

The Boys of Killybegs

 G C G F C G
There are wild and rocky hills on the coast of Donegal,
 G Em A D
and the fishermen are hardy, brave and free,
 G C G F C G
and the big Atlantic swell is a place they know right well,
 G D G
as they fight to take a living from the sea.

 G C G C G
With a pleasant rolling sea and the heering running free,
 G Em A D
the fleet all riding gently through the foam.
 G C G G C G
When the boats are loaded down, there'll be singing in the town.
 D G
When the boys of Killybegs come rolling home

Now you've donned your rubberboots and you've got your oilskins on,
and you've checked your gear to see it's all OK,
and your jumper keeps you warm, for it's cold before the dawn,
and you're ready to begin another day.

With a pleasant...

Now you've headed out to sea and the wind is blowing free,
and you cast your nets as rain begins to fall.
But the sun comes riding high and the clouds will soon roll by,
and today you'll maybe get a bumper haul.

With a pleasant...

Now there's purple on the hills and there's green down on the shore
and the sun has spilled it's gold upon the sea
and there's silver down below, where the herring fishes go.
When we catch them there will be gold for you and me.

With a pleasant...

Now the weather's growing rough and the work is plenty tough
and the ropes will raise the welts upon your hands.
But you'll never leave the sea, for whoever you may be.
When it's in your blood, it's hard to live on land.f

||: *With a pleasant...* :||