

Traditional Irish Music

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Tyrone

Oh you can travel far, far round this wondrous world
And mysteries and wonders you'll see
But I'll trade all this world for the place that I love
The place that is dearest to me.

All the riches on earth sure can never compare
To a friendly face or a smile
In your towns or your town's land with your folks and their homes
There is nowhere that's dearer to me.

Chorus:

And it's Tyrone, that's my home
You'll always be with me wherever I roam
And it's Tyrone, Tyrone
I'll give you my heart and my home, it's the county of Tyrone

Oh I live in a strange land I can never call home
And Australia has been good to me.
Though my children were born here I'll take them back home
My own dear county to see.

Oh I'll take you back home to the place of my birth
To my cottage and farm by the stream
And the little old schoolhouse where I went to school
where the happiest days that I've seen.

Chorus

Oh I'll take you to Cookstown, to Arboe by Lough Neagh
Where the fishermen sport and they toil.
Then we'll cross the mountains at old Pomeroy,
To Strabane on the banks of the Foyle.

We'll wander the streets of brave Omagh town,
Cross the hills of old Corrickmore
Round two-storey Dungannon of legend and song
And it's there I will build you a home.