**The Carrowkennedy Song**

It was in Erin’s Isle and it’s a place ye all know well

Where I spent many a happy day at mummy’s flowery dell

Its but a humble country place, but still its dear to me

It’s the idle of my wildest dreams and it’s Carrowkennedy

In the shadow of Croagh Patrick’s eye, this little village stands

Twas here or so, our brave men fought against the Black and Tans

In the year of 1921, in the merry month of June

Sure its many a time we tell the tale, of that historic day

A mighty ambush did take place and the Tans went to the ground

Our gallant flying column boys, they fought them round for round

They took their lorries and Lewis gun, and rifles by the score

And that day they buried those tyrants from Eirn’s lovely shore.

Some of those men who fought that day are living beyond the waves

And sad to say, that some of them are lying in their graves

While grass grows green on Irish soil, their memory near shall see,

Those gallant lads who fought that day in Carrowkennedy.