

Green And Red Of Mayo

The Saw Doctors

We went out to a weekend festival on Clare Island in August 1990

and on the boat back on a perfect autumn evening the green and red of mayo was conceived with well known Galway free-spirited minstrel jarir al-majar. It became a song about a year later

Oh the Green and Red of Mayo
I can see it still
It's soft and craggy bogland
It's tall majestic hills
Where the ocean kisses Ireland
And the waves carress it's shore
Oh the feeling it came over me
To stay forever more
Forever more

From it's rolling coastal waters
I can see Croagh Patrick's peak
Where one Sunday every Summer
The pilgrims climb the reek
Where Saint Patrick in it's solitude
Looked down across Clew Bay
And With a ringing of his bell
Called the faithful there to pray
There to pray

Oh take me to Clare Island
The home of Granuaile
It's waters harbour fishes
From the herring to the whale
And now I must depart it
And reality is plain
May the time not pass so slowly
Before I set sail again
Set sail again

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Where the ocean kisses Ireland
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The feeling it came over me
To stay forever more
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