

## Irish Folksongs

# "THE BOYS FROM THE COUNTY ARMAGH"

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There's one fair county in Ireland  
With memories so glorious and grand  
Where nature has lavished its beauty  
In the orchards of Erin's green land  
I love it's cathedral city  
Once founded by Patrick so true  
And it bears in the heart of it's bosom  
The ashes of Brian Boru

Chorus:

It's my own Irish home  
Far across the foam  
Although I've oft times left it  
In foreign lands to roam  
No matter where I wander  
Through cities near or far  
My heart is at home in old Ireland  
In the County of Armagh

I've traveled that part of the County  
Through Newtown, Forkhill, Crossmaglen  
Around the Gap of Mount Norris  
And home by Baclwater again  
Where the girls are so gay and so hearty  
None fairer you'll find near or far  
But where are the boys that can court them  
Like the boys from the County Armagh

Chorus

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 sweet Tralee

Chorus

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

Chorus

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