

Irish Folksongs

"THE BOYS OF KILKENNY"

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Oh the Boys of Kilkenny are brave roaring blades
And if ever they meet with the nice little maids
They'll kiss them and coax them and spend their
money free

And of all towns in Ireland Kilkenny for me
And of all towns in Ireland Kilkenny for me
Fal de ral de ral de ral de ral lal ra la la lo

In the Town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream
In the Town of Kilkenny there lives a pretty dame
Her lips are like roses, and her mouth much the same
Like a dish of fresh strawberries smother'd in cream
Fal de ral de ral de ral de ral lal ra la la lo

Her Eyes are as black as Kilkennys large coal
Which thro' my poor bosom have burnt a big hole
Her mind like its river is mild clear and pure
But her heart is more hard nor its marble I'm sure
Fal de ral de ral de ral de ral lal ra la la lo

Kilkenny's a pretty town and shines where it stands
And the more I think on it, the more my heart warms
For, if I was in Kilkenny I'd think myself at home
For it's there I'd get sweethearts, but here I get none
Fal de ral de ral de ral de ral lal ra la la lo

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