

*THE BOYS OF BAR NA SRAIDE*  
*(Hunting for The Wran)*

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The town it climbs the mountain, and looks upon the sea,  
And waking time or sleeping, 'tis there I long to be,  
To walk again the kindly streets, in the place my life began.  
With the boys of Bar na Sráide, who hunted for the wran.

With cudgels stout we roamed about, to hunt the gay dreoilin,  
We searched for birds in every furze from Leitir to Duinin.  
We jumped for joy beneath the sky, life held no print or plan,  
And we boys in Bar na Sráide, a-hunting for the wran.

And when the hills were bleeding and the rifles were aflame,  
To the rebel homes of Kerry the Saxon stranger came.  
But the man that beat the Auxies and fought the Black-and-Tan  
Were once boys in Bar na Sráide a-hunting for the wran.

So here's a health to them to-night, the lads who laughed with  
me  
In the groves round Carhan river and the slopes of Beenati-  
Con Daly and Bat Andy, and the Meehans, Con and Dan,  
Who were boys in Bar na Sráide, and hunted for the wran.

But now they toil on foreign soil, where they have gone their  
way,  
Deep in the heart of London town or over on Broadway  
And I am left to sing their deeds and praise them while I can,  
Those boys of Bar na Sráide, who hunted for the wran.

And when the wheel of life runs down, and peace comes over me,  
Oh, lay me down in that old town between the hills and sea.  
I'll take my sleep 'mongst those green fields, where first I  
grew a man  
With the boys of Bar na Sráide, who hunted for the wran.