a bumper haul.

Chorus

When the weather's blowing rough and the work gets very tough,

And the ropes will raise the welts upon your hands,

But you'll never leave the sea for whoever you may be,

When it's in your blood it's hard to live on land.

Chorus

Well there's purple on the hills and there's green down by the shore,

And the sun has spilled his gold upon the sea,

And there's silver down below where the herring fishes go,

When we catch them there'll be gold for you and me.

Chorus