

# 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