

6. Ballads of Limerick

DEAR OLD THOMONDGATE

Oh Thomondgate, my native place, so beautiful and grand,
To see the Shannon's purple tide come rolling down the Strand
And when you walk out the New Road, you can view the Hills of Clare
They are nicer than Killarney or the Plains of Old Kildare.

We are noted in this old place for large funerals and great wakes
Some people call us Munchin boys, more call us Soda Cakes,
Let them call us what they like, no Parish in this State
Can compete with the noble spot, called Dear Old Thomondgate.

Now the merry boys and merry girls wherever they may roam
You will always know that they have come from where the Shannon flows
In singing they are famous, great songs they can relate
'Tis little wonder we are proud, of Dear Old Thomondgate.

There was a man named Billy Lee he came from the Irishtown
He used to go out every night and knock the people down,
The police couldn't take him, his strength it was so great
Til one night he came and met his match in Dear Old Thomondgate.

Oh Thomondgate is nigh well gone from what it used to be
Long ago we made fine whiskey in the old Distillery,
The crumbling walls are standing yet, the shaft is tall and straight,
It commemorates the good old days in Dear Old Thomondgate.

This ballad was written by the late Tom Glynn who lived in the New Road. A committee has now decided to raise funds to erect a headstone over his grave.



THERE IS AN ISLE

There is an isle, a bonny isle
Stands proudly from, stands proudly from the sea
And near or far, than all the world,
Is that dear isle, is that dear isle to me.

It is not that alone it stands
While all around is fresh and fair
But because it is my native land
And my home, my home is there.
But because it is my native land
And my home, my home is there.

Farewell, farewell, tho' lands may meet
May meet my gaze, where'er I roam
I shall not find, a spot so sweet
As that dear isle to me.

It is not that alone it stands
While all around is fresh and fair
Because it is my native land
And my home, my home is there.

But because it is my native land
And my home, my home is there.

The anthem of "The Parish", recorded by Joe Neiland, on Crescent Records, with musical arrangement by Brendan Frawley.