

Iris Dement

"The Boys From The Country Armagh"

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There's one fair county in Ireland
With memories so glorious and grand
Where nature has lavished it's bounty
It's the orchard of Ireland's green land
I love it's cathedral and city
Was founded by Patrick so true
And it bears in the heart of it's bosom
The ashes of Brian Boru
It's my own Irish home
Far across the foam
And though I've often left it
In foreign lands to roam
No matter where I wander
Through cities near or far
Sure me heart is at home in old Ireland
In the county of Armagh

I travelled that part of the county
Through Newport, Forkhill, Crossmaglenn
Around by the gap of Mount Norris
Then home by Blackwater again
Where the girls are so gay and so hearty
None fairer in Eireann go brath
Ah but where are the boys that can court them
Like the boys from the County Armagh

It's my own Irish home
Far across the foam
And though I've often left it
In foreign lands to roam
No matter where I wander
Through cities near or far
Sure me heart is at home in old Ireland
In the county of Armagh

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