The Road By the River

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Sure, I've walked along Broadway, I've been down the Strand,
And I've seen the great highways of every land,
But in all the big cities, The like I've not seen,
Like the road by the river that flows through Raheen.

I can see meself now as a gossoon of four,
As I climbed to look over the creakin' half-door,
For to see the sun shine on the valley so green,
And the road by the river that flows through Raheen.

I had only one brother, a gay lad and droll,
He was killed in an ambush, Now God rest his soul.
On the spot where he fell, A white cross can be seen,
On the road by the river that flows through Raheen.

I recall when I started in strange lands to roam,
Sure, tis little I thought how I'd miss me old home,
Miss me old folks, the village, the valley so green,
And the road by the river that flows through Raheen.

After that the returnin' expectin' to find
The familiar old scenes as they lived in me mind
Ah, forgettin' the years that had passed since I'd seen
The old road by the river that flows through Raheen.

Rows and rows of new houses are built on the green
And a cinema stands where me cottage had been.
Oh, the river is there, but no trace can be seen,
Of the road by the river that flows through Raheen.

And so everything changes, and we change as well
And I'm sure that you, too, If the truth you would tell,
Wander back to some well beloved spot in your dreams,
Like the road by the river that flows thru Raheen.

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