

Intro: [C] When the boys of Killy-[G]begs come rolling [C] home.

[C] There are wild and rocky hills....

On the [Bb] coast of [F] Done-[C]gal.

And the fishermen....are [Am] hearty, brave and [G] free,

And the [C] big Atlantic swell....

Is a [Bb] thing they [F] know right [C] well,

As they fight to take a [G] living from the [C] sea.

With a [C] pleasant,rolling sea....

And the [Bb] herring [F] running [C] free,

And the fleet all riding [Am] gently through the [G] foam,

When the [C] boats are loaded down....

There'll be [Bb] singing [F] in the [C] town,

When the boys of Killy-[G]begs come rolling [C] home.

[C] Well you've donned your rubber boots.....

And you've [Bb] got your [F] oil-skins [C] on,

And you check your gear....to [Am] see that it's o-[G]kay,

And your [C] jumper keeps you warm....

For it's [Bb] cold be-[F]fore the [C] dawn,

And you're ready to be-[G]gin another [C] day.

Chorus.....

[C] Now you're headed out to sea

And the [Bb] wind is [F] running [C] free,

And you cast your nets as [Am] rain begins to [G] fall,

But the [C] sun comes riding high

And the [Bb] clouds will [F] soon go [C] by,

And today you'll maybe [G] take a bumper [C] haul.

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With a [C] pleasant,rolling sea....
And the [Bb] herring [F] running [C] free,
And the fleet all riding [Am] gently through the [G] foam,
When the [C] boats are loaded down....
There'll be [Bb] singing [F] in the [C] town,
When the boys of Killy-[G]begs come rolling [C] home.

[C] When the weather's blowing rough
And the [Bb] work gets [F] very [C] tough,
And the ropes will raise the [Am] welts upon your [G] hands,
But you'll [C] never leave the sea
For who-[Bb]ever [F] you may [C] be,
When it's in your blood it's [G] hard to live on [C] land.

Chorus.....

[C] Well there's purple on the hills
And there's [Bb] green down [F] by the [C] shore,
And the sun has spilled his [Am] gold upon the [G] sea,
And there's [C] silver down below
Where the [Bb] herring [F] fishes [C] go,
When we catch them there'll be [G] gold for you and [C] me.

With a [C] pleasant,rolling sea....
And the [Bb] herring [F] running [C] free,
And the fleet all riding [Am] gently through the [G] foam,
When the [C] boats are loaded down....
There'll be [Bb] singing [F] in the [C] town,
When the boys of Killy-[G]begs come rolling [C] home.....Repeat from here

Accapella Last Line

When the boys of Killybegs [Slow] come rolling home.