

Irish Folksongs

"BALLYROAN"

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I love the sunny shores of France
I love the Italian skies
Where beauty beams o'er fields and streams
And nature reigns sublime
I love the Alps, the winding Rhine
The classic Po and Rhone
But ten times more do I adore
The skies o'er Ballyroan

The golden sun ne'er shone upon
A sweeter little town
The purling rill that runs the mill
Through hazel shades runs down
The moat (motte), high crowned with noble trees
Its origins unknown
Its silver grays illumines the place
For miles round Ballyroan

The chapel spire high over all
Points to the crystal sky
The vesper's chimes proclaim the time
When evening worships night
And home the hearty workman hikes
His hour of toil now flown
With songs of cheer and Scully's beer
Enlivens Ballyroan

Oh, Bally Roan, me native home
With grief my heart is sore
Within my breast and you oppressed
I'd act the hero's part
If I should fall for Ireland's cause
Like Emmett and Wolfe Tone
Then my last sigh to God on high
Would be for Ballyroan

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