

# The Boys Of Kilkenny - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## THE BOYS OF KILKENNY

Oh, the boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring blades,  
And if ever they meet with the nice little maids,  
They'll kiss them and coax them, and spend their money free;  
Of all the towns in Ireland, Kilkenny for me.

In the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear strame,  
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame,  
Her lips are like roses and her mouth much the same,  
Like a dish of fresh strawberries smother'd in crame.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's large coal,  
Which through my poor bosom has burnt a large hole;  
Her mind, like 'its river, is mild, clear, and pure,  
But her heart is more hard than its marble I'm sure.

Kilkenny's a pretty town, and shines where it stands,  
And the more I think of it the more my heart warms;  
If I was at Kilkenny, I should then be at home,  
For there I got sweethearts, but here can get none.

I'll build my love a castle on Kilkenny's free ground;  
Neither lords, dukes, nor squires shall e'er pull it down;  
And in any one should ask you to tell him my name,  
I am an Irish exile, and from Kilkenny I came.