

Paddy Schmidt

"THE HILLS OF KERRY"

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The palm trees wave on high all along the fertile shore

Adieu, the Hills of Kerry, I never will see no more

Oh, why did I leave my home, oh why did I cross the
sea?

And leave the small birds singing around you sweet
Tralee

The noble and the brave have departed from our shore

They've gone off to a foreign land where the wild
canyons roar

No more they'll see the shamrock, the plant so dear
to me

Or hear the small birds singing around my sweet
Tralee

No more the sun will shine on that blessed harvest
morn

Or hear our reaper singing in a golden field of corn

There's a band for every woe and a cure for every
pain

But the happiness of my darling girl I never will see
again

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