Boys of Kilkenny

(alternate:)

Boys of Kilkenny

Oh the boys of Kilkenny are stout roving blades,
And whenever they meet with the nice little maids,
They'll kiss them and coax them and spend their money free,
And of all towns in Ireland Kilkenny for me.
And of all towns in Ireland Kilkenny for me.

Through the town of Kilkenny there runs a clear stream,
In the town of Kilkenny there lives a fair dame,
He lips are like roses and he cheeks much the same,
Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.
Like a dish of ripe strawberries smothered in cream.

Her eyes are as black as Kilkenny's famed coal,
Which through my poor bosom has burned a great hole,
Her mind, like its river, is mild, clear and pure,
But her heart is more hard than its marble I'm sure,
But her heart is more hard than its marble I'm sure.

Oh Kilkenny's a fine town it shines where it stands,
And the more I think of it the more my heart warms,
And if I was in Kilkenny, I'd think myself at home
For 'tis there I' have sweethearts but here I have none,
For 'tis there I'd gave sweethearts but here I have none.