

FAREWELL TO BALLYSHANNY

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So farewell to Ballyshanny where I was bred and born
Go where I may I'll think of you both early night and morn
Where I never was a stranger and ev'ry house is known
And not a face in all the place but dearly greets my own
But I'll leave my warm heart with you till back I'm forced to turn
To my own dear Ballyshanny on the winding banks of Erne!

No more on summer evenings to wander down the hill
Where the trout is rising to the fly and the salmon to the mill
To walk along those mossy banks where the shining waters run
Down to the bay to melt away in the Atlantic's setting sun
But the big ship lies at anchor with a red flag at her stern
To take away the emigrants from the winding banks of Erne

The shanachies and wise folk tell of days so long gone by
Who built the rath on yonder hill or where their bones may lie
Of kings and queens and warrior chiefs and tales of mystic power
And ancient songs so sweetly sung well past the midnight hour
But the mournful song of exile is one I now must learn
As I leave old Ballyshanny and the winding banks of Erne!

And one last time I'll walk the streets in the early morning sun
If enemies long past I meet, I'll pardon every one
And I hope that man and womankind will do the same by me
And loving friends I'll keep in mind as I cross the raging sea
But a thousand chances are though that I never shall return
To my own dear Ballyshanny on the winding banks of Erne!