

Clancy Brothers

"The Holy Ground"

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The Holy Ground

Fare thee well, my lovely Dinah, a thousand times
adieu.

We are bound away from the Holy Ground and the girls
we love so true.

We'll sail the salt seas over and we'll return once more,

And still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once
more.

(Shouted) Fine girl you are!

(Sung) You're the girl that I adore,

And still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once
more.

Now when we're out a-sailing and you are far behind

Fine letters will I write to you with the secrets of my
mind,

The secrets of my mind, my girl, you're the girl that I
adore,

And still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once
more.

Oh now the storm is raging and we are far from shore;

The poor old ship she's sinking fast and the riggings
they are tore.

The night is dark and dreary, we can scarcely see the
moon,

But still I live in hope to see the Holy Ground once
more.

It's now the storm is over and we are safe on shore

We'll drink a toast to the Holy Ground and the girls that
we adore.

We'll drink strong ale and porter and we'll make the
taproom roar,

And when our money is all spent we'll go to sea once
more.

Note: Irish variation of Swansea Town

From Oxford Book of Sea Songs, Palmer

Recorded by Clancys

@sailor @parting

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