

Friday Town

The Saw Doctors

I wound around, down through Friday Town,
Where the road winds like a serpent on the ground,
I climbed the hill, free-wheeled past the gate,
Of the graveyard of the Heroes of the State.

Cahernaheena and Cave Hill,
Ballintleva and Bóthar na Coill,
Cloonascragh, Carragh,
Mossfort, Beaghmore.
Round every turn the soul is passed,
Into the next world from the last,
From somewhere we'll never be again.

I see the street left behind by two young men,
One returns, one's never seen again,
At the house, you can hear the minstrels sing,
Melodies borne across the fields on fairy wings,

Cahernaheena and Cave Hill,
Ballintleva and Bóthar na Coill,
Cloonascragh, Carragh,
Mossfort, Beaghmore.
Round every turn the soul is passed,
Into the next world from the last,
From somewhere we'll never be again.

Cahernaheena and Cave Hill,
Ballintleva and Bóthar na Coill,
Cloonascragh, Carragh,
Mossfort, Beaghmore.
I'm surrounded by the old,
Stories left untold,
Some things change,
Some things will remain.

Cahernaheena...