

# Chad Mitchell Trio, The Banks Of Sicily

Fare ye well, ye banks of Sicily  
Fare ye well, ye valley and shore  
There's no Scot will mourn the loss o' ya  
Poor bloody soldiers are weary

The pipie's all tuned and he's piping away  
He'll not come to town for his vino today  
The sky is like Antrim all cloudy an' grey  
And the song that they're playing is eerie

Fare ye well...

It's march down the stair, and line on the bay  
Packs on your backs and the boats are away  
Waiting your turn while the pipe and drum play  
But the song that they're playing is eerie

Fare ye well...

The drummie is polished, the drummie is grand  
He cannot be seen for his straps and his bands  
He's greased himself up for a photo and stand  
To leave wi' his Lola, his dearie

Fare ye well...