

# The Brantry Boy

Morning has broken and I hear the news  
Phones they are ringing there's people confused  
There's news that in English near the village of Moy  
That the angels have taken the Brantry Boy

My heart it is breaking as I stand on the shore  
For a friend and a leader we'll see you no more  
Close to your home where the trout feed on fly  
On this dull March morning I ask myself WHY?

Chorus:

The lake it is silent the water is calm  
There's no fishing boats and there's no fisherman  
The Brantry is quiet in the heart of Tyrone  
For a captain, a hero, a legend has gone  
A Gael in his short life he gave so much joy  
Now I bid farewell to the Brantry Boy

Goodbye God bless as we carry you high  
Shoulder to shoulder as the school children cry  
The club's guard of honour stand proud and erect  
As your teammates mourn their gallant full back

Through the green fields of Ireland you will no longer  
run  
Where you wore the red hand for your county Tyrone  
All over Ireland they speak of your name  
And the way that you played the beautiful game

Chorus

Time has moved onwards to you now I pray  
As I pass by your grave on this autumn day  
I turn to a friend with tears in his eyes  
Like me he still misses the Brantry Boy

Now around Tullygiven where the Oona runs free  
I wander alone but there's someone with me  
A swift-footed spirit moves on in my mind  
To be part of the beauty that he left behind

Chorus

The lake it is silent the water is calm  
There's no fishing boats and there's no fisherman  
The Brantry is quiet in the heart of Tyrone  
For a captain, a hero, a legend has gone  
If I could see him today there's one thing I'd tell him  
I miss you dear friend Cormac Mc Anallen

