

Ian Dury, O'Donegal

Fresh mist on the morning and tears in my eyes
I'm back for the dawning of Donegal skies
My life in the city seems light years away
When I see the Blue Mountains from Ballybofey
Where the wanderers welcome is kindest of all
I've come back to my darling, my sweet Donegal

We'll meet at the cross on the Rathmullen Road
Where the sight of Lough Swilly is a beauty bestowed
As we're counting our blessings away from the throng
We will hear the wild birds sing their Donegal song
Where the stranger is welcome to a true free-for-all
They named you, my darling, my brave Donegal

I raise up my glass at the end of the day
God bless every sunset o'er Donegal Bay
Sure nothing is sweeter wherever I roam
As the smell of the turf of my Donegal home
Where there's always a welcome and a how-d'you-my-call
Forever my darling, my sweet Donegal
Forever my darling, my sweet Donegal