

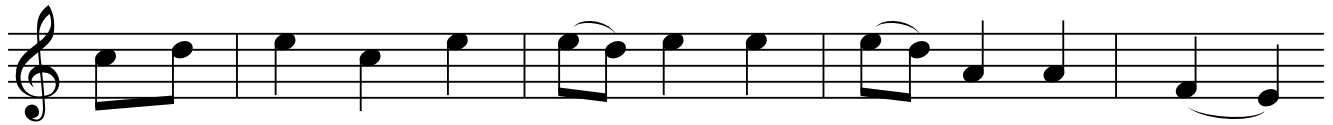
The Boys of Kilkenny



Fare you well to old _ Ire-land since I must leave the shore.



And per - haps ne - ver see that lit - tle is - land no more.



Lea-ving bro - thers and sis - ters and mo - ther to mourn._



And all for the sake of their dear dar - ling son.

Fare you well to old Ireland since I must leave the shore.

And perhaps never see that little island no more.

Leaving brothers and sisters and mother to mourn.

And all for the sake of their dear darling son.

Oh there is one thing that do grieve my heart sore.

That's to go and leave that charming pretty girl I adore.

But there is one the more that still runs in my mind,

That's to think I should leave Kilkenny behind.

Kilkenny is a fine place it lies in the West,

And the more I think on it - it lies in my breast,

But now I am in London so far from my home,

In Kilkenny I've a true love but here I have none.