

Boatmen of Ardcost

All fishermen who net the seas,
Attend now unto me,
While sing about Rasai na mBad,
By the shores of Portmagee,
Of those gallant men from Prior and Glen,
And Dogmount by the strand,
Who'd pull an oar from bull to shore,
With any in our land.

The population stood agog,
The shot fired from the beach,
The seine boats jumped the starting line,
Like greyhounds from their leash,
And to the buoy at chapletown,
The sea they quickly crossed,
The Assumpta and the Sidhe Gaoithe,
And the Anthem of Ardcost.

The Iveragh hills were proud that day,
To view their sons of steel,
Uplift and dip mighty oars,
Above the flying keel,
While Ireland breeds great heroes like these,
Her cause will ne'er be lost,
The Dogmount men and Prior and Glen,
And the oarsmen of Ardcost.

With lifted oars the Anthem sped,
Beyond the winning buoy,
While cheers came from a thousand throats,
And rose unto the sky,
The Assumpta and the Sidhe Gaoithe,
Though battling hard they lost,
To those stalwart braves who rule the waves,
The Mahony's of Ardcost

A health to you Jer Mahony,
Likewise your brother John,
Ye built the national anthem boat,
To rage the waves upon,
While winds do blow and storms rage,
And the ships be tempest tossed,
We'll read your name on log of fame,
With the boatmen of Ardcost