

The Boatman of Lough Key

In a cold and silent churchyard in a place called Ballindoon,
There sleeps a famous boatman in a cold and silent tomb,
He is missed by all his many friends at home and overseas
And he is missed by all the children, the boatman of Lough Key.

On many a summer evening and Sunday afternoon,
Jim Flynn he sailed his pleasure boat along the shores of Doon,
Where crowds of tourists in line appear all anxious for to see
The many lovely islands in the waters of Lough Key.

They proudly step on board with Jim and feel no hurt or harm,
They knew he was a sailor bold and weathered many a storm,
He'd take them round the islands and McDermott's Castle too
And he'd tell them all the legends as only he could do.

Next came the shores of Rockingham and its lovely trees and lawns,
He'd tell the tragic story of the charming Úna Bhán,
And take them to her resting place where she sleeps beneath the clay
Where the wild birds sing in requiem until the judgement day.

Jim was a great historian, his likes was hard to find,
When asked for his opinion he'd quickly speak his mind.
It was good to hear him tell the tales of Ireland long ago,
That he heard from all the old folk around his native Carrigeenroe.

Now the summer sun it shines once more and the tourists line the shore,
Their little boats swim over the waves, but Jim he is no more.
The angels came and called him home for all eternity,
For the Lord has found a better place for the boatman of Lough Key.



 **Comhaltas**