

Kilkenny's Own Song

Ye Faire Citie, or Marble City it's often called
From times long past, to this day you'll be told
Where the first Irish statutes, were laid in centuries old
Was this the first capital, now there's one to behold

With two cathedrals of different attire
One with a tower, the other with a spire
Two bridges to cross, by the castle and the old mill
By both of the weirs, where it's all overspill

The castle of Ormonde, restored to its prime
Now owned by its people, who may visit anytime
Its river the Nore, flows through its very heart
With one bridge called Green, and the other one John
Built sturdy by craftsmen, many years long gone

To Nolan or Croke park, for the game crowds do throng
To cheer our great minors, and seniors along
The fame of our huriers, where our county is king
Played by my kinsfolk, from the Bennettsbridge ring
The great clash of the ash, gives so many cause to sing

The Rose of Mooncoin, with green banks for its shore
Its her majesty the river, we know as the Nore
The ale that is brewed, from its waters so sweet
Now well reknowned, an international treat

The black and the amber, to-gether win gold
Pillars of black marble, shining bright, standing bold
Tales of the witch,
Alice Kytler were told
A place where so many, come home to the fold

To see the Gowran races, to Kilkenny do ride
Where once we did make, those shoes of tanned hide
Where the fisherman waits, for no man or tide
Recall many memories, when we meet at yule time

Flow on lovely river, flow gently along
These are the words of Kilkenny's own song