

The Lovely River Finn

I was born in the year of '08 in a place called Ballyhone,
And underneath the old stone bridge, the River Finn does flow,
It takes its way through meadows green, past Newtown and Lisnaskea,
'Til it joins the Erne, the winding Erne, and it flows onto the sea.

When I was young, I went to school in a place they call Clanrye,
Where an Irish king his dwelling had in days long, long gone by,
There were forty pupils on the roll, and they kicked up quite a din,
They all had homes convenient to the lovely River Finn.

Our master was a master man, what a kindly man was he,
His assistant was a local girl called Miss Mc Caffery.
Each morning, then at the stroke of ten, our lessons did begin;
Back home at four, we'd walk the shore of the lovely River Finn.

Oh, it's many the pleasant hour I spent along the river shore;
Now my childhood days are past and gone, they'll not come back to me no
more.

Where I trawled for pike, I fished for perch, I watched the spoon-bait spin;
When the wind was west, the sport was best on the lovely River Finn.

Now I'm old and grey, I must away, for all men they must die.
In the green graveyard near Collin's church, let my old bones gently lie.
In the heavens above with the Lord I love, a new life I will begin,
For never more will I walk the shore of the lovely River Finn.



 **Comhaltas**