

## Killeagh

Kingfishr

From the woods of Glenbower to the River Dissour  
From the arms of my mother to the land ever-pure  
All I have to remember is the pride that I felt  
'Round the Páirc Uí Chinnéide where the boys never knelt

They'd go raring and tearing and fighting for love  
For the land they call Killeagh and the Lord up above  
Killeagh, la, la-la, la, la-la-la, la-la-la  
For the green and the white I adore  
For the parish to last evermore

'95 came promotion, high up on the wing  
And no-one up to senior, what a beautiful thing  
In the darkest of hours, in the depths of despair  
Let the Killeagh boys roar far to rattle the air

They'd go raring and tearing and fighting for love  
For the land they call Killeagh and the Lord up above  
Killeagh, la, la-la, la, la-la-la, la-la-la  
For the green and the white, I adore  
For the parish to last evermore

Killeagh, la, la-la, la, la-la-la, la-la-la  
La-la, la-la-la, la-la, la-la-la  
Killeagh, la, la-la, la, la-la-la, la-la-la  
For the green and the white, I adore  
For the parish to last evermore

When my time's at an ending, when my days are no more  
Bury me with my hurley by the River Dissour