

# The Lads of Kilkenny

It's the boys of Kil - ken - ny are stout ro - ving blades, And if  
In the town of Kil - ken - ny there runs a clear stream. In the  
Her eyes are as black as Kil - ken - ny's famed coal, Which  
Kil - ken - ny's a pret - ty town, it shines where it stands, And the  
I'll build my love a cas - tle on Kil - ken - ny's free ground. Nei-ther

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e - ver they meet with some nice lit - tle maids, They'll  
town of Kil - ken - ny there lives a fair dame. Her  
through my poor bo - som has burnt a large hole. Her  
more I think of it the more my heart warms. And if  
lords, dukes nor squi - res shall e - ver pull down. And if

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kiss and they'll court them and spend their mo - ney free; And it's  
cheeks are like ro - ses, her lips much the same, Like a  
mind like its ri - ver is mild, clear and pure; But her  
I was in Kil - ken - ny I should think my - self at home, For  
an - y - one should ask you to tell him my name, I

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down in old I - re - land, Kil - ken - ny for me.  
dish of fresh straw - ber - ries smo - thered in cream.  
heart is more hard than its mar - ble I'm sure.  
there I had sweet - hearts but here I have none.  
am an Ir - ish ex - ile, from Kil - ken - ny I came.