

Danny Doyle

"The Hills Of Kerry"

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Oh the palm trees wave on high all along that fertile
shore
Adieu, you Hills of Kerry, I never will see you more
Oh, why did I leave my home, And why did I cross the
sea?
And leave the small birds singing around you sweet
Tralee

The noble and the brave have departed from your
shore
They've gone, they've gone to fight the war's, where
the mighty cannons roar
Will they ever again return To see old Ireland free
And hear the small birds singing, around you sweet
Tralee

Will I ever see the shamrock, that sprig so fine and
grand
Or hear the curlew flying high O'er lowly Banna Strand
As I stand on this foreign shore And think on what
might be
Will I ever more return again, to see you sweet Tralee

No more I'll see the sunbeams on that precious harvest
morn
Or hear our reaper singing in a field of golden corn
There's an end to every woe and a cure for every
pain
But the laughing eye's of my darling girl, I never will
see again

Oh the palm trees wave on high all along that fertile
shore
Adieu, you Hills of Kerry, I never will see you more
Oh, why did I leave my home, And why did I cross the
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And leave the small birds singing, around you sweet
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