Slieve Gallen Braes

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As I went out one morning all in the month of May
To view all your mountains and valleys so gay,
I was thinking of the flowers all a-going to decay
That bloom around you, bonny, bonny Slieve Gallen Braes.

Full oftimes I have wandered with my dog and my gun,
To view all your mountains and your valleys for fun,
But those days they now are gone, and I am far away,
So farewell unto you bonny, bonny, Slieve Gallen Braes.

How oft in the evening with the sun all in the west
I walked hand in hand with the one I love best
But the hopes of youth are ended and I am far away
So farewell unto you bonny bonny Slieve Gallen's Brae

*My name is young MacGarvey, as you will understand,
I have a small farm and it's very good land,
But the rents are getting higher and I can no longer stay
So farewell unto you bonny, bonny, Slive Gallen Braes.

It wasn't the lack of employment alone,
That caused the poor sons of old Erin to roam,
But it was the cruel landlords who drove us all away
So farewell unto you bonny, bonny, Slive Gallen Braes.

Our isle it will be green and our cottages be gay
Our children will be clothed and our wives will drink strong tea
Oh you tyrannising landlords - I will no longer stay
So farewell unto to you bonny bonny Slieve Gallen's Brae

*or:
My name is James McGarvey, as you may understand
I come from Derrygahey where I owned a farm of land
But the rents were getting higher and I could no longer stay
So farewell unto you bonny, bonny, Slieve Gallen's Brae.

from Songs of the Irish in America, Meek
RG, MR
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