James Brian

The O'Reillys & The Paddyhats

Come on lads get your shovel and cart move your tired legs
This work is hard it comes straight from our hearts
Come on folks letâ€™s stab the peat in the fields
Work to the beat canâ€™t you feel the heat
This is where we belong we have to sing this song

Chorus
In memory of James Brian who came to Inishmore
He found his true love in 1854
The hot blooded lad should have listened to what we said
He worked during the night and now he is dead

Drop your shovel when the sun goes down and bring the crop
Back to town and donâ€™t you dare to slow down
Something lurks in the nightly bog It traps you with its voice
and drags you into the fog take a look at the clock
This is where we belong we have to sing this song

Oh my love why did you stay
I cannot live alone
It hurts so much when I pray
Iâ€™m begging for you to come home
I wonâ€™t find a love no more
You were the one I lived for
But I will give you my most honest word
The story of James Brian will be heard

Lyrics Submitted by Aaron B

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