

The Leaving Of Inishmore

Galahad

Fare you well, my lovely island, Kilronan fare you well.
You stones and crags without sand, my island fare you
Well

I can hear the stormwind blowing and I hear the roaring
Sound
Of surf, curraghs are floating, seagulls fly unbound.

Fare you well, my lovely island, you stonewalls fare you
Well.
You songs the only sweetheart sang, my island fare you
Well.

I can smell the salty odour, sun rises up and down.
Fairy tales my mother told, fishermen not coming home.

Fare you well, my lovely island, you flocks of sheep,
Fare well.
You stones and crags without sand, my island fare you
Well.