

THE HILLS OF GLENSWILLY

Performed by: Bernard Nash

Composed by: Michael McGinley

Attention fellow countrymen come hear my native news,
Although my song it is sorrowful and I hope you'll me excuse.
I left my native residence, some foreign clime to see,
And I bid goodbye to Donegal and likewise Glenswilly.

Brave stalwart men around me stood and my comrades brave and true,
And as he clasped each well-known hand for to bid my last adieu.
I said to my fellow countrymen, 'Give heed and we'll be seen,'
We'll raise the green flag proudly over the hills of Glenswilly.

No more will I see the sycamore, will I hear the blackbirds sing,
No more I'll see the white cuckoo for to welcome back the spring;
No more I'll see your fertile looks, a chuisle geal mo chroí
In a foreign soil I mean to toil and I'm far from Glenswilly.

Now peace and plenty made supreme around Glenswilly's shore,
And may the tide of providence, we'll see our homes once more,
And may the time soon come around when I'll return some day,
And I'll live the life that me father lived and I'll die in Glenswilly.